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JANUARY

DEANNA DURBIN
BY PAUL HESSE

lor Spree: 12 Star Portraits including GENE KELLY, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, DENNIS MORGAN

IVORCE FOR DEANNA—The Exclusive Story by Louella O. Parsons

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New Easy Home Way Curls and Waves Hair to Lovely Beauty and Allure

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Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c.



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There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.

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CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is *safe*. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C. O. D., pay 59c plus postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

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I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way.
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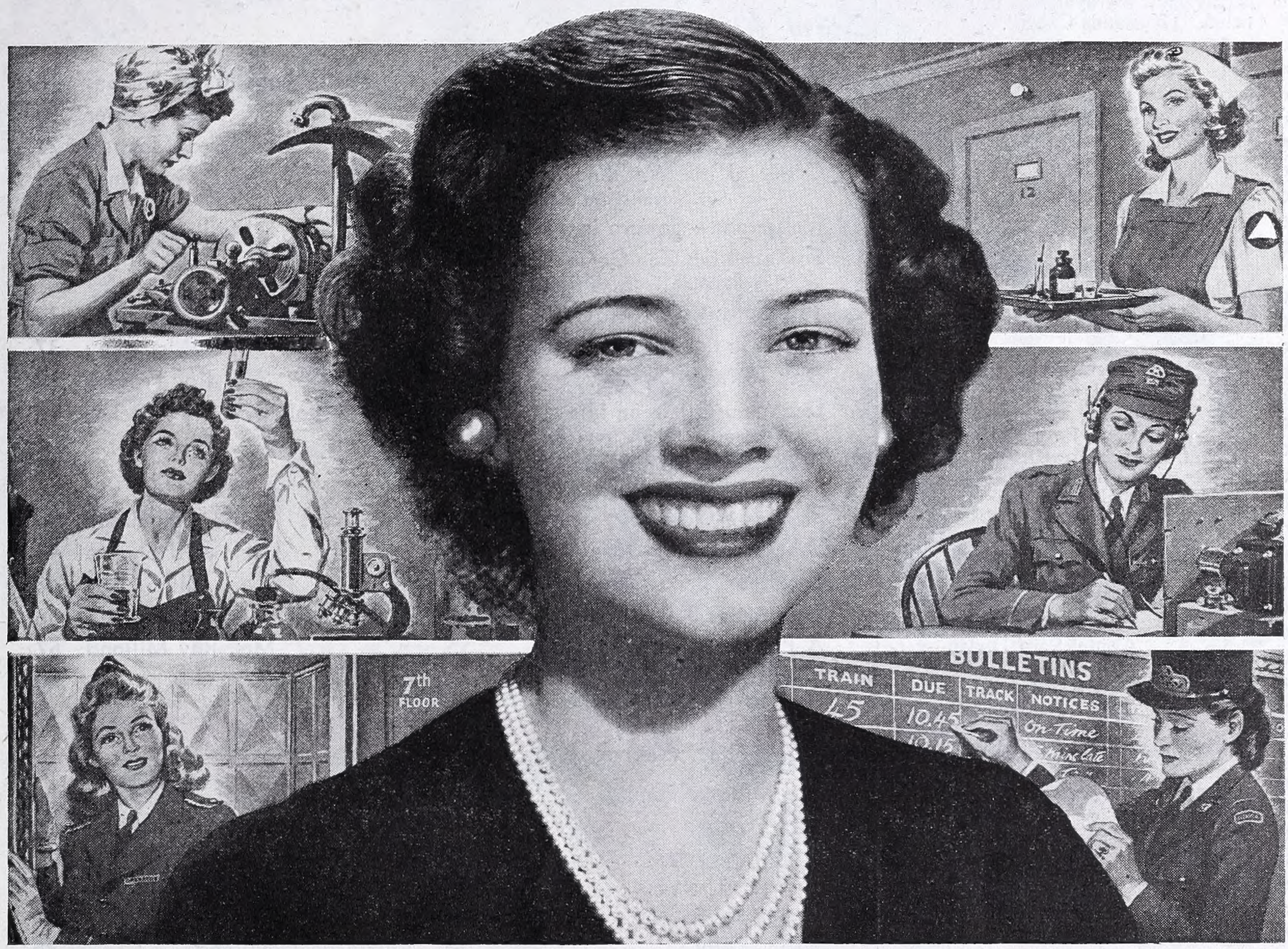
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After Hours—

turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

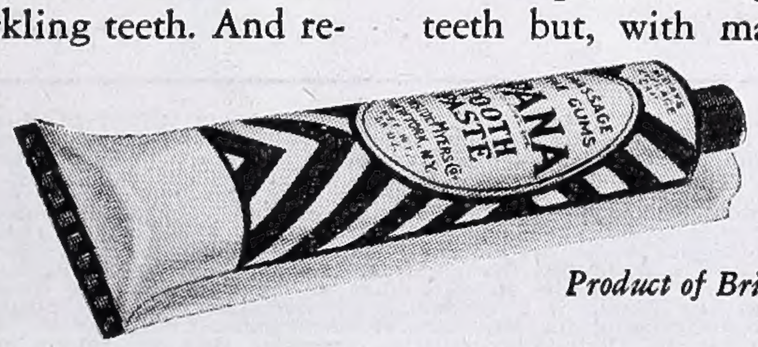
Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

PMM

1

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

On all the Broadways of America, there's a milling to get into the most extravagant extravaganza in years entitled "Thousands Cheer".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "M-G-M's Thousands Cheer" if you please, for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio is represented in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★



It is essentially a love story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. But they are the baton wavers in a parade that brings out the exact and thoroughly demonstrated talents of—

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne—Shall we go on?

★ ★ ★ ★



Oh very well—Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well—Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—whew!

★ ★ ★ ★

Plus three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band.

★ ★ ★ ★



And lest we forget, the incomparable Jose Iturbi not only plays his immortal piano but acts like a Lunt.

★ ★ ★ ★



This remarkable three-ringed show is photographed in Technicolor, directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. It is an original screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream of a story about Private Miss Jones.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has the true Army flavor. That's why the most important letters in "Thousands Cheer" are U.S.A.



★ ★ ★ ★



You'll be one of the millions to cheer M-G-M's Thousands. We're in it too—at the very beginning we roar. —*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

JANUARY, 1944 VOL. 24, NO. 2

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General business, advertising and editorial offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice-President; Harold A. Wise, Vice-President; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francico, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $1.50 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $2.50 a year; in other countries $3.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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LOVE STORY OF AN ARMY CAMP



DIRECT FROM ITS WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT AT BROADWAY'S FAMED ASTOR THEATRE!

MGM'S

GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!



KATHRYN GRAYSON



GENE KELLY



MICKEY ROONEY



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LUCILLE BALL



RED SKELTON



ELEANOR POWELL



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VIRGINIA O'BRIEN



LENA HORNE



FRANK MORGAN



JOHN BOLES



MARGARET O'BRIEN



MARY ASTOR



KAY KYSER



BOB CROSBY

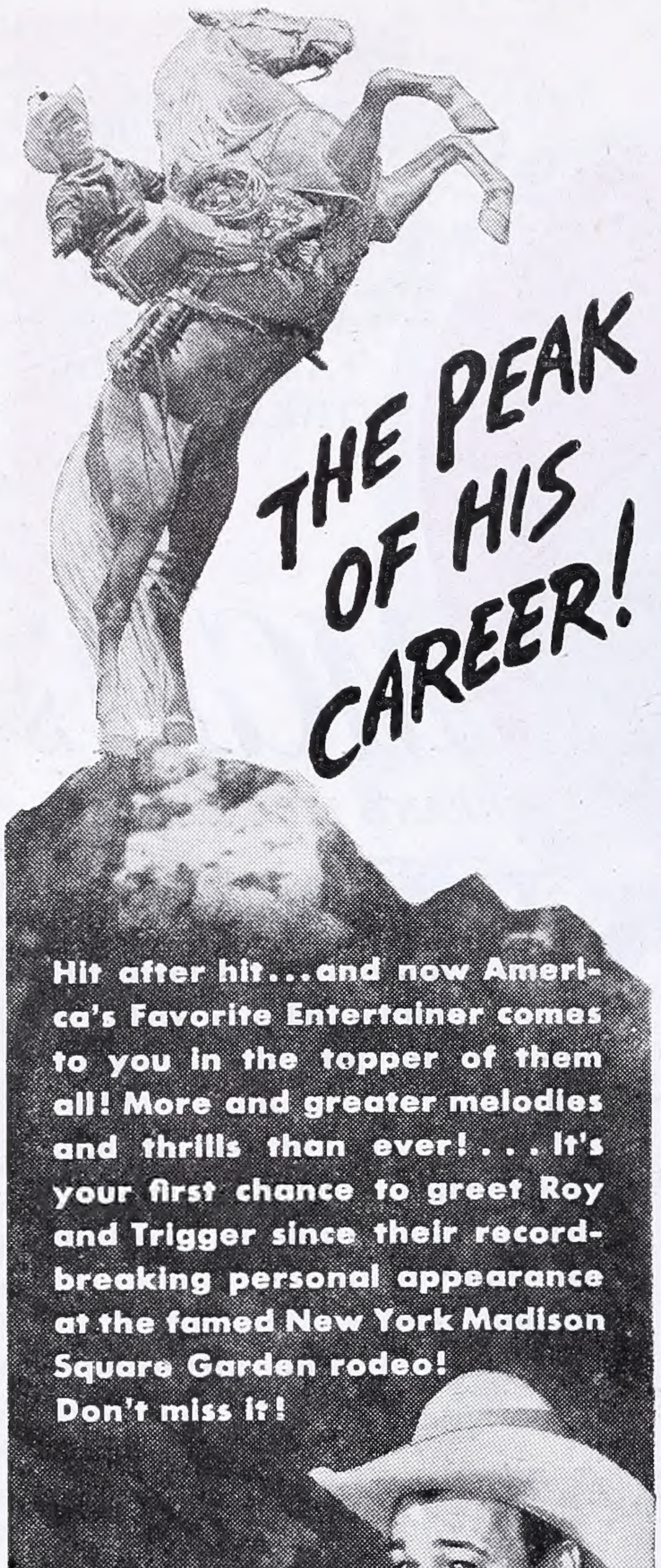


BENNY CARTER



JOSE ITURBI

also: Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones".



Ten-dollar theme: Roz Russell, seen here with Janet Blair, brother Sgt. Russell



Speak FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
". . . on the sands of lonely Wake"

HOSPITALITY shown by movie actress Rosalind Russell to a Marine battalion before it left for Wake Island and heroic glory has not been forgotten.

As a gesture of gratitude from himself and his buddies, Staff Sergeant Anton J. Dvorak, of 328 Hall Street, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, has sent the Waterbury-born cinema star a two-year gift subscription to "The Leatherneck," the Marines' monthly magazine.

Staff Sergeant Dvorak writes to "The Leatherneck" that it was "away back in November, 1939" that Miss Russell entertained the battalion on three successive week ends at her home.

"Plenty to eat and drink and also girls to dance with from Hollywood at her expense," recalls Staff Sergeant Dvorak. "As a matter of fact, we even used her cars to get back and forth to camp.

"Somehow, we all waited to thank her and so far no one has . . . I am sure Miss Russell will be surprised to know that it was the same outfit that made such a tough job for the Japs and a great name for themselves."

Staff Sergeant Dvorak and other members of the battalion were transferred to other units prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, but many of the men Miss Russell entertained were among the comparative handful of Leathernecks who wrote a saga of heroism on the sands of lonely Wake. Some are dead; the rest are prisoners.

Sgt. Raymond J. Fitzpatrick,
Waterbury, Conn.

$5.00 PRIZE
Autograph Hound

I AM a member of the youngest profession and I am proud of it. When I saw "The Youngest Profession" did I burn up! The movies say it's simple to get autographs. I say, "Aw nuts!"

My friends and I have stood in hotel lobbies for hours at a time waiting for a star who is registered there. When he finally does come he says, oh, so sweetly, "No, I'm not signing autograph books today. Maybe some other time." Then he trips lightly to the elevator and up he goes.

So you walk majestically over to the inquiry desk and say, "Can you tell me Mr. ——'s room number?"

Let us say it is 32 M. You are about to step into the elevator when the operator says, "What room would you like to go to?" You give her a sweet smile and say, "Thirty-two M." "Are you announced?" she asks. "No," you reply. "Well, I am not permitted to take you up then," she says.

By this time you're plenty discouraged but you decide to try the stairs. By the time you're on the sixth floor you've given up. You're a mess.

Then there is the hotel that says, "No, she's not registered here, but she may be at any of these hotels." Then the clerk gives you a list of about ten hotels all over town. (They're so sweet to help!) Well, you walk and walk from hotel to hotel and finally you come to the last one on the list. You stagger up to the desk and ask if this star is registered here. "She checked out yesterday," says the clerk.

I'm proud to be one of the "Youngest Profession," but please, please don't say that it's easy.

Violet Ackerburg,
Queens Village, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hollywood Ammunition

THERE Are No Bad Pictures! That's my movie motto from now on. Recently I had the privilege of seeing the Hollywood Bond Cavalcade (*Continued on page* 84)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

"Paramount's Rhythm Rodeo is a Heap Hep Musical"

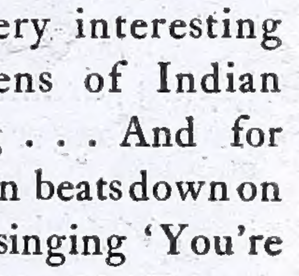


Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

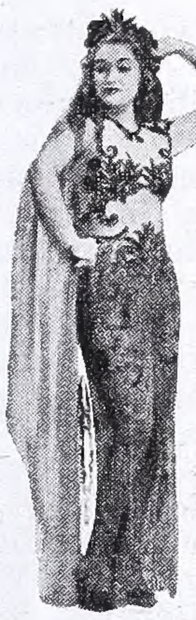
Screen Play by Walter DeLeon, Arthur Phillips and Art Arthur Based upon a Play by James Montgomery • Songs by Leo Robin, Ralph Rainger, Jos. J. Lilley, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer,

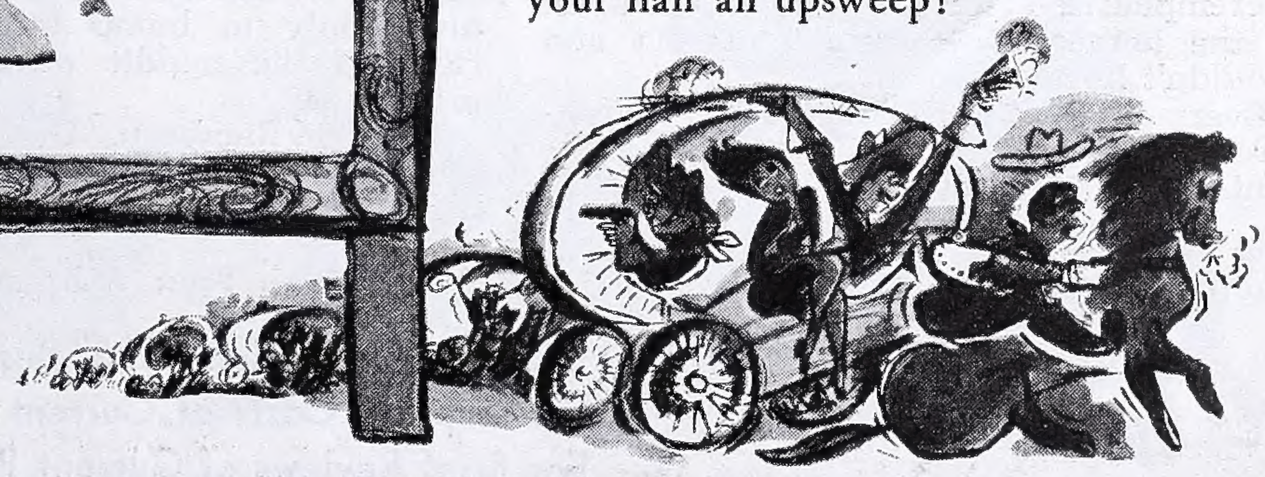
says MELISSE

"It's straight from the heart of the Technicolor west and it's full of heap big laughs, plenty hep squaws, and the songs are really pow-wow boogie with a solid beat . . . And the yummy clothes that well-dressed (G)LAMOUR girl wears while she sings 'em! . . . First she comes out in a covered wagon—and on her it really looks good—and sings 'Whistling In The Light' . . . Then in the 'Get Your Man' number she wears this sequin get-up in a deep shade of low-down blue that's very neat for recreational moods or going west . . . Next she sings 'Injun Gal Heap Hep' in the feathery creation shown to the left, and exhibits some very interesting specimens of Indian weaving . . . And for canoeing, when the moon beats down on her and Dick Powell singing 'You're The Rainbow,' she wears a chiffon ensemble with purse to match, creating an unusual moonlight effect . . . Then all of a sudden she's a sultry 'Secretary To The Sultan,' so you can imagine—it's a sheer black number with that late drrrape effect with veil to match . . . Meanwhile, you're having fun with pistol packin' Cass Daley, who is tall, dark and gruesome and is going to be a new comedy sensation . . . And for the big finish Victor Moore, the old darling, takes the whole cast for a ride in this chuck-wagon race that has enough thrills and action to give your hair an upsweep!"







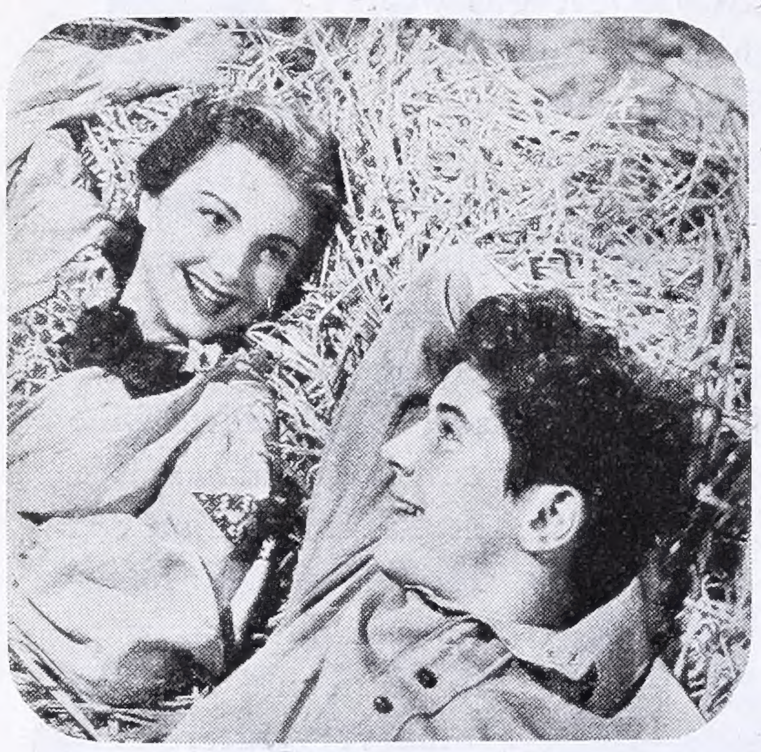


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THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Gripping drama: Anne Baxter and Farley Granger in "The North Star"

✓✓✓ The North Star (Goldwyn Productions)

It's About: *The invasion and recapture of a Russian village.*

THE very breath of life and hate and hope and horror has been breathed into this magnificent story of a magnificent people. As very few war pictures have, this one reaches the heart of the human soul.

Sam Goldwyn has taken a group of fine, experienced actors (with the exception of Farley Granger, an amateur whose work rivals the professionals) and without any striving for star billing or emphasis on any one character, tells his story of an invaded Russian village and the consequences.

The story thread tells of the walking vacation to Kiev of five young people of the North Star village, Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Jane Withers, Dana Andrews and Eric Roberts, which is interrupted by the sudden bombing invasion by the Germans. It continues with the efforts of the little group, aided by Walter Brennan, to get back to the fighting men of the village the supply of guns needed by them.

The "merry villager" angle was probably overemphasized for purpose of contrast to the horrors to come. It needn't and shouldn't have been.

Every performer is outstanding. Director Lewis Milestone has done a magnificent job.

Your Reviewer Says: A bombshell of torn emotions.



An out-West: John Wayne and Martha Scott in "In Old Oklahoma"

✓✓ In Old Oklahoma (Republic)

It's About: *The fulfillment of an oil lease with its exciting aftermaths.*

GIVE John Wayne a chance to play a happy-as-a-lark, out-West character and you've given him his meat. As the sergeant who served under Teddy Roosevelt during the Spanish-American war and is later given the right, by the President, to drill oil in Oklahoma territory, Wayne is tops.

The catch is the oil must be delivered at a certain date or the grant reverts to the oil barons.

With Albert Dekker, the baron, pitted against cowboy-soldier Wayne, you can see the possibilities right there. The story boils up to several exciting climaxes, one a terrific fight and one a chase with the oil through fire and hades to meet the deadline date.

Wayne is swell—and so is Martha Scott. She plays the small-town schoolteacher who is way ahead of her time—so much so, in fact, that she has written a book, "A Woman Dares," which brings down the high-and-mighty wrath of the small-and-narrow townspeople upon her. She leaves town—only to bump into John Wayne, right in the middle of Baron Dekker's private car.

Marjorie Rambeau, "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans and Sidney Blackmer are nice people for a story like this.

Your Reviewer Says: A humdinger.



Charming tale: Margaret O'Brien, Marsha Hunt in "Lost Angel"

✓✓ Lost Angel (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: *A scientific child prodigy who meets love for the first time.*

CHARMING, delightful and droll with an undercurrent of something akin to heartache are the satisfying ingredients of "Lost Angel." Upon the tiniest shoulders imaginable, those of little Margaret O'Brien, rests the burden of this so original story and the way Margaret carries her assignment should bring a blush to many an oldster's cheek.

Margaret, who is six, has been raised scientifically by a group of professors. And then into her life comes irresponsible, devil-may-care James Craig, who brings her tales of magic and wonders outside the Institute.

Troubled by the stories, Margaret seeks out Craig who is hindered from returning the child when the professors are quarantined with measles.

The advent of gangster Keenan Wynn into her life, the pangs of jealousy prompted by Craig's girl friend, Marsha Hunt, and her alarming illness, make for one hurrah of a story.

Craig is delightful. Marsha is lovely and Wynn a one-man riot. Philip Merivale, Henry O'Neill and Donald Meek fit into the tale like a pair of kid gloves.

Your Reviewer Says: Bet this is the best picture in your neighborhood right now.

(*Continued on page* 90)

For Best Picture of the Month and Best Performances See Page 90
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 93
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 60

YOUR HEART WILL SING

The Desert Song

GLORIOUSLY IN TECHNICOLOR

It's WARNER BROS.' LYRICAL MIRACLE!

STARRING

DENNIS MORGAN ☆ IRENE MANNING

with

BRUCE CABOT · LYNNE OVERMAN

GENE LOCKHART · Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER • Based Upon a Play by Lawrence Schwab, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND. YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO SERVE YOU.

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Furs and frills at a Hollywood preview: Ginger Rogers. Man in the background is the man in her foreground—husband Briggs

When good guys get together: Vic Mature (above) regaling Betty Hutton and Henry Singerman at Mocambo with inside stuff on that Anne Shirley interlude. Left: Different kind of twosome — John Garfield and Roddy McDowall — take Canteen time out to talk

ONE-SENTENCE Facts: Bob Hope will write another book on his adventures overseas.

Ann Sheridan is slightly pigeon-toed and can't overcome it even before the camera.

James Craig and his cute wife are tiffing again.

Corporal George Montgomery is in the Northwest Pacific doing his bit.

Laird Cregar has shed exactly one hundred pounds.

Shirley Temple still casts those frightened glances at her mother before making any statements.

Turhan Bey is a Mohammedan and before Hollywood made his yearly pilgrimages to Mecca in a Mercedes sport car.

There's a tall, red-headed actor who's devoting more time to married gals than single ones—and we don't mean Red Skelton.

Roz Russell may trek to London to do a play with Noel Coward and all Hollywood will miss her.

Gene Tierney's prematurely born daughter has been called Antoinette Daria Cassini.

Betty Grable hopes it's a boy so papa Harry James can buy it a toy trumpet.

Gene Krupa's wife has taken him back.

For happy, normal marriages we nominate Fay Bainter and her husband, Fay Holden and her husband, Lewis Stone and his wife, Bill Powell and Diana Lewis and Fred MacMurray and his wife.

Claudette Colbert is the one actress in Hollywood who consistently insists she never has anything to wear.

Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are buying a cottage in Big Bear to get away from it all.

The marriage of Susan Peters to Coastguardsman Richard Quine culminated a true love match and everyone concerned couldn't be happier for them.

Randy Scott has been seen here, there and everywhere with socialite Pat Stillman.

Captain Clark Gable was welcomed back to Hollywood, from active duty abroad, with a greeting so warm he should know now he's Hollywood's favorite son.



Doubling up: Van Johnson and Judy Garland keep a date to go see Orson Welles go into his act at the Magic Show. Below: Two gals with no husbands in the picture play around at the ball game—Deanna Durbin and Veronica Lake

O'Connor has his own ideas about the way to a girl's heart, proves them here with his Gwen Carter

Heart, Heart, Who Has Whose Heart: It's a case of scrambled hearts again, and as always, in such cases, someone is the loser. We'll begin with Veronica Lake's separation from her husband John Detlie and her attachment to artist Paul Hesse. The pair are seen everywhere together, although Paul makes no effort to hide the fact his heart really belongs to his divorced wife, Elyse Knox.

But Elyse has eyes and heart only for John Payne and admits it. "When John's in town he always sees me," Elyse told Cal and from her tone we gathered it was love all the way.

But where does that leave June Havoc? It's no secret that for over a year John Payne has been June's dream man. Anyone who has seen June in John's vicinity could guess her ill-concealed love. During the making of "Hello, Frisco, Hello" June constantly invited Jack Oakie and John up to dinner; Oakie not only because she liked him but because he kept John laughing and June was happy when John was happy.

But now, somehow, it's just Oakie and June. Just the two of them and no one knows, in this game of hearts, who will end with whom.

Hollywood Inside: Kathryn Grayson is so mad for the husband she has almost divorced on several occasions, Lieutenant John Sheldon, she wept constantly on the Cavalcade Bond Tour, we're told. She missed him so. It must be true, for no sooner had she returned to Hollywood than she hopped a train for Tampa, Florida, to be near him.

Tears of happiness, tears of woe have been shed by little Grayson since her elopement with Sheldon. . . .

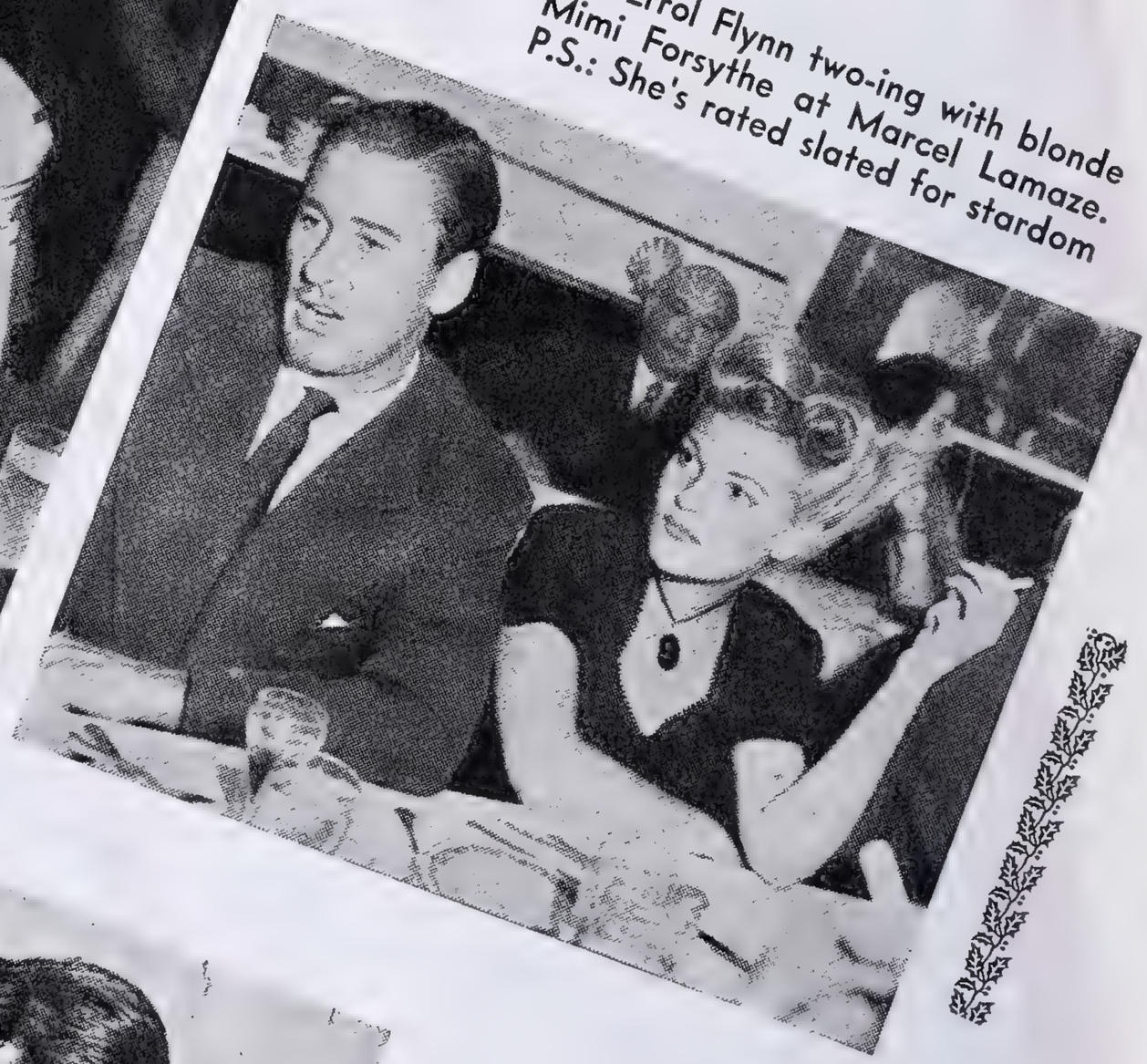
Those who waited for the guns to explode when Queen Crawford met up with Queen Davis on the Warner lot can relax. We understand a pair of knitting needles have brought the two together. It seems Bette knitted a sweater that turned out not so well and Joan is now unraveling and doing it over for Bette. Will they be that amiable over a coveted movie script, one wonders?

In a far corner of a Hollywood garage stands a dusty touring car with a 1940 license plate. The front

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Night-life lineup on the Coast: Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin (left) on a have-fun stint at Mocambo . . .



. . . Errol Flynn two-ing with blonde Mimi Forsythe at Marcel Lamaze. P.S.: She's rated slated for stardom

. . . Bonita Granville entertaining a sailor who's certainly entertained—Bud McTaggart—at Marcel Lamaze

bumper is painted white, showing its use in a country accustomed to blackouts. The car was left there by its owner when he hurriedly returned to England.

And the name on the registration slip? It reads, "Leslie Howard." . . .

The husband of that certain star may not have been sent overseas if the star herself had not persisted in her efforts to try to keep him out of camp and in her vicinity, even on Bond tours. Officials stood it as long as they could and then acted promptly. . . .

We smiled to ourselves at that scene in "Mr. Lucky" when Laraine Day, resenting Cary Grant's tie, changes it for one of her own choosing. We smiled because the same thing happens to Cary in real life. It seems Mrs. Grant, the former Barbara Hutton, quite often objects to her husband's tie and insists he wear another. . . .

Is Dottie Lamour calmly and without protest letting her career go to seed? In her new picture, "And The Angels Sing," it's no secret Dorothy is merely used to build Betty Hutton's prestige and she does so without a word of protest.

Since her marriage to William Ross Howard III, Dorothy has slowly but surely put on unbecoming weight in unbecoming spots and still she doesn't care. Happiness in marriage is swell but when it's necessary to work, maybe a little more thought to it wouldn't be a bad idea lest heartache creep up unawares. . . .

An Englishman Speaks: A visitor from England told us the amazing reaction of most English people to the picture "Mrs. Miniver." They thought it jolly entertainment, he related, and enjoyed it immensely, but when it came to Americans calling *Mrs. Miniver* a "typical English woman" they rose up in arms.

"You see," he said, "every woman in England is engaged in war work of some kind. They're driving ambulances, trucks, cars; working in defense plants, taking care of children, running nurseries, attending Red Cross or Defense classes or actively serving in some branch of the service. A woman such as *Mrs. Miniver*, who fusses over frilly hats, attends garden shows and never once is seen engaged in some sort of war effort, just doesn't exist in England. She's a novelty. A light, gay, amusing something that doesn't happen in real life."

So never again refer to her as "typically English" or you'll have those thousands of hard-working, self-sacrificing, brave Englishwomen yowling down your neck.

(*Continued on page* 12)

OUR No. 1 HEALTH PROBLEM

THE COMMON COLD

More than one great physician calls the Common Cold our biggest health problem. It affects 95% of our population, with children under 10 the most frequent victims; occurs about 250 million times a year, costs the country roughly 300 million dollars annually; and causes more absenteeism in war industry than all other things combined.



Above is Streptococcus Viridans, one of the many threatening Secondary Invaders that can exist on mouth and throat surfaces. Others are Pneumococcus Type 1, Pneumococcus Type 3, Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Friedlander's Bacillus, Streptococcus Pyogenes, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis and Staphylococcus.



WHAT do we know of this recurrent infection that dogs us from childhood through old age, exacting staggering tolls in money, health and time? Not a great deal . . . but more than we used to.

Late research has led many of the foremost medical men to concede the following theories about it:

1. *That some kind of virus, unseen, probably starts many colds.*

2. *That anything that lowers body resistance such as drafts, wet or cold feet, sudden temperature change, fatigue, encourages the condition to develop.*

3. *That a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, known as the Secondary Invaders, can take advantage of a below-par condition and stage a "mass invasion" of the mucous membrane to produce many of a cold's complications and much of its misery.*

Our own research results seem to indicate that the repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic, by killing huge numbers of these secondary invaders, helps nature to halt many a "mass invasion" and the resultant misery of the infection.

Significant Test Results

Over and over again test data has confirmed the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to accomplish bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle; up to 80% one hour after.

Even more impressive is the data resulting from clinical tests conducted over a period of twelve years. In these tests those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. We believe this was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to kill millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

We would be the last to suggest that Listerine Antiseptic is a "specific" against cold infections. In view of its performance over such a long period, however, we do feel that it is a worthy first-aid.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TRUSTWORTHY, RELIABLE, SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.



Corraled at the Canteen by Fink: Leslie Fenton making Hedy Lamarr and husband John Loder laugh . . .



. . . and Bob Hope, Canteen star, doing the same for a group of fighting Americans

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 10)

Bedfast: Many stars were struck with serious illnesses this month, keeping friends worried. Annabella, in New York, was ill with pneumonia for several weeks. Her husband, Marine Lieutenant Tyrone Power, stationed in Corpus Christi, was frantic until the crisis had passed.

In Hollywood, Katina Paxinou of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," lay at death's door with peritonitis for a week while all Hollywood prayed for the brave and gallant Greek actress.

Back in New York the life of Al Jolson hung in the balance while he battled pneumonia—the dreaded kind that sulfa drugs could not reach. In Hollywood Laird Cregar, after a year of dieting for the purpose, reported to the hospital for a serious abdominal operation—his second in less than two years.

Two weeks before the birth of her baby, Brenda Marshall came down with the flu and husband, Lieutenant Bill Holden, stationed in Texas, kept the wires hot with anxious messages.

Confined to the Santa Monica Hospital, Brian Donlevy is a very sick man and may have undergone an appendectomy by now. Brian collapsed while on a Bond tour in Chicago and was rushed to a local hospital with a respiratory condition and inflamed appendix. Wishing to be near his family, the actor took a chance on reaching home and was immediately rushed to the hospital.

Cal hopes the cycle of ill health that has hit the town so forcibly has passed and sunnier days are ahead.

Cupid Smiles and Frowns—Mostly Frowns: Veronica Lake finally admits an impending divorce from her husband, Major John Detlie, now stationed at Seattle. One report had Veronica receiving custody of their child, Elaine, nine months of the year and Major Detlie the remaining three months.



Girl takes over the big ball game—and, incidentally, a few soldiers—Miss Jane Withers

Another report had Major Detlie suing his wife for complete custody of the child, which will give you some idea (if true) of the real incompatibility that lies behind this divorce.

With the odor of orange blossoms about to be wafted in their direction, Martha Raye and groom-to-be Nick Condos staged a row at the Palladium that would have shaken the petals from any bride's bouquet. At the moment, we dunno. . . .

Mickey Rooney, who must needs look up quite a ways to look into the eyes of his new lady love, Helen Mueller, calls her "Helly." Cute? Reason we know is we heard Mickey call her that one night at the Beverly Tropics.

Turhan Bey, the Turkish Delight, carries a torch for Rose Hobart big enough to burn down the town. But he consoles himself to some extent with Ramsay Ames, Universal starlet. "The awful part of it is," Turhan says, "Rose and I said good-by with one of those friendly partings that can be so deadly final."

Vic Mature hit town one noon and that night was dancing with K. T. Stevens at Mocambo. Then he got himself engaged to Anne Shirley after a forty-eight-hour romance. That blew up and Vic left town the same lone wolf he was when he arrived—well, almost.

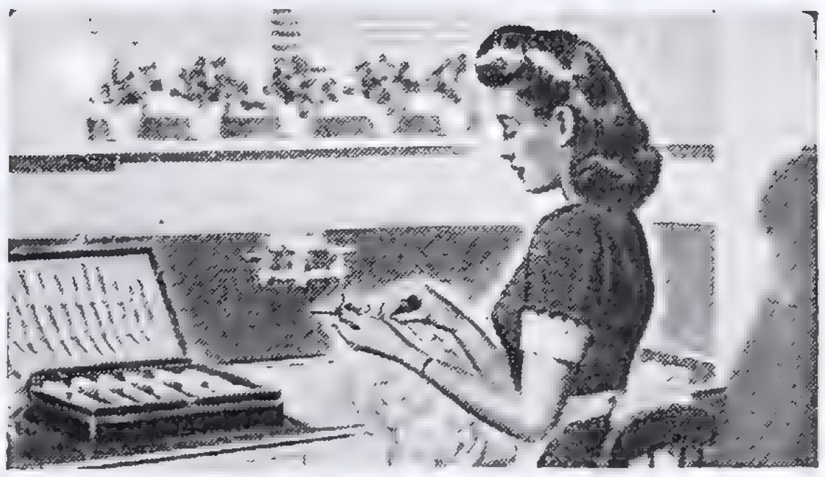
Incidentally, the town is snickering over Vic's efforts to get back his bed from Rita Hayworth Welles, former girl friend and now wife of Orson the Great. It seems the bed, an especially made one seven feet in length, was left with Rita, who set it up in her new apartment. Now Vic wants it.

It seems Rita has stayed right on in her own apartment since her marriage to Orson instead of moving into his Canyon home. In fact, her ex-husband,

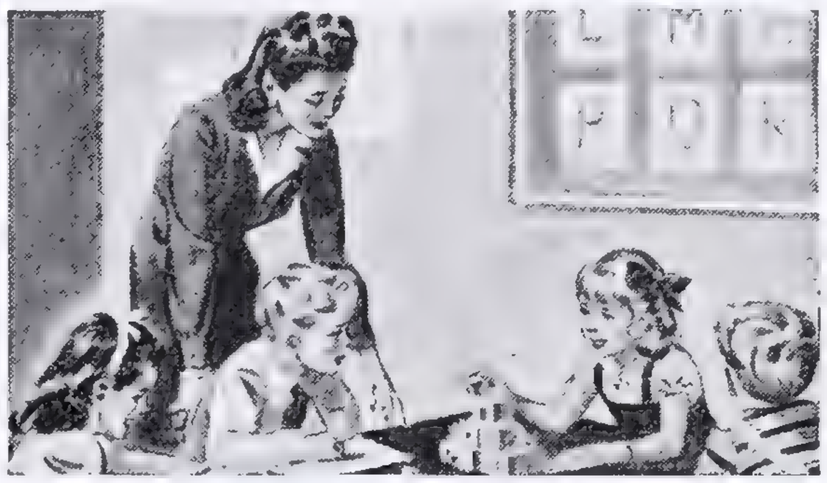
(*Continued on page* 14)



Busier hands can still be picture-pretty!



You're working hard on the home front. But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the *beforehand* way—with Toushay! Smooth it on *before* all your daily soap-and-water tasks. It helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!



Housework's just one of your wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping out. But never neglect your hands! Just smooth on Toushay *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Always take this precaution *beforehand*, instead of waiting till damage is done!



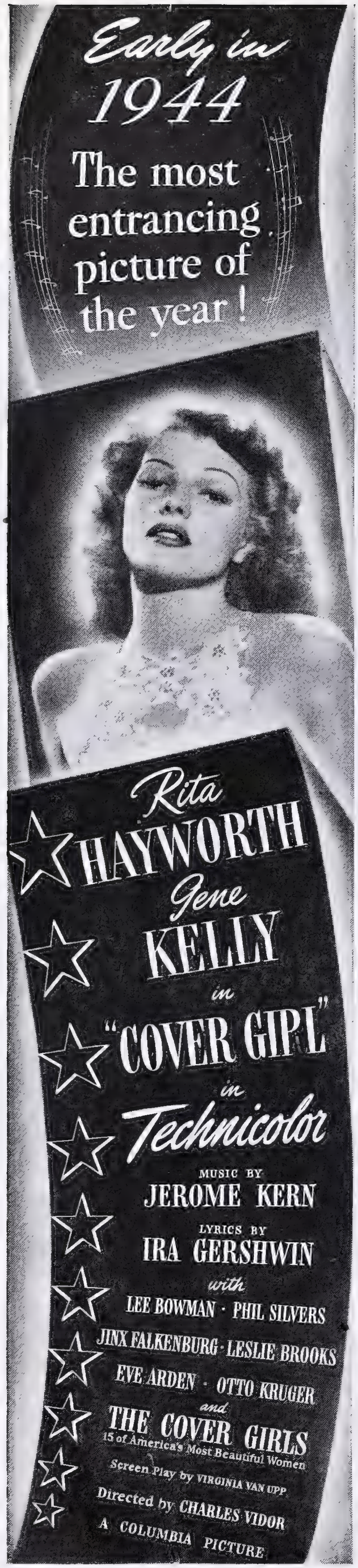
And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "beforehand" lotion's grand for rough elbows and knees—for all-over body rubs—or as a clinging, fragrant powder base. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!



TOUSHAY

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



"Good friends" department: Anatol Litvak and Olivia de Havilland looking over The Players



"Happy marrieds" nook: Captain Howard takes his wife, Dottie Lamour, to dine at Mocambo

(*Continued from page* 12)

Ed Judson, had rented the apartment next to Rita's before he discovered her presence and got out in a hurry. What a town!

Friends were really shocked over the separation of Robert Cummings and his wife, the former Vivian Janis, after nine years of marriage. Robert, who continues to act in pictures between his duties as Squadron Leader in the Civilian Air Patrol, says the divorce was obtained by Mrs. Cummings in Las Vegas, Nevada. Cal feels plenty sorry about that breakup.

Oddly enough, it seems to be the rotund, least Romeo-like actors in Hollywood that are luckiest in love this month.

Walter Slezak, who plays those plump and rascally Nazis so well, has just wed Johanna Van Rijn, Dutch actress, and Laird Cregar, we're assured, has won the promise of the beauteous Peggy Stack, the divorced sister-in-law of Bob Stack.

What was all this about nobody loving a fat man?

Hollywood Round-up: A certain studio out here heaved a sigh of relief when one of its stars arrived home from New York after missing a police scandal by a hairsbreadth. What a shock that would have been to his millions of fans who never dream the true character of Mr. Charmer!

Friends of Corporal Alan Ladd have been worried over his recent illness, an illness that has now resulted in his honorable discharge from the Army. Cal is happy to know you fans are still faithful to Ladd to the tune of 17,000 letters a week, all of which are answered by Alan, his wife and secretaries.

Give a Cheer For: Robert Alda who, after years of beating about in burlesque and stock, was finally signed by Warner Brothers one day and given the role of *George Gershwin* in "Rhapsody In Blue" the next. A tough assignment for even a veteran at the business. But what made it triply hard for the newcomer was the fact that shortly after shooting began, his eight-year-old son fell victim to the dreaded infantile

paralysis. There was no room for the lad to remain in the hospital so the child must be treated at home.

So let's give not only a good wish but a prayer for Alda.

Pallette, the Businessman: Where, and you tell me, are people more alert to a soldier's needs than in Hollywood? For instance, let me tell you this true story:

A Marine sergeant walked into the barber shop of the Roosevelt Hotel and asked the porter for regulation shoelaces. The porter didn't have any.

"Why haven't you?" Eugene Pallette, who completely filled one of the barber's chairs, demanded.

"I can't git 'em. They ain't any all along the Boulevard," the porter replied.

That was enough. Next day Pallette appeared at the barber shop with a small showcase filled with everything a serviceman might need in a hurry. With paint and varnish can he proceeded to paint his own case and, bingo, he was in business.

The kidding was terrific. Mr. Teitlebaum, the furrier near by who furnishes the studios with furs, never lets up on Gene. "How's business?" he'll demand every morning.

Pallette takes it all good-naturedly and tries to be on hand to greet every serviceman. "Need any shoelaces?" he'll ask. "Got some swell shoe polish here."

And speaking of Mr. Teitlebaum, we're reminded of one of those true-but-it-could-only-happen-in-Hollywood tales.

One day the furrier was busy with a woman customer when the door flew open and the most awful, horrible apparition burst in demanding, "I've got to have a mink coat in a hurry."

The woman customer gave one look, leaped in the air and fainted dead away, for the mink-coat purchaser was none other than Lon Chaney, in his wolf-man make-up, who had rushed from the studio between scenes to buy his wife an anniversary present.

"Why don't you kill your animals before you skin them," the woman demanded, "and not have them rushing in here alive?"

Mr. Teitlebaum lost that sale.

Boys, It's Up to You: "I want to fall in love."

If one gal has wept on old Cal's shoulder about this "no love" business at least a dozen have. Figure they're safe with us, we reckon. Anyway, we're beginning to believe some sort of heart blight has hit the town, there are that many girls willing, anxious and ready to lose their hearts, only—well, they don't know why they can't.

"I've hurt several boys recently," a tall blonde beauty told us, "simply because I wanted to be in love so badly I fooled myself into believing I was. Later, when I realized the truth, it wasn't pleasant. When I want to love someone, why can't I?"

Cal believes the answer is one of pure deduction. Subconsciously most Hollywood girls don't want love so much as they think they do. They want

(*Continued on page 87*)



GLORIFYING THE ALL-AMERICAN *PIN UP* GIRL!



Here's the girl in every serviceman's dreams . . . set to music, set to dancing, set to loving . . . in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty GRABLE in

PIN UP GIRL

in Technicolor!

with JOHN HARVEY · MARTHA RAYE · JOE E. BROWN

EUGENE PALLETTE · SKATING VANITIES

CHARLIE SPIVAK AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON

Screen Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin



You'll laugh your head off when Martha and Joe get together again!

SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING FROM BROADWAY TO GUADALCANAL!

"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"

by Mack Gordon and James Monaco

Make your Christmas gift a War Bond. Your Movie Theatre is happy to serve you.

Another **BIG** *one in* 20 *CENTURY-FOX'S mighty parade of HITS!*

ORSON WELLES • JOAN FONTAINE *in* **JANE EYRE**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LYNN BARI *in* **TAMPICO**

MERLE OBERON • GEORGE SANDERS • LAIRD CREGAR *in* **THE LODGER**

Three great DARRYL F. ZANUCK productions: **THE PURPLE HEART • WILSON • WENDELL WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD**

Best Bets

OF ALL the motion pictures you have seen since the first weeks of this waning year, which would you choose as being the finest?

I suspect that in every movie-goer there lurks the desire to be a critic. If by chance you have been waiting for an invitation to speak your mind, you are herewith cordially invited to match your list against that which this editor has compiled.

The twelve films I have chosen were selected on a purely personal basis. You undoubtedly will cheer some of the selections and hiss the rest. I hope no matter what the proportion of agreement, you will share my sense of elation that Hollywood in this country's second full year of war has managed to produce this many fine films.

In the order of their release, and not in order of preference:

The Ox-Bow Incident . . . morbid, depressing, yet in the intense dramatization telling a story of vital importance: the story of mob psychology and mob fury, the self-poisoning of men's minds in our own country; the same poisoning on a larger scale that made possible Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany.

Random Harvest . . . richly produced and beautifully portrayed by Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, this love story had a magic seldom equalled on the screen.

Casablanca . . . selected not for one, but for half a dozen reasons. Acting, direction, script, dialogue, photography, timeliness. With top applause to Humphrey Bogart.

Air Force . . . breath-takingly photographed, with a minimum of Hollywood window dressing, this film had epic proportions; in fact, its only weakness seemed to be in its utter heroism.

The Human Comedy . . . to one movie-goer, the real star of this novel film was the camera which, through its superb mobility, brought to audiences the sensitiveness of tears and true laughter.

The More The Merrier . . . rich comedy, deftly highlighted by direction and acting, with one of the most hilarious single scenes ever filmed—the moment with Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea on the doorstep and Joel's wandering hands.

Stage Door Canteen . . . conceived to allow a potpourri of entertainment to be strung together on one thin thread of story, this picture captured a quality of humanity that has made it a box-office giant.

For Whom The Bell Tolls . . . not received with unanimous acclaim, but still the most eagerly anticipated film of the year, with a truly memorable farewell scene between Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman.

So Proudly We Hail . . . melodramatic, sometimes hackneyed, yet compelling in its frank brutality. With sincere portrayals by Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard, and brilliant entrees into Hollywood by Sonny Tufts (to be starred in his third film) and George Reeves, now a private in the U. S. Army.

Holy Matrimony . . . script by Nunnally Johnson (from Arnold Bennett's novel), produced by Nunnally Johnson—these are the logical explanations for this superb comedy which, perhaps more than any other film of the year, was without a single discordant note in the entire production.

Princess O'Rourke . . . in spite of Warner Brothers' persistent use of the President as a character in their films, this motion picture became as merry a nonsensical bit as any comedy the year had to offer. With a delightful performance by Olivia de Havilland (as delightful as she was subsequently disappointing in Government Girl) and an ingratiating job by Robert Cummings.

The North Star . . . a dramatization of the heroism of Russia's people in wartime, this Goldwyn production escaped the fiery coals of condemnation that Mission To Moscow had heaped upon it. It became Photoplay's second 3-check film, tribute enough in itself.

Now Photoplay extends its invitation to you, its readers, to submit your own Best Bets. And, to prove editorial earnestness, offers a $25 War Bond to the reader submitting his list with the most convincing reasons in support.

Fred Sammis



DIVORCE FOR DEANNA



The news of the break-up came as no surprise to Hollywood—and this is why. The exclusive story by the woman who has been Deanna's friend and confidante since her little-girl days

By Louella O. Parsons



Yesterday, Mrs. Paul: Deanna and Vaughn, home on leave, dine out—to the tune of whispers



Today, a girl facing divorce: Deanna with Dean Harens, co-worker in "Christmas Holiday"

THE heart-disturbing news that Deanna Durbin is planning to divorce her husband, Lt. Vaughn Paul, comes as a shock to those who still look on her as a child. Incredible that the little girl who had sung her way into the affections of millions would soon be a divorcee. Other Hollywood stars could chalk up broken marriages and change partners, but not Deanna, who, in her way, stood for just as much as Mary Pickford did in the days when she was married to Douglas Fairbanks and reigned as queen of Pickfair.

While movie-goers gasped with shock, those in Hollywood who are up on the latest gossip were not surprised. The talk has been whispered over luncheon tables for a long time that Deanna's marriage was not so impregnable as her friends hoped.

I, who have a special affection for both Deanna and Vaughn, listened with sadness to the whispers that Deanna was fascinated with her leading man; that she wasn't getting along with her in-laws and that when her husband—stationed at San Diego—was home on leave she wasn't seeing him. I must confess I put it down to wagging tongues. I had watched Deanna grow from a child prodigy of thirteen to a charming, beautiful woman and I wasn't ready to believe this.

However, a month or two before the news of the divorce finally broke I went to see Deanna, who, I have always been proud to say, I prophesied would be a star before her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," was released in 1936. She had appeared with me in a round-the-world broadcast, which I did for International News Service on the New Year. I was asked to select a young player I thought had the most promise. I selected Deanna. I had seen her first picture and heard her sing, so I didn't deserve too much credit for *that* guess.

Deanna was recording songs when I arrived and I listened until she finished; then she took me to her dressing room where we could talk without interruption.

I said, "Deanna, what are these stories I've been hearing about you and Vaughn? Are you having trouble with him? Is there another man?"

"There is no trouble, Louella," she said in her quiet voice. "And there is no other man. Vaughn is away so much and I cannot stay alone all the time. You should be able to understand how lonely it is for any woman to have her husband away. Your husband was overseas. You know how dreary it is to stay home every night."

She looked me straight in the face when she said this, but her gray eyes were troubled. Deanna's honesty has always been one of her greatest charms. I believe she thought she was telling the truth. But I doubt if the war had anything to do with the break-up of Deanna and Vaughn. I also think it would be unfair to boys who are in service and who wonder if their wives are willing to wait to suggest that this was the case.

Vaughn was Deanna's first love. She was scarcely eighteen when she married. Now she is a woman. So often the man who is right for the girl is not right for the woman. That's why early marriages frequently are a mistake. Those of us who find divorce so deplorable and wish there might be some way it could be avoided realize there should be no marriage until a girl is absolutely certain a man is the only man she wants to spend her life with, the one to whom she will be able to turn in every trouble.

Talking to Deanna that day I found her a slender, beautiful woman, poised and self-assured. The little girl who used to send me notes of thanks for my interest in her career had disappeared, together with the baby fat that used to irk her so. She had become a glamour girl and, as a glamour girl, was apparently enjoying the knowledge that she had become very attractive to men. Every woman likes to feel that she inspires admiration and Deanna is no different from any other daughter of Eve. (*Continued on page* 70)



"Kiss or kill" Bogie and the woman who understands him best—his wife Mayo

is bogart

Much has been said about Humphrey Bogart—but never anything like this! A straight-hitting story of a straight-hitting guy

BY JERRY ASHER

BOB HOPE calls him Humphrey Go-cart. His fan mail reaches him addressed to the "merchant of menace," "Bogey man," "little boy boo." Refer to him as a bad actor, a lousy lover, a goon at golf—it perturbs him not. Heaven help the guy who says he isn't a good sailor.

Today in Hollywood, Humphrey Bogart has become a legend. There is only *one* who looks like him, who thinks like him, who acts like him. You can take him or leave him and the takers are many. Of one thing you can be sure. At all times, under all conditions, he *is* himself. Startling—yes. Unpredictable—usually. Captious—perhaps. Interesting—definitely. Humorous—always.

Hollywood's number one pistol-packer was the first professional villain in his family. Santa Claus presented him to the world in New York City on Christmas day of 1900. His father was a doctor; his mother, the cover artist on the old Delineator magazine. She specializes in dewy-eyed, honey-haired cherubs. Baby Bogart was her favorite subject.

Twice before he lived to learn that crime *does* pay and pay mighty well—in the movies—Bogie had his own personal encounter with "justice." The first time while he was serving in the Navy. By mistake he had been booked as a deserter. The charge was too incredible. Being Bogart, he laughed. The ten-day sentence was then upped to thirty. Being Bogart, he was furious.

While playing summer stock in Cohasset, Massachusetts, Bogie and Brod Crawford were arrested. When the thieves who *had* stolen the car were discovered, the boys were allowed to go free. Then the arresting officers asked for free passes to see the show! That was the kiss of death, so far as our hero was concerned. Right then and there he discovered he was the possessor of a most unusual and unlimited vocabulary.

Since playing that first screen heavy in an old George O'Brien Western, Bogie has traveled a long trail of blood and blasphemy—a movie record of which he can be justly proud. Since "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca," script writers have been instructed to toss him an occasional romantic bone. Now, whenever a producer has a new picture to discuss, Bogie opens the conversation by saying: "What is it this time—kiss or kill?"

The secret of the Bogart success—if there is a secret to hard work and being an excellent actor—lies perhaps in the touch of humor he applies to everything. Sometimes it's quite broad. Look closely and you'll find it creeps in, even in death scenes. Bogie likes acting. Occasionally a part comes along that really intrigues him. By no stretch of the imagination is he in the business because his artistic soul seeks outlet. To the contrary, he has been known to unburden himself on the subject of actors who hold out for moods and messages. The Messrs. Muni and Robinson, for example.

Apropos of the Bogart humor, one night he was dining quietly with friends in Chasen's. A Martini-minded young lady lurched up to the table and heckled: "Who do *you* think ya are—Humfrey Bogart?" The owner of that name assured his fragile interrogator that he was laboring under that exact impression. Undaunted, she persisted:

"If you're Hum-frey Bogart—less see ya snarl."

With all the dignity of a statesman, Bogie slowly rose to his feet. In a kindly and courtly manner, he bowed. Looking the curious cutie straight in the eye, he curled back a lip that would have done credit to a Ubangi. The young lady collapsed like a paper bag.

MUCH has been said for and against the home life of the Bogarts. Take it from an eyewitness, they live the way it's right for them to live. And they love it. Bogie was married to Helen Menken on May 20, 1926. On April 3, 1928, he married Mary Phillips. On his first date with Mayo Methot they danced to "The Very Thought of You." Bogie loves dancing— (*Continued on page* 96)

The Bogarts at home in their "Liberty Hall." On screen, Bogie doesn't go for love scenes





Milkman: The big bad man of the movies gives Mayo a free handout



Hollywood

Fabulous filmdom "society" pictured by the



Party-giver par excellence, Elsa Maxwell, being squired by Cary Grant to a preview



There was byplay that night at Chasen's with Tallulah Bankhead and Hitchcock



Big party hostess is Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, seen here with Darryl and Mrs. L. B. Mayer

THE movie world, socially, has grown up from a bouncing baby with bad manners to a cool, sophisticated lady. It entertains beautifully and with taste. Where it goes, what it does, who and with whom, make Hollywood after dark one of the most exciting and glittering gems in the world's social crown.

New York's mythical, much publicized Four Hundred is an easy nut to crack compared to Hollywood's Sixty Best Families. I know. I've cracked both. The *how* doesn't matter. But the where and when make good telling and—I hope—good listening.

Ten years ago there were few night clubs in Hollywood; in fact, practically no public places where stars could go to dance, show off their clothes, show off their new beaus, or discard their old husbands for new loves.

When I went to Hollywood for the first time and was Gary Cooper's house guest for three months I found that all the entertaining was done at home. I shall never forget that house of Gary's. He was a bachelor then, living in a furnished house in Chevy Chase previously occupied by Greta Garbo. The possessions he brought to that house didn't complement what he found there. On the walls he hung the mounted heads of the great game he had shot. In a pen outside he had a pet jaguar. His Afghan hounds roamed about at will, inside and out.

Nearly every day Gary and I breakfasted together, before he went off to the studio. I have never forgotten his very beautiful taste in dressing gowns. Nor have I forgotten that we sometimes were both a little heavy-eyed, for lack of sleep. The Frank Sinatra fans today are no more vehement or determined or ardent than the Gary Cooper fans were then. They used to gather under my lighted window, mistaking it for Gary's, and call for him. They had strong lungs and perseverance, I assure you.

That, however, was ten years ago.

In Hollywood today there are gay night clubs and exclusive restaurants where the stars, enhanced by jewels and furs, crowd each night. Where do they go when they want to eat good food, when they want to laugh in good company, or when they want to dance to good music?

If it is to be dinner at eight—or nine or ten—it may be Romanoffs. The royal crest is over the door and it is only a gallon's throw from any star's home in Beverly Hills. "His Royal Highness," Mike of the Brooklyn Romanoffs, is there to welcome you if he recognizes you or to rebuff you if you are the visiting fireman and tables are scarce—which they are every night now, with food ration coupons making it so much simpler to dine out.

Mike, with tongue in cheek unless it is happily insulting a famous face, knows good wines, has a good cellar and a wonderful bartender and at a glance he decides who is privileged to sit in the best leather-upholstered booths and who must dine at the tables in the aisle and in the waiters' elbows. Once scorned by the stars as an impostor, Mike now is adored by them as a restaurateur.

Or perhaps it is Dave Chasen's, farther in from Beverly Hills, where once you could eat quietly and look longingly at George Raft alone in a



Datebook

By Elsa Maxwell

fabulous Elsa who knows the fabulous inside story

corner. Now you make a reservation and then stand an hour at the bar waiting, cheered by the thought that Bing Crosby is standing beside you, as tableless as you.

The other night at Chasen's, for example, when I was munching a deviled bone with the Reginald Gardiners, Sir Charles Mendl and Kay Francis, I saw Tallulah Bankhead slipping in through a back door. Tallulah, thinking she was unobserved, but perhaps hoping she would not be, was stalking down her dinner like a lioness on safari. She was in both a wonderful mood and sleek black slacks. Following her was an apparition of Alfred Hitchcock, her director. As you know, Tallulah has been living these last three months in a lifeboat—which is the name of her new picture.

"Tallulah," I said to this fabulous creature of unpredictable over-accents and undercurrents, "how do you like pictures again?"

"Again?" said Tallulah, in her peach fizz voice. "I always adored them; but like Dr. Fell 'the reason why I cannot tell.' They didn't like me so well."

"Alfred," I said to Hitchcock, "what's happened to you?"

"Nothing," he said, "except that I've lost ninety-one pounds. Look at this!" He wrapped his coat around himself twice.

"Isn't that dangerous?" I asked.

"Not at all," said Alfred, "I just didn't eat."

"I can't imagine anything so horrible," I replied. And Alfred threw me a look which said loud and plain, "You wouldn't look so horrible, my girl, if you took up my horrible habit."

For dancing there is perhaps first Mocambo. . . .

When I arrived in Hollywood this summer I had with me my friend, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the political hostess of Washington, a star in her own right and the owner of the famous Hope Diamond, which is one jewel no Hollywood star could possibly hope to duplicate. Our first port of social call was Mocambo, set in the heart of the "Strip" on Sunset Boulevard. My first impression of Mocambo was depressing, because it was so dimly lit—a habit of Hollywood night spots. I wonder if this is because Hollywoodites are under the lights so much in the studios all day that it is a relief to be in the restful shadows at night, or if it is just to make it easier for them to hold hands?

This was a particularly gay evening. My party was made up of a little group which always goes everywhere and does everything social together. There were Claudette Colbert and her husband, Jack Pressman (now a Commander in the Navy), on one of his rare evenings on leave; William Goetz, the young producer who now has his own company called International Pictures; with him was his wife, Edie, younger daughter of Louis B. Mayer to whom he is a most devoted husband; there were also Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny, Walter Wanger and his lovely wife, Joan Bennett, and the Gary Coopers. Gary, who still creates a sensation in feminine hearts everywhere he goes, is so fond of Sandra that most women do not get so much as a casual passing glance from him. When the (*Continued on page* 80)



"Warm and hospitable": Mrs. Jack Warner, previewing with husband



Part of a special "set": Miss Colbert and Dr. Pressman. At left: Capt. Struburg



Limelighters: Roz Russell, Edward Arnold, Cary Grant, Mrs. McLean and Elsa

Order of the wedding day—

For Sgt. Glenn Ford And His Bride



Picture for posterity: Eleanor Powell and Marine Sgt. Glenn Ford pose after the wedding ceremony

BY MITZI CUMMINGS

THE stalwart young Marine Sergeant took the wedding band from the minister and held it poised at the tip of his bride-to-be's slender finger. The minister, his lifelong friend, looked at him and said quietly:

"This ring is a complete circle, having no beginning and no end. It is like the love of God, which has no beginning and no end. Take this circle and place it on your bride's finger as a symbol of the consummation of your love for her—unto eternity."

Then the Reverend Ray Moore of the First Methodist Church of Santa Monica, California, turned to the bride who stood silent and intense and very beautiful, and handed her a duplicate of the golden band the Sergeant had just placed on her finger. He repeated the sacred words, and when they were finished, she, too, slipped a wedding ring on her bridegroom's finger.

Thus, Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell became man and wife, "unto eternity."

A burst of music and the congratulations from the small assemblage of loved ones in the flower-studded living room of the Powell home broke the tension that had prevailed throughout the ceremony.

"Only once before in my entire thirty-five years in the ministry," the Reverend Ray Moore said afterward, "have I ever performed a ceremony where the strength of feeling between two people was so marked. They never took their eyes from each other's face. Their voices broke as they answered me and once I thought the bride would give way entirely." He paused, seeing the picture again. "Standing there, so straight and tall and so deeply in love, they were a symbol of everything fine and good and clean in this world."

Reverend Moore has known Glenn Ford almost all of his life. Most of the Ford family has belonged to his church. Five years ago he buried Glenn's father, and before that his grandmother, who had been blind. So the good minister was, therefore, very happy when Glenn came and asked him to perform his marriage ceremony.

On Christmas Day, 1942, Glenn and Eleanor became engaged—but time went on and Dr. Moore had not been asked for his services. Glenn told him it was because of the war. He'd enlisted in the Marines—he didn't know how soon he'd be sent across. Eleanor and he wanted an old-fashioned kind of wedding, Glenn said, and an old-fashioned kind of married life afterward, where Eleanor, who had worked so long and so hard, would retire from the screen and raise a family and run a happy home, and have a different kind of responsibility than she'd ever known.

And why, do you ask, had Eleanor and Glenn, who were going to wait for each other until peace reigned again in the world, changed their minds about marrying? It was a very simple and very human reason. Stationed not much more than a hundred (*Continued on page* 85)





For a Merry War-Bond Christmas: Ray Milland of Paramount's "The Uninvited," his wife, Mal, and their son, Danny



HOLLYWOOD— Beware in 1944!

Memo from the stars to the stars by a woman whose

IF you think 1943 was an exciting year in the lives of Hollywood's great, just wait until you read what 1944 has in store for your favorites. With explosions between nations taking place all over the world, Hollywood is by no means immune and is, in fact, due for some private explosions of its own. So let us dip our hands into the electric currents of the future and see the love, success, joy and sorrow that 1944 will bring our earth-born stars.

Bette Davis: Now it can be told. Several years ago I read Bette's hand. The lines foretold three marriages. At the time Bette was still married to Harmon Nelson and she asked me to refrain from printing what I saw because so much had already been written and conjectured about their marriage. Now, however, that her marriage to Ham Nelson has ended in divorce and her marriage to Arthur Farnsworth has ended with his tragic death, I want to tell all of you who love Bette that, while I am not predicting marriage for her this year, according to her hand reading and to her stars Bette will find happiness again someday.

Olivia de Havilland: Olivia's natal planets suggest that she has a dual personality, one side of which craves a home, children and domesticity, while the other clamors for a career and public acclaim.

In June of 1944, when the serious Saturn moves into her own sign of Cancer for the first time since her birth, a new Olivia will come before

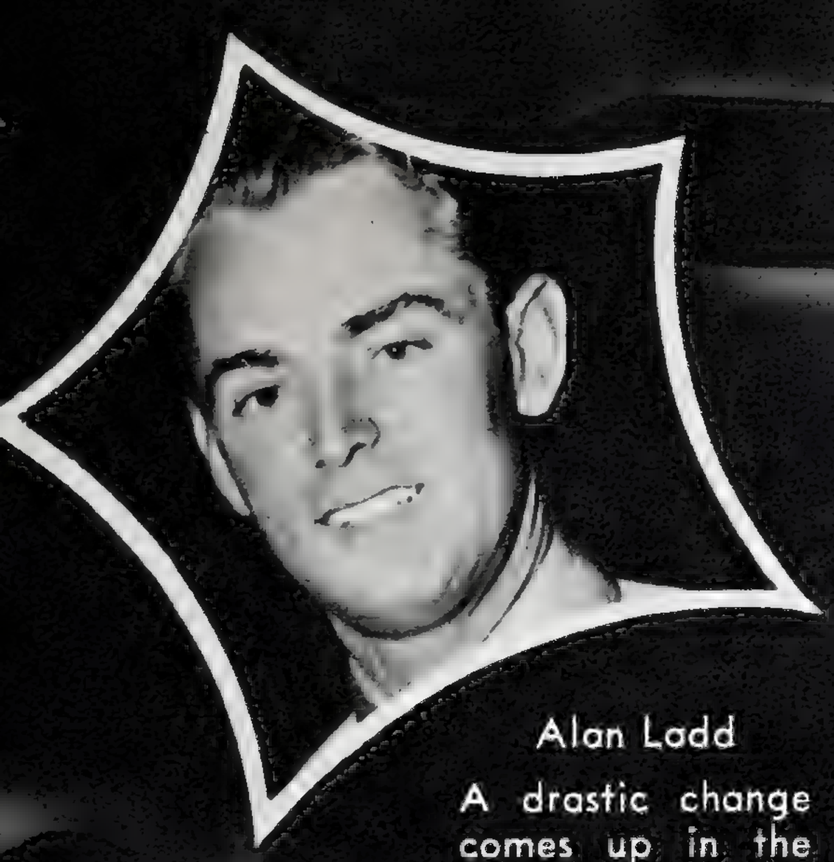
These Came True in 1943!

GREER GARSON: "June should bring the return of a former love." (Lt. Ney returned in June, married Greer.)

PHIL TERRY and JOAN CRAWFORD: ". . . a new child in their home, their own or one they adopt." (The Terrys adopted Phillip II.)

VERONICA LAKE: "Look out for disputes with studio and husband which will upset her home." (Veronica has confirmed rumors of her impending divorce.)

ROBERT TAYLOR: "From December, 1942, to January, 1943, he will enlist or be in the service of the Government." On Feb. 10, 1943, Taylor became a Lt. in the navy.



Alan Ladd

A drastic change comes up in the cards for Alan



Lana Turner

A crisis comes in May, June or July for her



Frank Sinatra

Don't judge him until you know all the facts



Orson Welles

Maybe you thought the same about Orson and Rita



Joseph Cotten

He'll be happy about those years

BY MATILDA TROTTER

score card on the future has a command-attention rating

the public. June 21 brings her to the threshold of a complete change. It may take a year to accomplish this change, but 1944 sees its inception. In October matters pertaining to relatives, associates, letters and news will be stressed. Matters which have remained confidential up to this time are apt to be brought out into the open and some linen may be washed in public.

If by the time this article is printed Olivia has not settled her difficulty with the studio, midsummer 1944 should find it settled to *her* satisfaction and should see Olivia engaged in a more serious type of work.

The coming year brings Olivia responsibility, some sorrow and a new emotional depth and understanding.

Errol Flynn: More trouble, Errol, and this time Saturn striking across Venus and the tricky Neptune tends to dim your personality and to cause the public to regard you with disfavor.

In September and October, 1944, Errol may become involved in some unpleasant notoriety in connection with a foreign country. Uranus, in his house of self-undoing, contacting Mercury, planet of news and clattering tongues, stirs up a hotbed of gossip. This time the friendly Jupiter will not be present in his house of Personality to protect him against his reckless nature. Someone had better protect him. But then, I told him that three years ago and again two years ago and look what happened. (*Continued on page* 65)

Watch for These in 1944!

RITA HAYWORTH—"Smash-up around No-
ORSON WELLES: vember."

LANA TURNER: "Emotional moods threaten the foundations of her home."

ERROL FLYNN: "More trouble, Errol."

PAUL HENREID: "August 1, 2 and 3 are explosive days."

JUDY GARLAND: "Sudden engagement or possible elopement."

Betty Grable

Robert Young

Sonja Henie

Spencer Tracy

At Ease

Gene Kelly

Rita Hayworth

formality by Funk



Fighter who wrote a fighting story: Boatswain Victor Mature manning a gun (left) aboard a U. S. Coast Guard convoy cutter during battle drill somewhere in Atlantic combat waters



A sailor gets his land legs to speak to crowds of Americans—Mature addressing a typical crowd on his recent tour

So your man can come back

The Fighting Story of Victor Mature, Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. Coast Guard

WHAT happens to a man who has spent a year of his life cruising enemy waters, facing enemy fire? The same thing that has happened to Victor Mature—a tightening of the emotional fiber, a hardening of the nerve centers, the growth of sharp realism beneath an overlay of casualness.

No longer is he the brash Hollywood star of the colorful personality, the constant gags and the love of the limelight. These days under his hail-fellow-well-met exterior there is an undercurrent of grimness, a new intensity of purpose.

When Vic enlisted in the Coast Guard, he got boos and catcalls; boos from the crew on his ship because he was a star, catcalls from columnists who wouldn't believe he was taking his service seriously. But aboard one of the more active cutters on North Atlantic convoy duty, Vic won his rating of Chief Boatswain's Mate stripe by stripe, and the respect and friendship of his shipmates step by step.

Today he is a fighting man with a fighting story. Here is that story—in his own words. . . .

These are words that every American woman with a man "out there" will receive with faith and hope

WE were cruising off the coast of Greenland. I was sleeping in that morning. They permit you to sleep in mornings when you come off the twelve-to-four watch, as long as you're up at eleven and ready to go on at twelve again.

"Hunk," Mazie called, "get up! You're wanted in the Ship's Office. You're going back to the States, you lucky So and So!"

I turned over. "Go away!"

"On the level," Mazie insisted. "A dispatch just came . . ."

". . . from the President, no doubt!"

"May be! For all I know!" Mazie said. "Anyway, it says Boatswain's Mate, Victor Mature, First Class, is to proceed at once to the Treasury Department, Third Naval District, New York City, to participate in the Third War Bond Drive."

I sat up. That could be! "If you should be kidding!" I threatened that big Polack yeoman from Meadville, Pennsylvania. "*If you should be kidding. . . .*"

I had nicknamed him "Mazie" one day when I was inking my laundry and he had asked me to do a few pieces for him. A nickname was in order because he was a buddy and I could neither spell nor pronounce his real name. I had been given my nickname of "Hunk"—not to be confused with the Hollywood appellation "Hunk of Man" but short for "Hunk of Junk"—in the same indelible way.

Mazie wasn't kidding. Within a few hours I was in the air. (You don't need time to pack when you have a duffle bag. You just throw your stuff in. I made my bag myself. As a boatswain's mate I had learned to work with canvas.)

I soon found myself staring down at the cold green water of the North Atlantic. I had sailed over it many times in many convoys. This was the first time I had flown over it. It looked flat from way up there. But I knew it wasn't. It's a tough sea, the North Atlantic. Year round its temperature varies only two degrees, ranging from thirty-two to thirty-four. You'll never hear of any rescues like that of Rickenbacker and his buddies, for instance, up there. Four to eight minutes in that water and you're a dead duck. This probably accounts for the fatalism that is so common among the kids who serve in convoys to Murmansk, Russia, and other northerly bases.

I remembered last winter . . . the way the life lines stretched, day after day, from stern to bow . . . the way we would grab hold of those lines before we actually came out of a hatch. We rolled from forty-three to fifty-three degrees. We took off the lifeboats because—submerged most of the time—they were so thick with ice that they were useless. We had a gang chopping ice—four to six feet of it—off the ship every day. And their hair used to freeze while they were doing it. In bad weather eighty to ninety feet of water reared before us. We used to wrap our legs around stanchions and hold our bowls of chow between our knees. Weeks on end we slept with all our clothes on— (*Continued on page* 64)



Hymie Fink

Gala gifts from the Brothers Warner: Ann Sheridan in "Shine On, Harvest Moon" . . .



. . . and Dennis Morgan, the chant-enchanter of "The Desert Song"

The Hollywood *Men*

They may be heroes to the audience but not all of them are to these



Ingrid Bergman and Michele Morgan have the same idea about Humphrey Bogart

IF no man is a hero to his valet, then how many Hollywood heroes remain heroes to the women who act with them, go places with them, interview them, or merely observe them at close range? In other words, which Hollywood men can stand the acid test of proximity and still remain attractive to women who see them minus make-up, unbolstered by the brilliant dialogue of script writers and stripped of the comforting covering of a celluloid can?

Let's break through that silver screen and see the boys as they are seen by the girls of Hollywood.

James Cagney is attractive—even to film stars. On a recent Bond-selling tour Jimmy was pursued by a well-known film actress in the group, who should have known better. (You'd gasp if "Fearless" told you her name!) At first Jimmy was mildly amused by the lady's amorous advances. Then it became a nuisance. And then he brought matters to a head by bawling the girl out in front of the company. She wept a little. Jimmy was sorry, thinking he had been too harsh. Later she contrived to be alone with him and, looking rather like the heroine of a Cagney picture, she murmured, "Ah, my James Cagney!"

"I think she was expecting me to squash a grapefruit in her face!" Jimmy complained when telling the story. "She didn't see me as a flesh-and-blood man. She saw me as a twenty-four sheet on a billboard. I think that's how all women, even those who are closest to us in Hollywood, see us."

But that is not how Loretta Young saw Alan Ladd when they were working on "China." It's an odd thing, but away from the camera Alan loses some of the fascination he has for women on the screen. His attractive devil-may-care attitude is replaced by overanxiousness about his health and career. He and Loretta fought a war of their own all during the making of "China." She accused him of stealing their scenes. He countered that it was the other way around. There were others on the set who supported this theory. Things were so bad at one time that the picture was suspended for several days. And it would still be unfinished if Director John Farrow hadn't cut and



Joe Cotten's complex may affect women's ideas about him



What the Hollywood gals think of Gary Cooper is what you'd think



James Cagney . . . well, take the actress in the Bond Tour episod

Hollywood *Women* Like Most

female auditors—the Hollywood women who know all and tell a lot

BY *"Fearless"*

put the picture together when the fighting couple were out of town.

Humphrey Bogart is one of the few Hollywood actors who pleases both his feminine film following and the women who rub shoulders with him daily in Hollywood. In spite of this, he affects to despise the female sex. Actually he is afraid of women—and this includes wife Mayo. The truth is that Bogie loves women—and this also includes wife Mayo with whom he has had, and is still having, some of the biggest and best fights in the history of Hollywood married life.

Bogart intrigues the women of the film colony with his "I can take you or I can leave you" attitude. "Making love to film actresses is strictly a business with me," he once told "Fearless." "Why get excited about it? The director always calls 'Cut' just when it gets interesting!" His conversation with reporters is frank, very frank. But after saying something outrageous, Bogie will smile like a little boy who has said something naughty to produce an effect. To sum up, they all, from Ingrid Bergman down, want to be in his pictures. Michele Morgan told "Fearless" recently that her assignment with Bogart in "Passage To Marseille" was the highlight of her career.

To most of the feminine contingent there are few more attractive men in Hollywood than Joseph Cotten. It's hard for you to realize how good-looking he is because he is usually made up to look quaint or old in his pictures. Joe has an explosive quality that is reminiscent of his great friend Orson Welles. The two men have identical speaking voices and they laugh in the same way. But Cotten, unlike Orson, is modest with an inferiority complex. He is honest, sincere and rather tense. He does not have to flirt with women to make a hit with them.

This brings us to Errol Flynn, who can no more help flirting with every pretty woman he meets than he can help falling in and out of trouble, which is perhaps saying the same thing twice. Errol, however, is not so popular as he should be with the women he works with in Hollywood. And he is definitely (*Continued on page* 74)



Cary Grant gets summed up nicely by Laraine Day, who worked with him in "Mr. Lucky"

idgeon's beard for "Madame Curie" almost brought him to grief

George Murphy's the quiet type, but results are bombastic

It was Paulette Goddard who set the style for Sonny Tufts

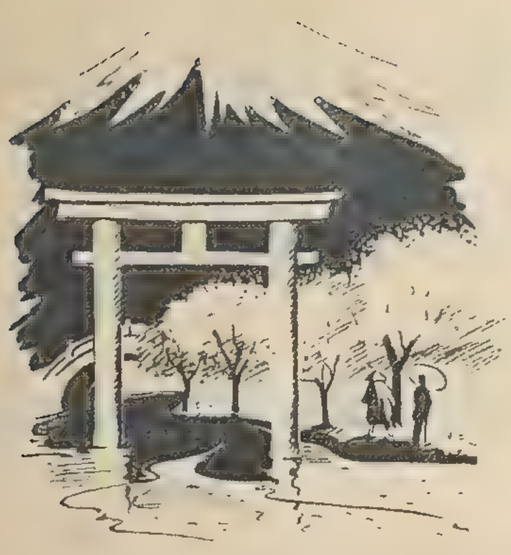
Olivia de Havilland

Hollywood brilliant: Olivia de Havilland, now appearing in RKO's "Government Girl"

Profile in Poetry

The Versatile Biography of Miss Olivia de Havilland

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY



STRIKE up the band
For de Havilland,
Born on the Nip's outrageous strand,
Who stoutly rose
When her years were three,
And thumbed her nose
At the cherry tree.
(The only good, so far as I know,
That ever came out of Tokyo.)

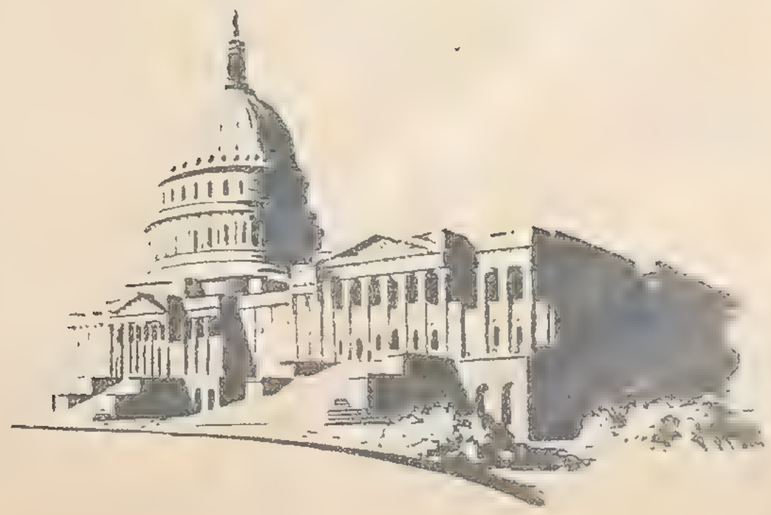
Now at twenty and something over,
There she stands in the smoothest clover,
And what is more she has doffed at last
The film-y robes of her pictured past.

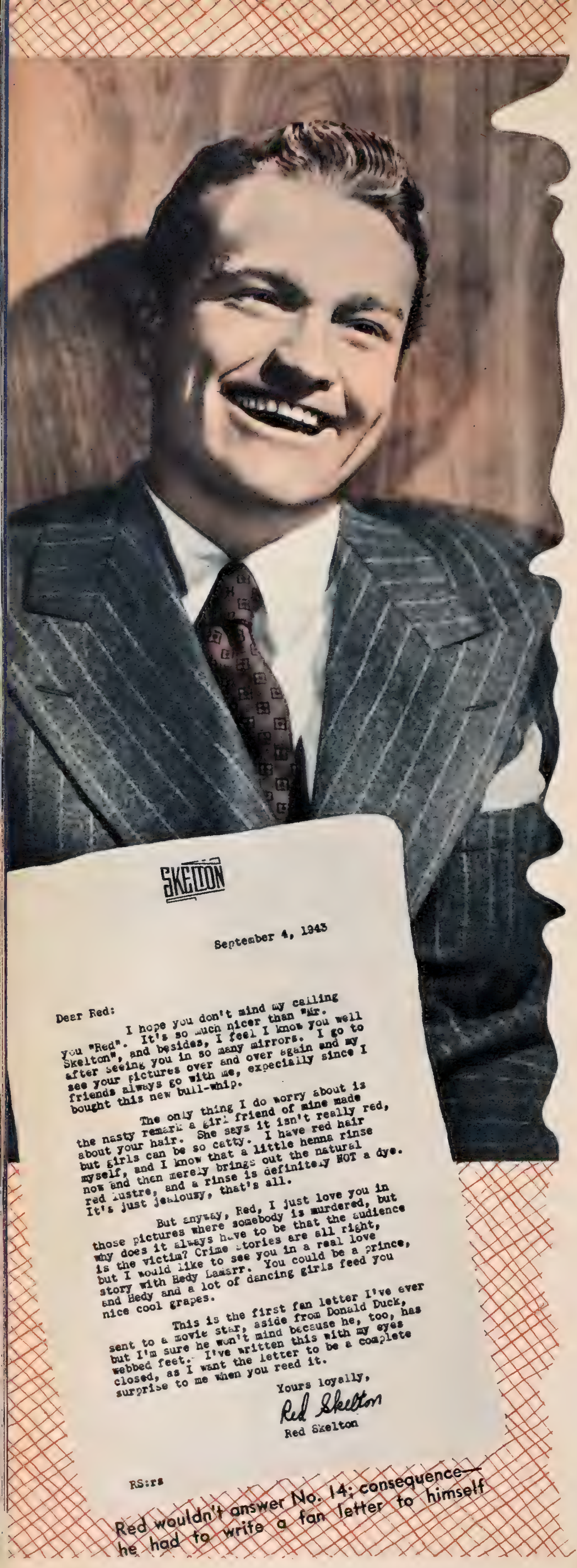
Too long, a maid of romance and peril,
She daily swooned in the arms of Errol,
Swooned and suffered, suffered and sighed,
Or, as occasion demanded, died.

But now farewell to the hoops and bustles,
To sworded heroes, flexing their muscles,
To Shakespeare's Hermia, chanting sad verse,
To Captain Blood and to Anthony Adverse.

No sneering villains the lady strikes, now.
The Dawn may come whenever it likes, now.
No tremulous wraith is left to trouble you
For Melanie's Gone with the final W.

Now skies are blue
So let's all clap hands.
Here's something new
In de Havillands.
From comedy's vial she has pulled the cork,
She's marrying captains named O'Rourke.
Yes, tune the tubas while flags unfurl.
Olivia's changed to a Government Girl.





SKELTON

September 4, 1945

Dear Red:

I hope you don't mind my calling you "Red". It's so much nicer than "Mr. Skelton", and besides, I feel I know you well after seeing you in so many mirrors. I go to see your pictures over and over again and my friends always go with me, expecially since I bought this new bull-whip.

The only thing I do worry about is the nasty remark a girl friend of mine made about your hair. She says it isn't really red, but girls can be so catty. I have red hair myself, and I know that a little henna rinse now and then merely brings out the natural red lustre, and a rinse is definitely NOT a dye. It's just jealousy, that's all.

But anyway, Red, I just love you in those pictures where somebody is murdered, but why does it always have to be that the audience is the victim? Crime stories are all right, but I would like to see you in a real love story with Hedy Lamarr. You could be a prince, and Hedy and a lot of dancing girls feed you nice cool grapes.

This is the first fan letter I've ever sent to a movie star, aside from Donald Duck, but I'm sure he won't mind because he, too, has webbed feet. I've written this with my eyes closed, as I want the letter to be a complete surprise to me when you reed it.

Yours loyally,

Red Skelton

Red Skelton

RS:rs

Red wouldn't answer No. 14; consequence—he had to write a fan letter to himself

PLAY *Truth or*

He certainly did dood it this time! A helter-Skelton third degree, with Red paying up

1—Q: Do you have nightmares?
A: I dream I'm sane—and it's awful!

2—Q: Is there anything you won't do for a laugh?
A: Yes. I won't play a practical joke on anyone. I don't believe in getting a laugh at the expense of someone's hurt feelings or embarrassment. Neither do I believe in dirty gags.

3—Q: What do you hate to do?
A: Work in any form! I also hate to answer telephones; stand for fittings at the tailor; and wait for people to eat dessert at dinner; I never eat dessert myself.

4—Q: Do you have any unusual clauses in your contracts?
A: Ever hear of a Happiness Clause? Mine says if I'm not "happy" about anything, I don't have to work! But doggone it, I'm just naturally happy. Another one stipulates I must be known professionally as Red Skelton rather than by my given name of Richard.

5—Q: What does your famous secret code message mean?
A: When I leave word that "the hawk has lit on the little brown bear" it means I'm in a jam and come get me out. When I say "I'm a bad rabbit" it means I've told a lie—and got caught in it!

6—Q: What was the biggest mistake you've made so far in life?
A: (Red chose the consequences: Give us a picture of yourself when you worked in the circus or medicine shows.)

7—Q: What was the wisest decision you've made in your life?
A: Refusing to answer Question No. 6.

8—Q: What printed statement about yourself delighted you?
A: Not that I believe it, but I was plenty flattered by the guy who wrote I was the Chaplin of this era and had the greatest kid following of any man since Tom Mix.

9—Q: What printed statement made you burn?
A: That I had gone Hollywood because I had a huge coat of arms on the side of my car door. That coat of arms was the insignia of a certain Army outfit and was painted there by the guys themselves. What's more, it will take more than a few nasty cracks to make me take it off!

10—Q: Do you ever use a sob story to get what you want?
A: How else do you think I got that extra two-bits on my allowance last week? I'm the greatest "con man" who ever lived—I make suckers of the experts!

11—Q: How broke have you been in life?
A: Back in 1935 Edna (my ex-wife) and I once went three days without eating, and not because we were on a diet either! That same year we were kicked out of a New York hotel for a $9.00 bill and probably were the only people in the history of the joint to go back and pay them their dough.

Consequences

with

RED SKELTON

GAME CONDUCTOR—KAY PROCTOR

12—Q: What was your most touching experience with a serviceman?

A: Some time ago a Marine named Smitty went swimming in my pool. A few weeks ago I met him again in New York—stone blind—and he recognized me by my voice and said, "Gosh, Red, it's good to see you again!"

13—Q: Did flirting ever get you into trouble?

A: Oh, brother!

14—Q: Are you planning to remarry or is there a chance of reconciliation with Edna?

A: (Red chose the consequences: Write a glowing fan letter to yourself.)

15—Q: To what extreme have you gone to get the spotlight?

A: I've played certain benefits just to follow Bob Hope and that's murder! Seriously, I did it deliberately to prove we are not the same kind of comedian, which we both knew but couldn't seem to make others realize.

16—Q: Whom would you like to look like?

A: What the heck! I'm stuck with what I've got so why dream?

17—Q: What is your most successful way of flattering a woman?

A: I'm a cinch when I tell her she's the type men steal fur coats for! That old "you're as sweet as my mother" works pretty well, too.

18—Q: What are you sentimental about?

A: A bulldog we had named Jiggs. He went hungry with us plenty of times and then when we hit the chips and could afford a yard for him to run around in, he died.

19—Q: What is your pet term of endearment?

A: The word "little," like Little Mummy, or Little Flower, or Little Doll.

20—Q: To whom or what do you credit most of your success?

A: Edna first, then radio audiences, then movie audiences, and finally me. I must have had something to do with it!

21—Q: Do you ever feel silly when pulling your antics on stage?

A: No, only when something goes wrong or I mess up a gag and don't get a laugh.

22—Q: What do you do when an audience fails to laugh as expected?

A: Try to cover it with an ad lib like, "That one certainly got over with a big hush!"

23—Q: What wisecrack from an audience embarrassed you most?

A: I was halfway through my act one day in Troy, New York, when a guy stood up, loudly observed, "And I drive a truck for a living!" and walked out!

24—Q: What was the most you ever lost on a bet?

A: An apple. I got out of the habit of betting anything more than an apple when I (*Continued on page 75*)

No. 6 made Red see red so he had to release a picture of himself when he worked in a circus. Below: Consequence on No. 48—the gift from a fan that intrigued him most—a "Clem" doll



Result of saying "No" to No. 41—Red has to create a new horror character. Left: No. 31 drew a blank; penalty—designing a Skelton coat of arms



Anne, as John Payne's wife: Shy, retiring, an inconspicuous "nice little person." Today (left): The girl women look at with envy and speculation



Anne, as the town's No. 1 talked-about, during her ten-day romance with Coast Guardsman Mature

She is what every girl wants to be: Anne Shirley, who has changed herself into a woman who turns men's heads

Deal yourself in on life

BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HEADS turn as she goes by . . . The Hollywood girls speculate about her; they ask each other if it was the failure of her marriage to John Payne that changed her; they try to analyze the new and great charm she has for men. What, they ask, has happened to Anne Shirley that she should be the one to capture the most spectacular man in a spectacular town; capture him and then not even bother to keep him?

Publicity, some called it, not without a tinge of envy, when Anne launched a bombshell by announcing her forthcoming marriage to Vic Mature who was back in Hollywood briefly to wind up some business matters after his one-man Bond tour, which you can read more about on page 30. Rebound, others diagnosed it; rebound for Vic after the hurt of his breakup with Rita Hayworth; rebound for Anne who was still trying to prove something to herself after the collapse of her marriage despite her gay romance with Eddie Albert and, more recently, Edgar Bergen's interest in her.

But the explanations couldn't change the exciting facts. Vic spotted Anne on the Mocambo dance floor with her agent Henry Willson. When the dance was over, he made his way to their table, Willson introduced them and from that point on the Bos'un took over Anne's evening. Likewise the following evening. The next night he proposed and she accepted. Vic told friends that at last he had met the girl of his dreams and was madly in love. Anne told friends she loved him because he was vital and alive; she felt he was a real hero and for a long time she had envied girls who were waiting at home for their man at war. There was talk of a Nevada wedding or an extension of Vic's leave to take care of California preliminaries, since he was due to return to ship the following Sunday.

Then on Saturday the whole thing blew up as spectacularly as it had begun. Anne gave one and all to understand quite definitely that she would not be marrying Mr. Mature. Vic accepted the end philosophically and left on schedule to return to sea duty.

Hollywood reached for the smelling salts and the telephone—and for the second time in ten days Anne was the most talked-about girl in town. She doesn't mind all this too much, even though she knows what people are saying isn't meant too kindly. For it proves to her how tremendous and complete her change has been. "Once," she said, "it would have killed me to have their disapproval. It doesn't now. I realize it is the fact that I no longer lean on them or get down on my knees to them that they do not like. And I revel in my new independence."

She dates the beginning of her metamorphosis as being two years ago, when she and John Payne separated.

"Until then," she said, "I never realized that the only person who is consistently going to do anything for you is you. I don't mean people are selfish. They have their own jobs and their own problems, very little time indeed to sit down and think 'What can I do to make Anne Shirley happy?' Even my agent, who is paid to think about me, can only give me a small fraction of his time. He has other clients and he has his own life.

"It may sound odd," she went on, "for a girl who was a child star to say she never learned to possess herself until she had grown up, married, had a child, and a divorce. But I say (*Continued on page* 88)

"I'd Like to

Delightful dalliance under the mistletoe





Merle Oberon says:

"—by Winston Churchill. First, for the feminine, obvious reasons. Because he is my Dream Man. Because I think he's just heaven. But principally because he is such a man. Because he has had the most romantic, stirring life, and the strongest. And I like romantic men, stirring men, strong men. Mr. Churchill has done everything. He has crowded his life with headlines that have made, and are making history—and has had time, or taken it, for bypaths. He has been a painter, for a hobby; a writer, for a hobby; a bricklayer, for a hobby. And then, his language . . . so rich, so old-world that one imagines what vivid imagery he would give the language of love. To be—well, to stand under the mistletoe with Winston Churchill, let us say, would be to stand, for a moment, in history."





Ida Lupino says:

"—by Charles Boyer. I want to be kissed by Boyer. I have always wanted to play a love scene with Boyer. Because I want to get far away from the slatternly, draggle-haired, frenzied females I have played on the screen—so many of them that they give me an Unwanted Woman hangover in real life. Now, on the screen and off, I want to feel glamorous, seductive, beloved, velvety, adored, mysterious—and I can think of no surer way for a girl to believe herself these desirable things than to be kissed by Boyer."





Alexis Smith says:

"—by the Orsatti Brothers, all three of them! Because, in one way and another, I owe my career to them. It was Vic who discovered me when I was doing the play, "The Night Of January 16th," at college. Frank introduced me to Edmund Goulding when Mr. Goulding was casting for "The Constant Nymph," and that picture gave me stardom. Al Orsatti does the radio end of the agency and has promised to find me something very good. And as the kiss of gratitude, so to speak, is the only kiss I could or would share with anyone except Craig Stevens, my fiance, I would like to be kissed by the Orsattis, to whom I am so grateful—all three of them!"

Be Kissed By—"

with gay ladies wooing surprising men





Loretta Young says:

"—by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And it has nothing to do with the fact that he is the President of the United States. No . . . because he is a man who was born with extravagant courage; because he is a man who has overcome what would be an insurmountable handicap for most men and, having done so, did not forget others who might have less means and less strength of character than he. And because, to mean anything, a kiss must have significance . . . and the significance depends upon the giver."





Marcy McGuire says:

"—by Frank Sinatra! My, YES! And I ought to know. Because in our picture, 'Higher And Higher,' I was kissed by Sinatra (I get dizzy when I think of it) and not only was I kissed by him but I did a scene in which I swooned when I saw him come in the door. (And they thought I was acting!) I'd like to stand under the mistletoe with Frank and be kissed by him . . . and while I stand there, just before the kiss, or maybe just after it, I'd like him to sing, 'You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To'—to me and for me. Ummm!"

CARICATURES BY MAJOR





Rosalind Russell says:

"—by General Spaatz. The General is in charge of operations in the European theater of war. I happen to know him quite well. I admire, enormously, the job he has done over there. In order for me to want to kiss a man I must (a) know him quite well, (b) admire his ability and (c) like to look at him. General Spaatz fulfills all three requirements, and handsomely."

Redhead . . . Susan Hayward, born in Brooklyn, bred on Broadway, championed in Hollywood as a little beauty with dimples, a mind of her own and a hit role in "Jack London"



Rookie . . . Gregory Peck, recruit from the East Coast theater, new colonist on the West Coast where he's now cashing in as a handsome hero labeled "find" in RKO's "Days Of Glory"



SHY SHOW-OFF...

Sparkler in the rough: Carson of Warners' "The Hard Way" and "Shine On, Harvest Moon"

BY LUPTON WILKINSON

Cashing in with Carson, the fellow with the name you don't know and the face you do

WHEN a fellow plays in about sixty movies (Jack Carson can't remember exactly how many) and plays a heel in more than fifty of them, people begin to wonder. True, Jack played the particular type of heel known as a "comedy menace." On the screen he was conceited and noisy. He was smug in an ignorant way—but funny.

Early came another phase in the Carson reputation. Rumor got around—you know how Hollywood is—that off the screen Jack was also conceited and loud—but not funny.

All that changed—like the *whoosh* of a comet—when "The Hard Way" hit the screen. You'll remember, Jack played *Albert Runkel,* the happy-go-lucky, self-assured comedian, of the straw-hat, tap-routine type, who worshiped Joan Leslie. The bewildered young man Jack was playing killed himself and the tragic sincerity of that stricken boy on the screen definitely created a new star. People blinked and started asking new questions. "You can't fool a camera that badly," moviegoers reasoned. "All those 'comedy menaces' can't be true—and this, too. What kind of a fellow *is* Jack Carson?"

That's a hard type of question. Even a rough diamond has many sides and, as life cuts the man into a pattern, more sides appear.

Naturally, you have to have something to start with. So—look at two small boys, standing on the railroad platform at International Falls, Minnesota (that's on the Canadian line), thirty years ago. Jack, three, is as big as his four-and-a-half-year-old brother. These children have been living at Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, where the sun seldom sets before nine o'clock and small boys are put to bed early. Neither youngster had ever before seen the sky at night. "What are all those lights up there?" asked Bob, the elder boy. (He must have wondered if they only existed in the United States, the big new country where the Carsons were just arriving to live.)

"Stars," replied Mrs. Carson.

Jackie, the younger, swallowed his Adam's apple, stifled his awe and pointed wisely: "I see the biggest one." He was pointing at a red station lantern, ran forward, hoping to grasp it—and fell.

That's part of the boy you start with. Hungry for excitement, seldom willing to admit he doesn't know all the answers, likely to reach for a gaudy lantern of a star. A boy like that is apt to stub his toe and bruise his nose a few times.

NOW for a long jump, to another glance at character. The bumps and bruises had come—a good many—but "The Hard Way" had finally hit the screen. Jack had worked fifty weeks during 1940, forty-nine weeks in 1941 and fifty-one weeks in 1942. His whole life had been mellowed by a happy marriage with Kay St. Germain, famous radio singer and swell gal. The Carsons had achieved more happiness—a baby.

Jack (*Continued on page* 68)

IN the beginning, it is essential to remember that this fellow named Marion Michael Morrison—this six-foot-four ex-football star whom you know and like to watch on film as John Wayne—is still no more than a good Joe who fell into the ways of Hollywood, got famous, made a lot of dough and is a little astonished, even at this late date, that it all happened.

Today he is at a moment in his life which is supercharged with crisis, change and melodrama. Separated from his bride of ten years and from the four children to whom he has been such a devoted and sympathetic father these past years, he will probably join either the Army or the Navy within a few months.

This, at a time when his stardom is established, when two successful pictures—one co-starring with Jean Arthur—are cleaning up under his name, when every studio in Hollywood is scratching at his door, waving contracts.

To borrow him for "Reap The Wild Wind," Paramount once had to guarantee him top billing over its own people; now, there is no longer any question about his billing, nor about the salary he demands. It is the time, of all times, to observe John Wayne closely, to listen as he ticks, to put him under a glass and judge from the personality revealed there what his eventual future will be.

EVERYONE on the set and off calls him Duke, since he's the kind of man who must be known by an affectionate nickname and that, held over from high-school days, is his. He gets along best with other men, although any woman in any room with him will do her best to thwart his preference; he is personified by such things as leather jackets, pipes, big bounding dogs; gymnasium shower-rooms, poker, camp beds, barbershop quartettes and the smell of horses.

Yet he is curiously fastidious. He looks well in dinner clothes and likes to wear them, despite the fact that such apparel must be specially built to hide the bulging of his football muscles.

He is physically unafraid and proved it on one of the best teams USC ever had, but he cannot stand the sight of blood. Recently, during a scene on location for Republic's current saga, "The Fighting Sea Bees," he complacently risked his life rather than use a double; later that afternoon, a Marine sergeant in charge of live ammunition in the area showed him a blasted arm, casualty of a recent untimely explosion.

"Why aren't you in the hospital?" Wayne asked, averting his eyes unhappily.

"I've been handling the stuff for twenty years," shrugged the sergeant, "and I'm not letting a little accident like this knock me out." But the Duke was knocked out for the rest of the afternoon.

Used to being a family man, he is unhappy away from his family, essentially bored, somewhat indecisive, a little angry (*Continued on page* 78)

Coming up with man's-man Wayne, the quiet guy with the supercharged life

By HOWARD SHARPE

JOHN the DUKE



Six-foot-four hero of "In Old Oklahoma"—model cowboy John Wayne

Read it and laugh! That fabulous Jane Lyons goes Hollywood (and vice versa!) in a hilarious tale that turns out just the way you'd expect

Backdoor debutantes

BY LILLIAN DAY

Author of the best seller and screen hit, "The Youngest Profession"

IT was out of this world to think that Barb and I were right here at Humphrey Bogart's garden party mingling incognito in our best glamour make-up with the guests. Barb kept complaining about my pinching her, but I couldn't help it, even though the red marks started to show through her chiffon, which was not so becoming, since the dress was green. I talked to Claude Rains about Victory Gardens and tried to discuss Lincoln with C. Aubrey Smith, but that came to an impasse since he pretended he had never known him. And not one of them, including my beloved Bogie and Mayo, recognized us as the housemaid and gardener, respectively, of the Bogarts.

Of course it never would have happened—our being hired by Mayo—if it hadn't been for the employment shortage, but Vera Bailey and the Guiding Stars, Ltd., our club back East that puts out "Fan Dust," will never have to know that. They think we have simply infatuated the Bogarts and are their house guests, spending a little time with them while we are out here on the Coast visiting my Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy. As a matter of fact, Vera was completely bowled over by the photographs we sent back of me and Bogie and various other stars in various poses. I must say that Barb is a wonder at hiding in the bushes with her camera at just the right moment.

We were simply having a wonderful time, being careful not to mix our drinks but just sticking to all kinds of rum and speaking to everybody. We kept wondering when the Occasion of the garden party would occur —i.e., when Jack Warner would make the announcement that Bogie was to play *Ulysses S. Adams* in his big picture, "Uncle Sam's Nephew." Then at six o'clock things began to happen, and never stopped, for my money. Everybody gathered around and Jack stood on the steps near the swimming pool and made a great speech about the Industry and Manhood and Womanhood, Barb and I being too excited, standing right near Red Skelton, to hear much. Then he ended up with "the role of *Ulysses S. Adams* has been awarded to that loyal American, Humphrey Bogart."

There was terrific applause and Bogie stepped towards Mr. Warner, holding out his hand. The cameras were all going strong when suddenly he tripped over a rake which I'm afraid I forgot to put away after my morning chores and went splash into the pool.

Without thinking, I plunged right in after him. It wasn't until I hit the cold water that I remembered I couldn't swim a stroke!

BOGIE saved my life, though not intentionally. He climbed out of the pool with me clinging to him and then he and Red Skelton pulled me up. At least that's what Barb says. I was too full of water to notice much. All I remember is seeing twelve dollars' worth of hat float away like a Disney water lily. A gray chiffon dress is very ethereal floating in the summer breeze, but dunked in pool water it shows all the underpinnings. The next thing I remember is lying on the lawn wrapped in a blanket and Bogie wringing himself out and swearing under his breath. People were crowding around and someone said, "Who is she?"

"How should I know?" said Bogie. "I never saw her before in my life." I cast a reproachful look at him from under my lashes. (Later I learned it was only the left ones, the right being at the bottom of the pool.)

"He knows only too well who she is," said Barbara indignantly after he had gone to the house to get dry clothes. The next thing I knew a lot of reporters were crowding around me asking questions. One of them asked my address and I pointed to my room. Then Muggs came along and took me away and made me take a hot bath and the cook brought me some broth. The cook is swell. She's an old family retainer, having worked for the B's for over a year. Then Bogie's doctor came and took my temperature and said I must stay in bed on liquid nourishment (nonalcoholic) and be very quiet.

I had a terrible time getting the left eyelashes off as they stuck like glue, but finally did and got my face made up in case anyone should come to see me, but it was only Mayo. She was very sweet and said I should just ring for anything I wanted. I told her I felt terrible about spoiling the party, and if there was anything I could do to mend matters I would be only too happy. She said I'd better just stay quietly in bed.

In the meantime my man Early was holding a Press Conference on the lawn.

MONDAY after lunch.

I am writing this in longhand as I'm supposed to be taking a nap, but naturally I can't sleep. I didn't close an eye all night, until after one o'clock. This morning I felt fine but decided to have a cough and a headache because I realize the minute I get well I'm fired. Barb sneaked in some bacon and eggs, etc., and then Aunt Helen telephoned and Barb went and said I was busy in the garden and would phone her later. She said something about a letter from Pops and our getting back home. Then she asked Barb what this was about my falling in the pool and Barb said not to believe a word of it, as it was all press-agent stuff.

They finally managed to haul me up, but I was too full of water to notice much. All I remember seeing is twelve dollars' worth of hat floating away like a Disney water lily

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Aunt Helen said, "But her picture is in the paper, and so is yours." Barb was so excited at that that she hung up the receiver and rushed for the papers, but Bogie had taken them so she had to go out and buy them.

"Jane," she cried when she returned, "you are famous! You'll probably get all kinds of movie offers, but you must hold out for at least a hundred a week. They don't appreciate you if you're too cheap."

"Barb," I said, "if they want me, they'll have to take you too."

She was very touched at this evidence of true friendship.

Sure enough the papers were full of yesterday's party with pictures, including one of me. Fortunately it was on page 6, as I don't look my best half drowned.

"I'll have trouble explaining this to Vera and the club," I said when I read that Bogie had denied knowing me.

"Just say he's secretly in love with you but you have to keep silent to protect his reputation. In fact, I'd better wire her before 'Fan Dust' goes to press."

We were feeling pretty wonderful until I came across a little item in Hedda's column that made me realize for the first time what I had really done.

In view of the circumstances, our bets are on Gary Cooper for the role of Ulysses S. Adams.

That was all it said, but I knew it was the beginning of the end. Bogie would sink down and down and end up in the gutter in front of Central

Casting, playing bit parts and remembering the good old days. I had loved him, "not wisely, but too well," and I who would rather die a thousand deaths than harm a hair of his head had innocently involved him in a scandal that would ruin his career.

"Not so innocently," said Barb.

I would have killed myself, except that I hated to die.

"Don't take it so hard," said Barb sympathetically. "Maybe by good conduct he'll live it down in a couple of years."

We had a wonderful lunch and then Barb went out to do some shopping and send a wire to Vera to hold the mimeograph until further notice. I tried to sleep, but my Past kept running through my mind and I wondered what I could do to make amends. I could retire to a convent, but that really wouldn't help Bogie with the producers. I resolved to make the Supreme Sacrifice, whatever it was. Maybe it's to go away and never see him again and renounce even his movies. But, I thought, I would have to see him once and face the music. I would listen in silence to his reproaches and then would say, simply:

"Mr. Bogart, I know it may seem to you that I have acted in a foolish manner, but I assure you that I admire you merely as an artist, not as a man. Since my childhood I have been a worshiper at the Shrine of Thespis, the Greek Founder of the Drama."

I began to practice it out loud before the mirror.

Then I got back to bed and was writing when I heard footsteps and a knock at the door.

I slipped the pad under the cover and said "Come in" in a weak voice.

MONDAY eleven p. m. It was Bogie himself, in a dark red dressing gown, looking very *intime*.

"Hello, Jane," he said, "how're you feeling?"

Just like that, as if I hadn't ruined his life.

And then, before I could answer, he began to sneeze and my heart froze. Suppose on top of it all he got pneumonia and died, all on my account. If he did, I would wear mourning the rest of my life, maybe with a touch of white. Tears came to my eyes, but I forced myself to begin the speech.

"Mr. Bogart"

"Bogie, to you," he said. I couldn't believe my ears. The speech fled from my mind. What price Thespis!

"How about some tea and pastry?" he asked, ringing the bell for Muggs. "Feed a cold and the fever will take care of itself."

Muggs brought in tea and the most wonderful cocoanut cakes and we chatted about everything under the sun and he made me feel quite equal. He didn't mention what had happened, or scold me, he merely asked me if Barbara had any more films in the camera. I said nothing of any importance and he said if I didn't mind he'd like to see them, so naturally I promised . . . of course I couldn't give him the ones we had already sent to Vera.

Then I asked him if he would get the role of *U. S. Adams*. He said Jack Warner had phoned and from what he had said, it would most likely go to Gary Cooper.

"It's okay with me," said Bogie. "He's a swell actor and he's identified in the minds of the American public with a hero. I'm just a bad man. Maybe they should use me in a film to recruit gangsters."

He smiled, but I knew it was to cover a broken heart. Tears sprang to my eyes. Here he was, his career ruined, and trying to cheer *me* up. It was the noblest thing I had ever come across, outside of pictures. I'm afraid I began to blubber a little. So he put his hand on mine and said:

"Cheer up, kid. It really wasn't your fault. Mayo always tells me to look where I'm going." Then he changed the subject by asking me all about myself and before I knew it I was telling him about 'Fan Dust' and Vera and how difficult it would be to face the gang back East. He admitted I was in a spot.



"I tell you what," he said. "I'll autograph a picture to you, very affectionately, and you can show it to them. I'll write, 'To my dear friend Jane, with affection and happy memories, Bogie.' That should shut them up."

"Would you really do that after all I've done?"

"Of course. I appreciate your devotion and loyalty."

I couldn't believe my ears. If Vera and the gang could only have heard him. Which reminded me. This was the moment.

"Bogie," I said, "there are thirty-five subscribers to 'Fan Dust.' If you could autograph a picture to each of them . . . not affectionately, like mine, of course, but with their names and a different message on each . . . it would help a lot to restore my prestige."

"Okay," he said. "I'll get one of the secretaries at the studio to do it. Give me a list of the names."

"If you don't mind," I said firmly, "they would prefer it in your own writing. I was an autograph hound myself once and I know it makes all the difference in the world."

He looked at me with admiration.

"Jane," he said, "you're going places. You're quite a gal."

"Thank you, Bogie," I said, giving him the list of names Vera had sent me.

WHEN he left I felt strangely elated, and yet torn by remorse. I looked in the mirror and saw I had aged months in one short hour. It wouldn't have surprised me to have found a gray hair. I wished Barb would hurry back to witness my emotional upheaval. I wondered what that goon could be doing all this time.

Something, I decided, ought to be done, and no time should be lost. I thought and thought and finally I decided to go right to the headquarters of the Motion Picture Industry . . . Louis B. Mayer himself. I had heard of his kindness and charitable works, and if I put the case squarely before him, he might intercede for Bogie with Jack Warner and the others. I lost no time but called M-G-M. The female who answered the telephone said that Mr. Mayer's secretary had gone for the day, and could I tell her what it was about. I said, "Certainly not, it's a purely personal matter between L. B. and myself," and hung up.

Fortunately I had taken down Mr. Mayer's private address when I sent out the invitations to the party, so I could go right to his house. I had just come to that decision when Barb arrived with a man in tow.

"Mr. Moore," she explained, "is a talent (*Continued on page* 62)

Three Cheers for '44!



Echo of applause—right through the whole New Year—for Jane Wyman; for her role in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke"; for the new short dinner dress she wears here. It's cheerful in brilliant fuchsia; complimentary because of its skillfully draped bodice; smart with a new trim—beaded rope outlining the soft neckline and draped pockets



Symbol of a newer, brighter world in '44—a glowing soft red jacket lined with gray broadtail, stand-out fashion in the women-who-know circles. With the jacket, Jane Wyman chooses to wear a spruce gray felt dressmaker suit from I. Magnin, a trim gray fedora



New Year's cheer to the designers' set for thinking up this I. Magnin outfit—a two-piece knit dress with a deep leaf-green gored skirt, a jacket striped in green and gray with sleeves and collar in green. To be worn everywhere at any time in '44



Who said something about jumpers? Anne Shirley did, and this is it—'The popularity of the jumper dress is deserved, for with a variety of sweaters and blouses it will serve many occasions." That's one reason why she chose this faille jumper and combined it with a flowered challis blouse for reader Carlotta Brune, wife of a young officer

Jumper In red, Kelly, luggage, navy or black. Sizes 9-17. About $8.95.
Blouse: $5.00





2 The jumper jumps right back into the picture with another blouse—one with lace on the jabot and cuffs and tiny crystal buttons to make it sparkle holiday afternoons and evenings

Blouse: White only, in acetate crepe. Sizes 32-38. About $7.95

3 Or, for sport, or the schoolroom, or the office, wear the jumper with a sweater and point up a color contrast. For instance, a black sweater with a red jumper . . . or perhaps a pink or yellow sweater with a black jumper. Gay results!

Sweater: All wool, in all colors. Sizes 34-40. $5.98

Celebrate in Style

Five holiday style-starters

picked out by Anne Shirley

to pep up Carlotta Brune

PHOTOPLAY'S *Star-Maker Fashions*



5 So he won't forget you . . . a date dress that makes an impression—but fast—with a wide full skirt of marquisette that whispers as you dance because there's an underskirt of taffeta and a pale blue or bright fuchsia bodice of bengaline cut to accent your waist and give you the right lines in any lineup

Dress: Sizes 10-16; 9-15. Under $25

4 Holiday sparkle in an "everybody look" dress that has nailheads of gold and silver to catch the light, little pockets hiding in the full skirt

Dress: Rayon crepe in black and all high shades. Sizes 10-18; 9-15. About $17

For a list of stores where these star-maker fashions are available see page 94.

Christmas Bell-Ringers

Spend ten pleasant moments on this and when you get through you'll have an unusual "just right" present for everyone on your list



IT'S Christmas again—and a better Christmas than last year. For we're headed for Victory—and the peace for which we're fighting. However, this is not the time for us to tax the necessarily limited amount of materials. Christmas gaiety, by all means—says Uncle Sam—but give useful gifts in moderation.

FOR EVERYBODY—EVERYWHERE

War Bonds and Stamps . . . Whatever you plan to spend, from ten cents upwards, let your first thought be a War Bond or War Stamps. Either, unlike any other present in the world, increases in value as time goes on.

Homemade Preserves . . . From your house to their house . . . A jar of fruit or jelly you preserved this summer—in gala wrapping. That's something they couldn't buy . . .



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN SERVICE

NOTE: We wish to report that we checked the boys and girls in service in our sincere wish to determine those gifts they would most appreciate and enjoy. Unanimously they voted money or a ten-day pass the best presents in the world. You can't give them a furlough, of course, but you can send money. If it's only one dollar they'll bless you for it. The gifts we have listed below also had high ratings in our check-up. . . .

Air Pillow . . . It's wonderful for catnaps. It's small enough to be carried in a bag or pocket when deflated. Inside it's completely treated with vinglite plastic. All seams are cemented. The plastic tube seals itself. Size in use 9″ x 14″. About $1.49.

Games . . . Four of them! Album I includes Checkers, Chinese Checkers, Solitaire and Backgammon. Album II includes Dominoes, Chess, Asia and Acey Ducy. Packed in a booklike cover of imitation leather, 4¾″ x 6⅞″ in size. About $.98.

Identification Bracelet . . . Sterling silver, simply designed. About $5.95.

Cigarette Lighters . . . Sterling silver. They require no fluid and show no flame. They work like the lighters in automobiles. $5.00.

Write Kit . . . The top of this kit is a blotter which serves as a writing service. Two of the deep pockets are filled with stationery and post cards. There are other pockets for letters and writing material. $1.95.

Shaving Kit . . . Water-repellent poplin apron kit—which ties around the waist when in use and folds into small pack at other times. It has double row of pockets containing all shaving essentials. $4.50.

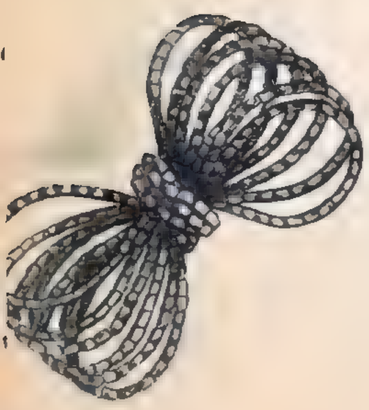
Vacuum-Packed Peanuts . . . These they adore! All size tins from about $.50 up.



Barrack Run-Arounds . . . These slip-on foot warmers—with the brush knit fabric of rayon and wool with which they're lined turning over the cotton knit face to form a cuff—come packed in a gay gift box. In khaki or blue. Wonderful for off-duty comfort, overnight travel or hospital use. Men's sizes, about $1.00. Women's sizes, about $.79.

FOR THE GIRLS—YOUNG AND OLD

Pocket Scarf . . . In four-color plaids, of rayon and wool with all-wool fringe—to be worn tuxedo style, tucked under belt perhaps, as an ascot under a coat, or as a flashing sash. With the pockets available always. Under $3.00.



Bowknot Earrings and Pin . . . Bowknots of glittering cut beads—in black, red, bronze, steel or green. About $1.00. A larger bowknot of glittering cut beads—in black, red, bronze, steel or green. Used in pairs, these can also be used as buckles for evening slippers. About $1.00.



(Continued on page 76)

Call yourself a loyal American only if you have gone through the same stirring experience as these stars



Mrs. Milland and Osa Massen show a plasma kit to Lynn Bari, Linda Darnell and Brenda Joyce

A pint for a life

BY MRS. RAY MILLAND

WHEN the Red Cross Blood Donor Service established headquarters in Hollywood, the stars immediately rallied to the great cause. Among those who donated blood were Ann Sheridan, Margaret Sullavan, Carole Landis, Susan Peters, Linda Darnell, Jane Wyatt, Laraine Day, Helen Broderick (a five-time donor), Florence Bates (a seven-time donor), James Cagney, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont, Joseph Cotten, Basil Rathbone, Joe E. Brown, Ralph Bellamy, Reginald Gardiner, John Howard, Harold Lloyd and Edmund Lowe.

It was a new experience and they, too, asked the usual questions when they came to us to be signed up: Does it hurt? How will I feel afterwards? Maybe I have high blood pressure? How do you know I'm not anemic? After they learned how simple was the procedure, most of them signed up to give another pint when the necessary ten weeks had elapsed.

Those of us who devote ourselves to signing up donors were very much amused at Margaret Sullavan. She knew she had to weigh at least 110 pounds to be accepted. She weighed 106. Much as we hated to spoil her charming trick, we had to tell her we had discovered that brick in her pocket! In due time she was back again. She weighed 110 pounds after making a concentrated effort to gain because she *wanted* to give.

Jimmy Cagney handed us our biggest laugh. After his pint had been taken, two Nurse's Aides stood on either side of his cot and attempted to assist him to his feet. Jimmy casually stood up unaided, tucked a lady under either arm and carried her across the room!

Touching indeed was Joe E. Brown's donation. Within a few hours after he had received the sad news that his own son had died while serving his country, Joe appeared at the Blood Bank. He gave a pint of blood to help save the life of another father's son.

When Jean Pierre Aumont appeared, shortly before he left to join the Free French, the blood pressures of the feminine workers went sky high! He actually signed autographs for them while he was giving.

Clarence Nash, who is the voice of Donald Duck, carried on long conversations with the workers in Donald Duck's voice while donating his blood.

Joseph Cotten was so enthused and eager to help that after giving his pint he went around to various schools near-by and addressed the Parent-Teacher Association.

This will give you an idea as to how much it "hurts."

Still, there must be people everywhere who would like to have the same questions answered that were first asked by the stars. Through the far-reaching medium of Photoplay-Movie Mirror we hope this information will inspire a new army of blood donors. If you want to give a pint of blood and save a human life, here is the official statement of facts. The procedure may vary slightly in different parts of the country, but by and large it is the same.

ALL persons in good health between the ages of twenty-one and sixty are eligible to be donors. Minors between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one are eligible under the following conditions: Married male minors are required to have the written consent of a parent, guardian or spouse on the release card provided by the Red Cross; married female minors are accepted without consent of the husband if he is not available. All unmarried minors must obtain written consent on the release card of one parent or guardian. Signature of a witness will be requested but it is not essential. Verbal consent and consent written other than (*Continued on page* 77)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



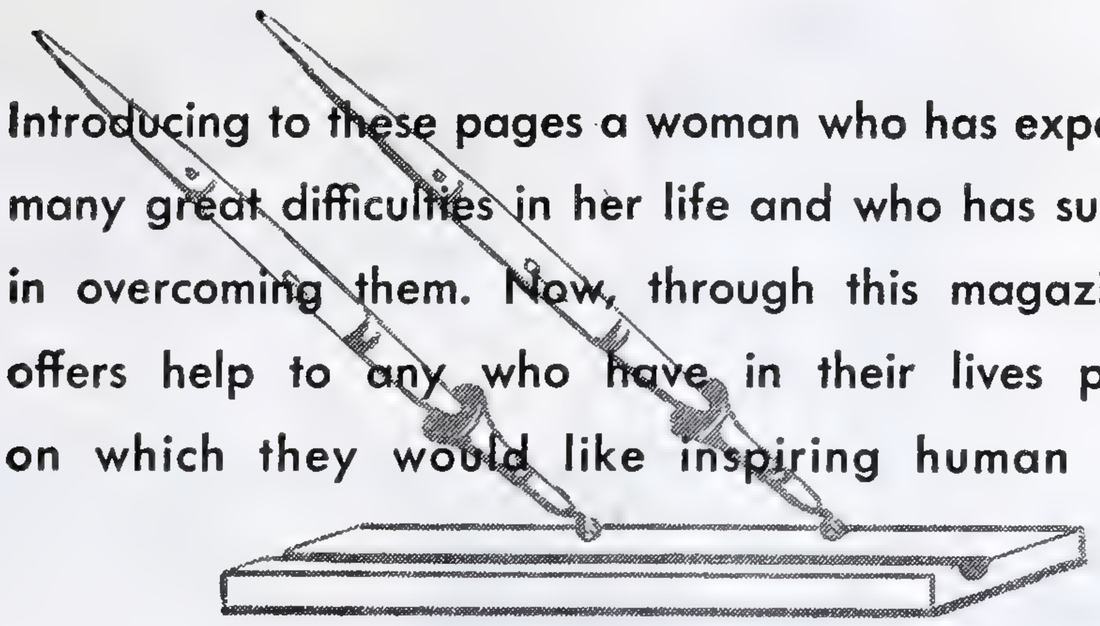
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

I have read with constantly increasing interest the reader advice section of Photoplay. I consider it an honor to have been selected to continue this series and I shall look forward each month to the arrival of letters from readers.

I shall do my very best to be of aid to anyone who has a problem, large or small, and I hope that my efforts will be in keeping with the high standards that have been maintained by my predecessor, Bette Davis.

Sincerely
Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert, star of "Since You Went Away," working on letters from Photoplay readers with assistant, Fredda Dudley. Any letters which Miss Davis was unable to answer before discontinuing her column received Miss Colbert's immediate personal attention



Introducing to these pages a woman who has experienced many great difficulties in her life and who has succeeded in overcoming them. Now, through this magazine, she offers help to any who have in their lives problems on which they would like inspiring human counsel

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

After I saw you in "So Proudly We Hail" I knew I had to write to you, first to tell you how much I liked your portrayal and second to ask you a question. I know you aren't really a nurse, of course, but somehow I believe that since you must have studied something of medical procedure to qualify for the part and since you are a doctor's wife you will sympathize with what I have to tell you.

Seventeen months ago my sweetheart left for overseas duty. I said, before he left, that I would marry him when he returned. He did return recently, but his right leg has been amputated above the knee.

He asked me whether I still wanted to marry him. Well, I love him as much now as I ever did, but somehow I wanted a husband with whom I could be gay. I love to dance, go bowling, ride a bicycle, swim and engage in a great many active sports.

Do you think I could be a good wife to my sweetheart under these conditions? Frankly I've thought about this thing until I'm almost out of my mind. I have told him that I will marry him, so he is making plans, but down in my heart I'm troubled and unsure of myself.

I will appreciate hearing from you.

Cecile R.

Dear Miss R:

If I were in your place, I would go ahead and marry this boy. I have seen so many men who have been physically handicapped in some way and yet have become unusually successful in their chosen line of work that I think you need have no fear for your future security and happiness.

One of the most brilliant examples of triumph over exactly the problem you have described is Major de Seversky, who wrote "Victory Through Air Power" and who has long been an aeronautical authority. While Major de Seversky was in Hollywood, I had the pleasure of meeting and dancing with him. Believe me, after dancing continuously for two hours, I was the one who wanted to catch my breath. Major de Seversky was ready to go on indefinitely.

With your assistance and comradeship, I believe that your future husband will be able to enjoy practically every active sport that you do.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I will be twenty-three years of age in a few days, yet I am in love with a man who is forty-eight. He had five children by his first wife. After she died, I came to live with the family, to cook, keep house and care for the children. That was three years ago.

The oldest daughter and the oldest son are only a little younger than I am, so you would expect us to be good friends, but they dislike me and torment me in a hundred little ways in order to make my work harder.

The youngest child is an adorable little girl whom I have practically raised, as she was only a year old when I came to live with the family. She is now four and is so sweet to my baby, by this man. My baby is now fourteen months old.

I feel that one of two things should happen: Either this man should marry me, or he should let me go. The older children are opposed to our marriage and say they will run away from home the very day I become their legal mother. On the other hand, this man says that if I leave, he will keep my baby and his youngest child and I will never see either of them again. I want to take both little girls with me.

Can you think of anything for me to do?

Kathryn S.

Dear Miss S:

If you are desperately in love with this man and he will marry you, I don't think you should worry too much about the attitude of his older children. Since you are twenty-three and you say the children are near your own age, it is likely that the boy will soon be in the Army and the girl may marry, so they would shortly leave the family circle anyway.

If he were honorable he would have married you long before this.

However, I'm afraid that it's my opinion that he has no intention of doing so.

You are still young; you can be self-supporting. If you really want to leave him and start over again, you needn't be afraid that he will be able to take your baby from you. He will be able to keep his own daughter, of course, but he has no legal claim, I am told, on your child.

I hope that whatever decision you make brings you happiness.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

You seem, from your pictures, to be such a regular gal that a group of us down here in the South Pacific decided to tell you about a new Hollywood custom that irks us.

As you probably know, we don't see very many beautiful girls down here. The scenery gets pretty monotonous, especially when a guy's best view is the inside of a tent or the rainy side of a jungle. For that reason, a good many of us write to stars and ask for pictures.

After a delay of three months, we recently received a picture of a certain starlet (I won't mention names). This picture was nothing but a post card on the reverse side of which was a price list for various larger-sized pictures of this glamour girl.

It is not a matter of money, but we don't think this particular girl ever saw our request in the first place. If others are going to send out pictures in a star's name, don't you think the studio or the publicity agent or whoever takes care of that kind of work could have the pictures made for the boys in the service, omitting the price list?

Well, that's what irked us.

A dozen G. I. Fans.

Dear Boys:

Your letter reminds me of an experience I had several years ago. I happened to stop in the fan-mail department and to see, much to my surprise, a card about to be mailed to someone who had written to the studio requesting a photograph. The card, just as you say, listed certain pictures and their prices. What annoyed me was that the card was signed with my name, whereas in all fairness it should have been signed by the studio, as I knew nothing about the affair.

Most stars who handle their own fan mail send out a great many pictures and are happy to do so. They feel that they can well afford it.

However, occasionally a starlet is given a terrific publicity build-up and attains a popularity so great that her salary really won't cover the demand for pictures, expensive as they are. In that case, the studio handles the requests. Probably the starlet you mention is in just such a situation. I'm sure she would be upset if she knew how requests for her photographs are being handled.

I will try, with whatever influence

(Continued on page 71)

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED



Startling picture of a startler to come: Tallulah Bankhead and John Hodiak in Fox's "Lifeboat"

ADVENTURE IN IRAQ—Warners: Warren Douglas is a Flying Tiger pilot who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. The group is picked up by suave sheik Paul Cavanaugh and held as hostages for the sheik's brothers. Douglas falls in love with Miss Ford and the climax is the arrival of American planes to the rescue. (Dec.)

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—Universal: The Andrews Sisters conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles from the District Attorney's office and Gracie MacDonald from the Police Force are sent out and the two, unaware of their real identity, fall in love. The Andrews Sisters sing several songs and Gracie is very cute. (Dec.)

BAR 20—Sherman-U.A: When *Hopalong Cassidy* is ambushed and his money stolen, he gets all riled up and sets out to recover the money and you never saw so much chasing and shooting and riding in your life. Dustine Farnum's jewels have also been stolen, so *Hoppy* sets out to get them back too. George Reeves is Dustine's fiance. With Victor Jory and Andy Clyde. (Oct.)

✓✓*BEHIND THE RISING SUN*—RKO-Radio: A gripping, fascinating story portraying actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war, this shows the transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant. Tom Neal in this role is amazingly good and Margo as the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces is also very good, as are J. Carrol Naish and Robert Ryan. (Oct.)

BOMBER'S MOON—20th Century-Fox: More of the same old stuff about an American flyer, George Montgomery, a Russian girl, Annabella, and a Czech officer, Kent Taylor (really a Nazi spy), who are permitted to escape from a German prison so that they may lead the Germans to the underground workers. The three principals are good, but the story's been done too often before. (Nov.)

CAMPUS RHYTHM—Monogram: Gale Storm is a radio singing star who gets bored with her life, so she takes an assumed name and enters a small college. She soon becomes the school belle, with Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. (Dec.)

✓✓*CLAUDIA*—20th Century-Fox: Completely captivating and utterly enchanting is this story of *Claudia,* played by Dorothy McGuire, the child wife who finally grows up. Robert Young as her older and thoroughly perplexed husband is completely real. Ina Claire is her mother and Reginald Gardiner the Englishman with whom *Claudia* innocently starts a flirtation. (Nov.)

✓✓*CORVETTE K-225*—Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulses. Randy Scott gives a socko performance as the ship's captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown's sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support. (Dec.)

DANGER! WOMEN AT WORK—P.R.C: Patsy Kelly inherits a truck and with Mary Brian and Isabel Jewel decide to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to Las Vegas, and the journey there is filled with weird adventures. (Oct.)

✓*DESTROYER*—Columbia: An exciting tale about a destroyer under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, a meanie who antagonizes the entire crew, including Glenn Ford who is in love with Marguerite Chapman, Robinson's daughter. It takes an attack by a flight of Nip planes and a submarine to bring out the fine qualities of the ship and her captain. (Nov.)

✓*FALLEN SPARROW, THE*—RKO: This is a bit involved but still an interest holder, and John Garfield gives a fine performance as the American who escapes from a Spanish prison and returns to New York to find his pal is murdered. Walter Slezak is the Nazi who watches Garfield to find the hiding place of a flag standard, and Martha O'Driscoll, Maureen O'Hara and Patricia Morison are all good. (Nov.)

✓✓*FIRED WIFE*—Universal: A gay, sprightly little tale about a pair of newlyweds, Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton, who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno. When Louise keeps her marriage secret because her boss, Walter Abel, is allergic to married women, and when Paige becomes involved with Diana Barrymore who chases him all over the place, the resulting confusion is just too much. (Nov.)

✓✓*FLESH AND FANTASY*—Universal: A mystic fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story sequence, with the first starring Betty Field and Robert Cummings. The next interlude has Thomas Mitchell, a palmist, prophesying that Edward G. Robinson will commit a murder, with strange results. Then Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck take over the final intriguing episode. (Dec.)

✓✓✓*FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*—Paramount: In many instances this is a breath-taking, magnificent thing of sound and color, although the telling is long and some sequences too slow. Gary Cooper, the American who sets out to dynamite a bridge during the Spanish Civil War, and Ingrid Bergman as *Maria* are superb, but Katina Paxinou emerges as the picture's star. It's a must-see. (Oct.)

✓*FRONTIER BADMEN*—Universal: A good Western, telling how an honest market for Texas cattlemen was established with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Beery Jr., doing most of the establishing. Anne Gwynne is the girl loved by both boys and Diana Barrymore is the lady owner of a gambling house. Lon Chaney is the villain. (Nov.)

GALS INCORPORATED—Universal: Leon Errol's so girl-struck he even opens a night spot so he can be constantly surrounded by cuties. But Leon's sister threatens to cut him off if he doesn't marry and settle down, so Errol pretends to be married to Gracie McDonald. Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra furnish some swell music and Betty Kean and Harriet Hilliard do good work. (Oct.)

✓✓*GIRL CRAZY*—M-G-M: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, noisier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playboy sent West to a stag college where Judy, as granddaughter of the school head, is the only girl. But Mickey stages a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and the school goes co-ed. It's got Gershwin music, girls, and fun. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM MONTERREY, THE—P.R.C.: Armida takes on the job of managing her prize-fighting brother, Anthony Caruso, and finally brings him to the States, where he eventually opposes Terry Frost, the American fighter she loves. Armida and Veda Ann Borg both sing several songs, Edgar Kennedy is the fight manager and Jack LaRue the villain. (Dec.)

✓*HI DIDDLE DIDDLE*—U. A.: The farce of the interrupted honeymoon again, with Dennis O'Keefe, the sailor groom, attempting to aid his new mother-in-law, Billie Burke, recoup her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave with his bride, Martha Scott. Adolphe Menjou and Pola Negri are perfect, and Martha is cute, chic, and funny. June Havoc also adds to the fun. (Nov.)

✓✓*HOLY MATRIMONY*—20th Century-Fox: An original, charming, delightful comedy with Monty Woolley, a noted painter, taking the identity of his dead valet, Eric Blore, and marrying Gracie Fields. When Gracie secretly sells his new paintings and they're recognized as the work of the supposedly dead artist, a court trial ensues between Woolley and Laird Cregar that is wonderful. (Nov.)

HOSTAGES—Paramount: When a Nazi officer kills himself in Czechoslovakia, the Nazis seize upon the incident to vent their cruelty on certain Czechs. Bill Bendix, supposedly a stupid washroom attendant but actually the leader of the underground, gives a terrific performance. Luise Rainer has a thankless sort of role, and Paul Lukas and Oscar Homolka are excellent. (Nov.)

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SHADOW STAGE

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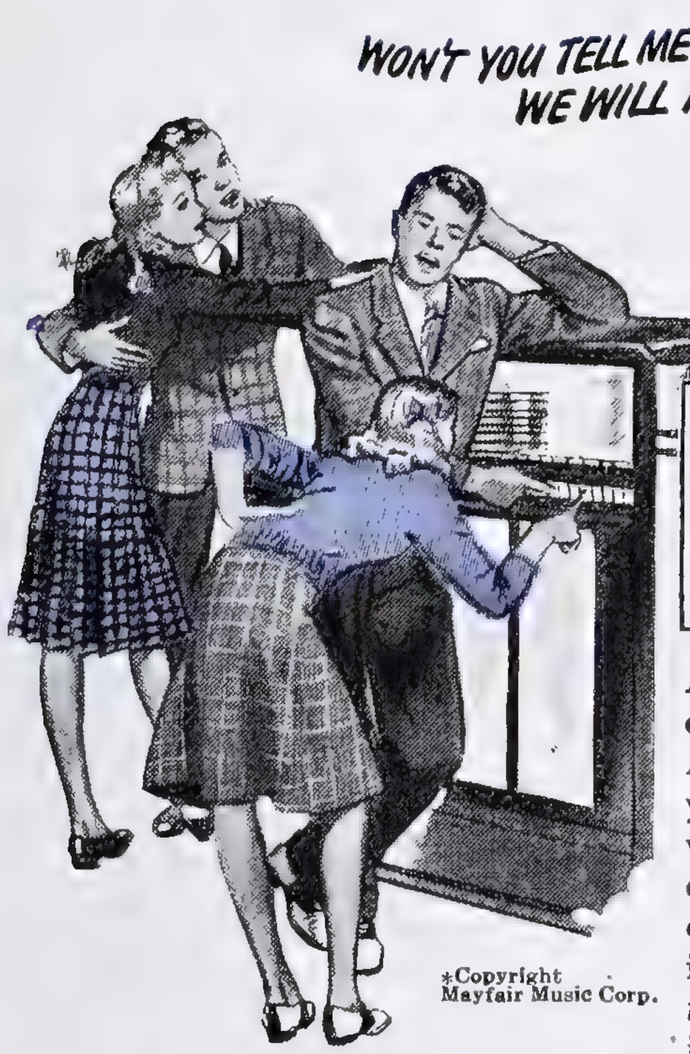
Are You in the Know?



Would you wear this number for

- ☐ School
- ☐ Dating
- ☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when!* But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital.* For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.



*Copyright Mayfair Music Corp.

The name of this song is . . .

- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Day in—Day Out
- ☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always"! A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that *really* protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!





If he calls you "groovy" . . .

- ☐ Would you burst into tears
- ☐ Feel complimented
- ☐ Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that's another way of saying a girl has poise, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It's something you have to work at, full time. It's being part of your crowd—speaking their lingo—keeping your dates—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, *comfort's* a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex *is* more comfortable.

Did this girl score . . .

- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An ace
- ☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if *you're* a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike!*)

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

STOP GUESSING!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

If you're the mother or friend of a teen-age girl and want the booklet "As One Girl To Another", please check here ☐

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again". It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting.

Address: Post Office Box 3434
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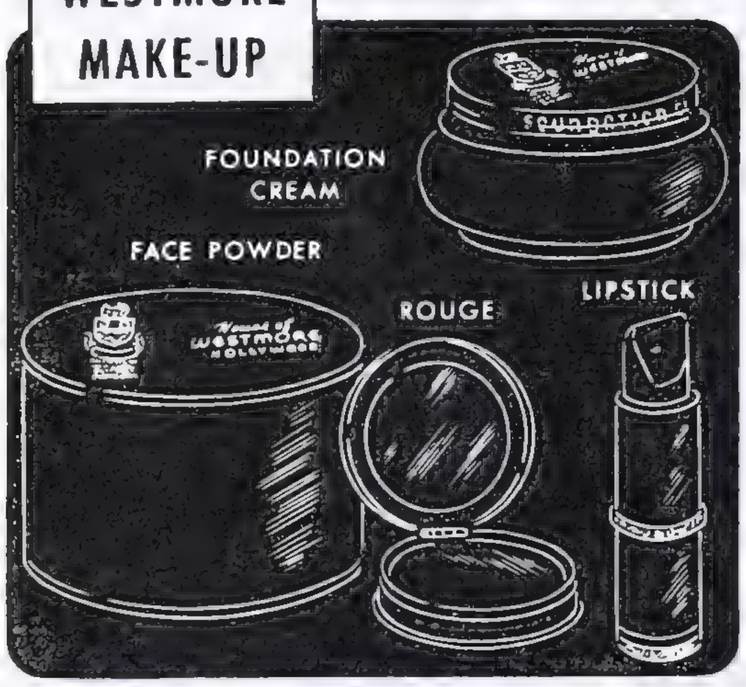
PMM

Make-up
by the men who make-up the Hollywood Stars



OLIVIA DE HAVILAND
IN
Princess O'ROURKE
A Warner Bros. Picture

House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP



One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty ... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes ... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin ... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP



Perc Westmore, Director of Make-up Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 50) scout. I met him in Schwab's drugstore."

He was at least thirty-two. Barb is pretty naïve for seventeen, I thought. He looks more like a wolf than a scout to me.

"This is my friend, Jane Lyons," she continued. "Don't you think she's photogenic too?"

He looked at my profile and said I certainly was.

"He thinks I'm exactly the type Mr. Hitchcock is looking for and he's going to get me a screen test."

Well, there was just something about Mr. Moore that didn't look like a talent scout to me, so I asked him certain questions and I could see he was bluffing. Barb, poor lamb, swallows anything. Finally I could stand it no longer because I saw how she was falling for him. I know the signs in Barb.

"Mr. Moore," I said, "are you really a talent scout, or is this just a game?"

He looked right at me.

"Miss Lyons," he said, "you're pretty smart. I can't lie to you. The truth is, I'm nuts about Barb and I knew it was the only way I could get to know her. *You* ought to appreciate that."

Barb's eyes popped and I'm afraid her tongue popped out too, which it does when she is deeply moved.

"Maybe real love has come to poor Barb at last," I thought, fool that I was. And I felt happy for them in my loneliness. What if he had lied, I thought. Didn't I do the same thing in the interest of love?

BARB sat on the bed and he on the chair Bogie had been in and we talked very intimately and I told Barb about Bogie's visit and she said she was glad she had been out so I could be alone with him, but she wanted to know every word he said. So I told them what a swell guy he was and about signing the pictures, and I'm afraid I got rather sloppy because this person seemed so sincere and sort of egged me on by saying how much he had always admired Bogie. He said he could understand any woman falling in love with him, as he was a real he-man type. He said he hoped he'd get the role of *Ulysses S. Adams*. I said I was afraid it was going to Gary Cooper, from what Jack Warner had said, but of course not to pass it on, as Bogie had told me in confidence.

He looked at his watch and said he had to leave at once to catch a train. Barb's face fell because she had expected him to take her to dinner. "Poor Barb," thought I, "fulfillment is not for her. I'll bet he's a married man."

Barb took him to the door and just as they were leaving the room Bogie came in with the signed photographs and they collided and greeted each other, but not very cordially. After they had gone Bogie said, "Nice manners."

I explained that Mr. Moore was rushing to catch a train.

"Train my eye," said Bogie. "It's a deadline he's rushing to catch. His name isn't Moore. It's Frank Moreland."

A light began to dawn on me. A pale, sickly light. And in it I saw the column head, Moreland's Movieland.

"That . . . that isn't, that's not . . ." I began.

"It sure is," said Bogie. "I thought I saw him hanging around outside this morning. That guy's been gunning for me ever since we had a feud back on Broadway. I hope to heaven you didn't shoot your mouth off."

"I just told him how swell you've been to me," I said. I was really scared.

"Oh, you did, did you. Then I might as well pack and go back to the farm. By the time the afternoon papers come out tomorrow my name will be mud. I won't have a friend left in Hollywood. What you need is a muzzle!"

He threw the photographs down on the bed and stalked out without even saying good-by.

All I wanted was to be mopped up.

At that moment Barb came back.

"How do you like my boy friend?" she asked. "Janie, this is love at last."

TUESDAY NIGHT
Aboard the Super Chief
Homeward Bound

This has been a Scarlet Letter day in my life.

Errol Flynn and Preston Sturges are writing their autobiographies, but they will be nothing compared to mine.

We have just had *filet mignon* in the diner and now I must write the day's events. We are leaving Hollywood with regrets and with memories, but we are looking forward to getting back to Broadway. The Stork, Leon and Eddie's, Le Ruban Bleu . . . all are calling. Not that we actually ever go to those places.

There are several celebrities aboard this *de luxe* train besides ourselves and we expect to know them long before we reach Chicago. I am now about to write the last chapter of our Great Adventure and put Finis under it.

When I told Barb who her *Paramour* really was she nearly collapsed. She said that explained why he hadn't tried to kiss her. She had attributed it only to gentlemanliness. We held a conference and decided that we just couldn't face Bogie, and we might as well pack and steal quietly away in the dead of night, leaving a note on the dressing table. Barb said it ought to be a suicide note, but I didn't think so.

So we phoned Aunt Helen that we would be there about midnight, and she said she had just been planning to come for us, so we told her to have her car at the gate on the stroke of twelve and that we would explain all later.

Bogie and Mayo were out to a preview and then going to the Troika, so that made things easier. We took a few souvenirs, nothing of intrinsic value. Mayo has a set of quartz elephants and Barb wanted one for her charm bracelet. She wanted to take the smallest one but I told her not to, as it would be stealing. It was Barb's idea that I sprinkle his pillow with my perfume so that he should remember me, and perchance dream, as Shakespeare said. We bid farewell to all the familiar places and stole silently out to the waiting car.

Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy were simply super. I told them everything. Aunt Helen said we would have to leave on the first possible train if we wanted to be in New York for the opening of school, as the trains were often delayed on account of the movement of troops. "It couldn't be," I said to Barb, "that she wants to get rid of us."

But as far as I was concerned, immediately was not soon enough. I felt I had exhausted the possibilities of Hollywood. The Super Chief runs Tuesdays so Uncle Bossy went early this morning and had the luck to get two reservations. It leaves

When you give a Christmas War Bond, you give freedom—the greatest gift of all.

at five-thirty and Barb and I figured that would be a nice getaway, just before the afternoon editions got around.

UNCLE BOSSY took us to a final luncheon at the Cock and Bull as Aunt Helen had somewhere to go. She didn't mention where.

He told us to order whatever we wanted and not to consider price, which was a positive torture, because neither of us had any appetite.

We took a last walk on Hollywood Boulevard and Barb remembered to phone Huanera to say good-by to our little Seabees, Sparks and Robin. I would have forgotten them completely in my sorrow.

Aunt Helen looked pretty excited when we got home and said she thought we ought to get to the station by at least five, on account of the crowds that mill around these days.

What happened after that was like a movie in Technicolor.

We drove to the Pasadena station and Uncle Bossy had the tickets and we walked through the train which is all streamlined, and he led us right into a drawing room and there sat Bogie and Mayo and Peter Lorre and Red Skelton and Betty Hutton. The room was filled with flowers and candy and Barb and I pinched each other because we thought it was funny we should both dream that all these people were going East on the same train we were taking.

Bogie had a newspaper in his hand so I wanted to get away, and I said, "Let's find our seats," and Aunt Helen said:

"This is your drawing room, all to yourselves, with the compliments of Mr. Jack Warner."

Barb and I looked at each other. We didn't believe our own ears or each other's.

"And your food is paid for on the whole trip. Just sign the checks," said Uncle Bossy, handing us our fare money back.

THEN Bogie showed us the paper, saying, "Jack can afford it. You got him thousands of dollars worth of publicity for 'Uncle Sam's Nephew.'"

The story was on the front page and instead of showing Bogie up as we had expected, Mr. Moreland said that he was burying the hatchet and he had always known he was a good actor, but now he realized he was a swell guy as he was taking the rap and losing a role to protect a couple of girls, and that anyone who could inspire such devotion and loyalty must have something.

He quoted me verbatim and yet it kind of made a lump come to my throat to read it.

More people came and brought us presents and the cameramen took our pictures, one with Bogie on one side and Gene Kelly on the other.

They're going to be in the papers and they will send us prints.

Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy kissed us good-by and Aunt H. was crying and Bogie said, "Where do I come in?" and he kissed me on the cheek. Then he kissed Barb's cheek, too.

It was the happiest moment of my life. My cup was overflowing. I felt nothing in the world could ever top it. But it did.

Just before the train pulled out, Greer Garson, herself, pushed her way through the crowd and came up to me *with an autograph album.*

"Miss Lyons," she said, "may I please have your autograph?"

Life could hold no more.

THE END

Protect freedom of worship. Give War Bonds this Christmas.

See Susan Hayward in "JACK LONDON," a Samuel Bronston production released through United Artists . . .



"When I'm thirsty I request Royal Crown Cola— It tastes best!"

says

SUSAN HAYWARD

Lovely Susan found that Royal Crown Cola tastes best when she took the famous cola taste-test. She says, "I tasted the nation's best-known colas in paper cups. The one I voted for was Royal Crown Cola!"

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Best by Taste-Test!

PRODUCT OF RC COLA CORP.

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS TODAY

So Your Man Can Come Back

(*Continued from page* 31) and our life jackets too.

Brother, if you want to burn the kids in the Coast Guard just let them think you think they run around in itty-bitty boats guarding the coast.

I began to feel sorry for the fellows I had left behind. They had been swell about my leaving. But I knew they all could use a little time out too. In the past ten months we had had only four days in the States—while we laid up for repairs—and that hadn't allowed most of them to get home. You're not exactly scared when you go out in a convoy, it's just that you never relax. You go around with your eyes popping, ready to laugh or yell at anything. Standing watch, for instance, is a strain. You may talk to the fellow beside you but you never look at him.

Suddenly I began to wonder what I was doing in that plane flying westward. I began to feel I belonged back on my ship, on duty with the rest of the crew. I didn't think there was one thing I could say to you folks back home that would influence you to buy one more Bond—or one more Stamp for that matter—than you already intended to buy. Because I couldn't tell you how tough war can be when you're really in it—this being something every boy I knew wanted kept from you.

WHEN I arrived at the Treasury Department in New York City I discovered I would not travel on the special War Bond Cavalcade Train with the Hollywood crowd but that I would go out alone.

I talked at defense plants, department stores, theaters, and town rallies held in baseball parks, football stadiums and on street corners. I talked to four and five groups a day. Sometimes I kept right on talking in my sleep. At the Winchester Arms plant I talked to four thousand employees crowded into a street intersection. A trolley car ran through the middle of the crowd while I was talking but I'm darned if one of them missed a syllable.

They listened as intently as they did—I know, don't tell me—not because I had been in movies but because, as a serviceman, I had an identification with some son or brother or husband or Big Moment who was in service too. Because it was possible I'd talked with that guy they loved or had seen him or had heard about him through someone else.

I didn't tell how tough war can be . . . I talked, as I had planned coming over, about the lighter side of war, about things like mail time, for instance.

There's a riot when mail call sounds. "Get a letter from *her?*" guys ask each other. "She still love you?" You don't get away with saying yes, you got a letter and she loves you more than ever, if possible. You have to show the letter. You have to get it from the back of your pants—the only pocket a sailor has—and prove it's a new letter by the postmark. Then—you can take time to fold it so no private message is exposed—you have to show the ending. If a letter ends "As Ever" or with any mild phrase like that do you take a ribbing! That's why I told the girls always to put plenty of loving in the last line.

IN Pittsburgh one evening a lovely lady came up to me. "I'm Mrs. Bukes," she said. "My son, Ted, wrote about you."

She had snapshots of Ted and I recognized him as one of the kids in our convoy, one of the kids who asked me to write to Hollywood for autographed pictures; of Betty Grable and Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr mostly.

"How did Ted look when you saw him?" she asked.

Now that I had placed Ted as radio man on the Coast Guard cutter *Escanaba* I wanted to get away. I couldn't tell whether or not she had heard from the Navy Department. I reasoned they might slip up once in a while.

The *Escanaba* was sunk June thirteenth. The explosion was terrific. She was cut in half and went down in nineteen seconds. Long after she sank you could feel the heat of her fires rising fathoms deep through that cold water. Only two boys were saved. Afterwards there are certain maneuvers which the other ships in the convoy must execute to form a patrol around the torpedoed area. Until this is done it isn't safe to attempt any rescue. A ship making a rescue stands still, of course, and would be an easy target for a U-boat.

"Ted would be glad I've met you," his mother said. Tears were falling down her cheeks by this time but she kept on talking quietly. I knew she knew.

I told her, then, I had seen Ted sixteen hours before the *Escanaba* was hit; that I'd given him pictures of some movie stars he had asked for just before we sailed.

"I have the pictures," Mrs. Bukes said. "He must have mailed them home—for safe keeping—before he went aboard that night."

She took a letter from her bag. "Ted sent me this letter last Christmas. When I heard you had come home to talk about War Bonds I thought you might like to read it."

"Dear Mom," Ted's letter read,

"Tomorrow is December 7th. One year of war. It makes me feel proud to be part of the service when I see all around me what has been done in this past year. I've served in combat zones and I am ready to go back every time Uncle Sam wants me. I think next Christmas will be happier. I believe next year will bring success to our forces. I hope so. I am proud of all the boys in all of our services and I know that with boys like we have in America fighting for what is right we cannot fail.

"Although I am happy to be doing my part in this war what I really want is to do my best to see it gets over with soon—so I can come back home again. That's what every fellow wants. And don't worry, Mom, I will be back.

"But we must all do our share—and more. We all must remember Pearl Harbor. I only hope that the civilians, those who possibly can afford to, will keep buying War Bonds and Stamps so our boys will have the stuff to end the war more quickly and get home sooner. I cannot afford to buy a Bond with one payment, of course, but I am buying Stamps as are many soldiers, sailors, and Marines.

Love and kisses,

Ted."

I ASKED Mrs. Bukes if I could copy part of Ted's letter and read it to people. Because when I finished reading that letter I was through with concentrating on the light side of the war, believing the folks back home couldn't take the strong stuff. Ted didn't believe that; he gave it to his mother straight.

So here it is, all you people back there in that wonderful land behind the Statue of Liberty: Until a few months ago for us this war was just a preliminary skirmish. Only from Salerno on—where plenty of our kids died—have we been in on the real fight. It's going to get worse, a lot worse—let's not kid ourselves. But as Ted Bukes said to his mother, there's only one way to get this war over and bring your boy home—and that's by buying War Bonds and Stamps not only with the money you can spare but with the money you can't spare—by buying Bonds and Stamps to a point of sacrifice.

Payroll deductions for War Bonds are fine. They go on week after week just the way the war goes on week after week. But if you have any other money—money you have put away for a rainy day, maybe—it is needed too. I've seen a little of this horrible mess and, believe me, it's raining hard over there.

When you read this I'll be back on duty in the North Atlantic. If the gang gets after me for telling you a little bit about how tough war can be I'll still be convinced I did the right thing. And I'll tell them in turn that they underestimate you folks back home—that the truth is what you want and that you can take it.

Back me up. And buy more Bonds to get your man home—one year, one month, one week, one day, one hour sooner. . . .

The End.



Coast Guarder with some Coast Guard progeny: Victor Mature makes up to twenty-day-old Elise Claire Dillman, daughter of Coast Guard Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Dillman of Maryland

Hollywood—Beware In 1944!

(*Continued from page 27*)

Clark Gable: In "Hollywood—Beware In 1943" I predicted that November, 1943, would bring romance to Clark Gable. For 1944 the stars indicate marriage or the announcement of a marriage around September when Jupiter contacts Mars in Clark's house of marriage.

Summer brings to Clark Gable even more popularity and distinction.

Mickey Rooney: I want to warn Mickey that with Saturn contacting the unstable Pluto in his midheaven and unfriendly to his Sun, some mysterious set of circumstances may arise to blight his career.

Look out for April, Mickey!

Paul Henreid: Paul's stock rises steadily until it reaches its peak in June, 1944, to place him at the top, where he will remain. June should bring to Paul the realization of a long cherished wish. He has talent both for writing and directing. His stars indicate that mid-July may bring him a three-way contract as actor, writer and director.

August 1, 2 and 3 are explosive days in Paul Henreid's life. There is bound to be action. Watch the papers for the news.

Greer Garson: The illusive Neptune casts its rays across Greer's life for all of 1944. This planet is a power for good or evil according to its relationship to the other planets in an individual horoscope. In August, Neptune contacts Greer's Sun by exact degree but it afflicts Saturn in her house of marriage. This indicates great anxiety or sorrow. This adverse influence will upset her nerves and health. At this time she must make a supreme effort to overcome her stars, or her career can suffer because of her nerves and health.

Rita Hayworth—Orson Welles: (Quotation from "Hollywood—Beware In 1943": "Victor Mature is Rita's true love. If that love is terminated by outside influence those who were instrumental in breaking it up will regret their interference. It may prove to be a boomerang and come right back at them with explosive results.") We all read about Rita's marriage to Orson Welles while Vic was away serving his country. The stars indicate the beginning of trouble between Orson and Rita around the last of August and they warn of a smash-up around November. This will be a critical time in the lives and careers of both and to pull them through it may take more magic and knowledge than even Orson possesses.

Joseph Cotten: 1944 should bestow upon Joseph Cotten the recognition he richly deserves. Fall brings to a gratifying culmination something begun around the spring of 1940. Neptune passing through his house of Romance and Entertainment lends him a new charm and brings out the full power of his magnetic personality. This year should remove whatever conditions have hampered him and held back his career. August finds him at the beginning of a seven-year cycle of success in his profession.

Maria Montez: Tempestuous Maria Montez is under disturbing vibrations from Mars and Uranus in her department of Service and Health. Maria must guard against temperament and impatience or her nervous system and likewise her career will suffer. Temperament and a good show may have elevated the dashing Montez to her present position but unless she puts the brakes on she will lose whatever ground she has gained. Maria is definitely the mistress of her Fate during 1944, so far as her career goes. The stars indi-

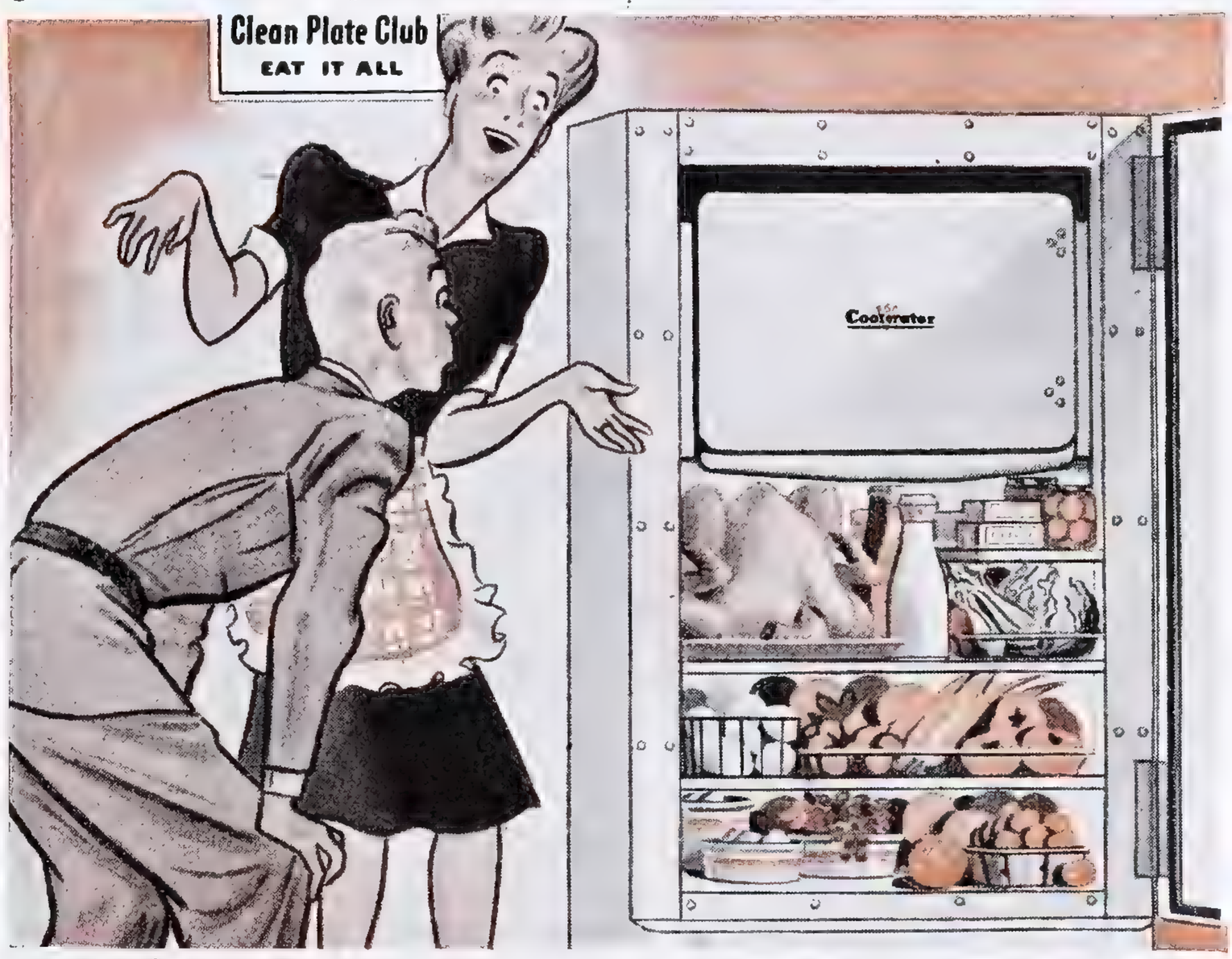
Put your Christmas bonus into War Bonds.

Here's how you can KEEP FRESH FOODS Really FRESH



1. WHEN JOHNNY comes marching home for one of mom's swell holiday dinners he'll find plenty of fresh food that's *plenty fresh* in this new kind of refrigerator! For Coolerator preserves the natural goodness and flavor of perishable foods.

2. AND HERE'S WHY: Coolerator's 4-way circulation keeps washed, pure, constantly cold, humidified air circulating through the food chamber. Because Coolerator uses ice in a new way, foods stay fresh longer, food odors are carried away.



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cate that August or September will bring her disturbing news. Distant matters and travel are stressed after August.

Alan Ladd: In July, when Saturn contacts Saturn and Pluto in his house of career, a drastic change comes to Alan Ladd.

August and September serve to boost his popularity and Mercury suggests that he will receive an overwhelming amount of publicity and fan mail. This, added to Jupiter's benefic vibrations, brings him his best year. Whatever he wants now, he should go after, for his stars are in a mood to hand it to him.

Lana Turner: At the present writing, Lana has weathered the storms of 1943 and only Lana and those closely associated with her know what she has been called upon to endure. Credit is due her, for the stars have imposed the strictest discipline upon this lovely little firebrand.

During March, April and May her stars indicate anxiety over a child. Saturn and Mars transiting her house of Children and Romance and unfriendly to natal Mercury, Uranus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, indicate financial disagreements and heavy expenditures. This suggests that an attempt may be made to secure money from her through underhand methods.

According to her stars 1944 will find Lana romantically inclined and not too stable emotionally. May, June and July will be critical months. Emotional moods threaten the foundations of her home.

Forewarned is forearmed, Lana.

Victor Mature: Foreign service, distinction and an honorary award are indicated for Vic this year. That is all I can predict for this man who has packed into one year the emotional experiences and the spiritual awakening of a lifetime.

Deanna Durbin: My 1943 warning to Deanna regarding partnership and marital affairs is emphasized twice as strongly during 1944. July through August, Uranus, the uprooter, will be in her house of partnership, opposed to her Sun and unfriendly to her house of prestige and career. Deanna will be inclined to be reckless in trying to obtain what she thinks is her heart's desire.

Think well before you act, Deanna, for there is danger of bad publicity, especially in September when your stars warn of disfavor from the public—particularly from women.

Ginger Rogers: While this article is being written there still remain three more months of 1943. In "Hollywood—Beware in 1943" I wrote, "From September through December, 1943, Mars, whose excess energy stirs up trouble to cause quarrels, accidents, law suits, friendships and divorce is in her 12th house, house of confinement, self-undoing, secret matters and secret enemies." It looks as though this influence began to be felt when Jack Briggs, her husbad, was ordered overseas, rather than being given a writing job in one of the studios, and the influence will continue through March, 1944. This is augmented by a conflict between Saturn and Mars in Ginger's house of self-undoing.

The stars indicate that she will experience an inner turmoil and a sense of bitter frustration which may manifest itself in rebellious acts and reckless speech. Ginger is not accustomed to being thwarted but July, 1944, ushers in a period of Saturnine discipline when she will be forced to face reality and stand alone on whatever foundations she has built in the past. A flare-up of publicity is indicated for July and August.

Judy Garland: Saturn on the Sun opposed to the Moon and Mars in Judy's house of marriage caused her separation from Dave Rose.

June, 1944, may bring Judy anxiety over the health of someone close to her, but October should bring her happiness, for the stars indicate a sudden engagement or perhaps an elopement.

Good luck and happiness, Judy.

Anne Shirley: For Anne the stars indicate marriage or the announcement of an engagement or a secret marriage in October.

With Neptune transiting her house of Employment and Health all year, Anne must guard her health and be on the alert for deceptive influences where work and business matters are involved. All contracts must be airtight and she would be most unwise to give power of attorney to any person.

Be particularly vigilant all of November and December, Anne, when Mars passes through your house of Partnership-money and Contracts.

Joan Fontaine: As the year opens, Saturn trines Joan's Sun bringing her acclaim for past effort. This could mean another award. If not an Oscar, at least rare prestige.

Uranus and Mars on Jupiter in opposition to Venus, however, warn Joan of an emotional upheaval and possible trouble over a financial settlement during 1944.

Neptune in her 12th house advises her to beware of secret enemies and of underhand influences all year.

Dorothy Lamour: Professionally this can be a wonderful year for Dottie Lamour if she can overcome the other aspects which threaten her.

She may receive upsetting news concerning her marriage or her marriage partner. She is under treacherous vibrations and Uranus afflicting her natal Saturn all year warns her that whatever occurs during 1944 will be sudden, dramatic and unpredictable.

Frank Sinatra: I have been given two birth dates for Frank, December 12, and December 13. I am using December 13, which places the Moon in the sign of Sagittarius in conjunction with his Sun. The story of Frank Sinatra's sudden rise to fame, his difficulties through partners over contracts and financial arrangements are all written in his chart.

Is he a flash in the pan? No. Mars in his midheaven will keep him constantly before the public, just as it has Errol Flynn. For Mars in midheaven always brings publicity whether it be favorable or unfavorable.

January, February and March, 1944, mark a crucial period in Frank's life. His health may suffer. He must guard against colds in chest and bronchial tubes. There is danger of an acute illness during these three months, owing to Saturn in opposition to his Sun. There may also be some trouble through marriage or business partners.

Continued success is his if he does not jeopardize his health.

Many will say that Frank's success has gone to his head, that he is temperamental, has gone Hollywood in a big way, when he seeks to conserve his strength during these months and refuses to do more than he is able. This is both untrue and unfair. Frank must protect his health. If he does, November of 1944 will bring him the most sensational success of his career.

Turhan Bey: Here is another man whose birth date may be wrong.

His chart indicates success in motion pictures through his association with an older woman. A love affair is indicated

What he wants most for Christmas is victory. Buy him a War Bond.

which reaches some sort of a climax around March or April of 1944.

Neptune in his house of Service suggests a mystery surrounding his place of birth. He may succeed in maintaining this mystery until Neptune moves into his house of open enemies in 1945.

Betty Hutton: Career okay. Emotional and mutable as water, which is the symbol of her sign of Pisces, Betty is subject to change without notice.

Love looms in her chart at present, but marriage is not indicated until early fall of 1944. A marriage consummated at that time should bring her great happiness.

Helmut Dantine: Here is a man who will emerge as one of the outstanding figures of 1944 owing to the transit of the mysterious Neptune which comes to a conjunction with Venus, Mercury and the Sun. Because of this cataclysmic grouping of planets agitated by Neptune, Helmut may feel as though he has been gathered up by a maelstrom of swirling waters and swept along an uncharted course. This will be a period so stimulating and thrilling that it will take cool discernment and excellent judgment to weather the storm of popularity and success.

Bonita Granville: Bonita, whose stars have been pulling her steadily toward the top, stands to cash in this year.

Marriage is indicated for Bonita. Though there may be delays and serious obstacles in her love life from January 1 through April 13 of 1944, the stars indicate that Bonita will be a spring bride.

Donald O'Connor: Don can't help but succeed in the movies. He has Jupiter, planet of good luck, and the Moon, which represents the public, in his house of Entertainment, while Neptune and Mercury, which rule Motion Pictures, are in the 12th house which rules the Movies.

His career may be interrupted for a time, however, when transit Uranus, planet of sudden change, squares his Sun and Mars, the planet of war.

This aspect indicates a temporary eclipse of his career.

After August of 1944, the benefic Jupiter in his own sign of Virgo protects Donald and furthers his interests.

The coming year will be difficult for all of us, make no mistake about that. It will be a year of self-denial, strenuous effort and the realization that there can be no such thing as isolation, but that we are all, no matter what our race, our creed, or our social standing, a part of a pattern. So this year we must learn that we must work together if we are ever to gain individual happiness.

THE END

If—

You were a house guest of the Gene Kellys do you know what would happen?

Find out—

in FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

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"Your skin will benefit from 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion that are so effective against roughness, that many doctors prescribe them.

"You'll love it, too," says Jean. "Jergens Lotion never feels sticky."... 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for this famous lotion, the favorite hand care of the Stars.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



Shy Show-Off

(*Continued from page* 46) received an invitation to broadcast from New York.

"Come on, Kay," invited Jack, "let's go and see the big town. I'd like to be there once with money enough to go where I want, do what I like. I'll show you the sights. After the broadcast, that first night, we'll start at the Stork Club."

Jack's excitement was infectious and Kay was willing.

He'll never forget what happened, that first New York night, at the broadcast. A very famous woman star was introduced. The broadcast studio audience applauded wildly. Then, after a build-up, the announcer mentioned a name: "Jack Carson." A polite ripple of applause went around the room—and then that unforgettable pan of Jack's appeared on stage. Folks nearly tore the house down—whistles, hand-clapping, cheers. The *name* Carson wasn't famous, but that face reminded folks of a lot of laughs—and they also spotted him as the fine, sincere actor of "The Hard Way."

That reception frightened Jack. He honestly didn't know that his pictures had made even his pan famous. He tried to think of a way to keep from taking Kay over to the Stork Club, as he had promised. What could he say—"I'm scared?" He had to go. "I'll be careful," he told himself.

Jack hates ostentatiousness, the "I'm-ritzy-look-at-me!" complex, worse than any other trait. He waited till the headwaiter had turned his back and slipped Kay and himself into seats at the smallest, farthest corner table. There he scrunched over, like a gangster hiding from Governor Dewey.

The Stork Club's headwaiter tapped him. "I've a better table for you, Mr. Carson."

"No!" said Jack. "Oh, no!" He looked as if a judge had asked him to plead guilty. "I'm happy, right where I am."

"Why, Jack—" began Mrs. Carson, puzzled.

The new star mumbled, "No," once more, but his will and his knees both felt weak, and—the headwaiter holding him by an elbow—he and Mrs. Carson were led to the famous "celebrities" table. ("It's horrible," Jack recalls, "to feel a host of eyes looking at you, narrowing, wondering just who you are. Worst of all, you can practically *hear* the owners of those eyes thinking, 'Why couldn't it be Clark Gable instead!' ")

Everyone was fine to Jack. Sherman Billingsley, owner of the Stork Club, sent over a complimentary bottle of champagne.

BACK at the hotel, Jack asked, "Kay, you know Milwaukee?"

"No," said Kay. "You were always going to take me there and show me your old haunts. And the good cooking!"

Jack's brow furrowed: "Let's go tomorrow. Do you mind?"

The Carsons left New York Sunday noon, twenty-four hours after their arrival, and spent three weeks roaming around Milwaukee, having fun with Jack's old pals and enjoying Jack's mother and father, of whom Kay is very fond.

That New York exit is a tip-off on Jack. Strange as it seems, he's shy! We'll see, later, how that explains many things.

Milwaukee was the town where the Carsons had settled, not long after that red-lantern-and-star business at the International Falls railway station.

Jack grew too fast, had too much imagination, was full of plain deviltry. How he got through St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin, nobody knows. He played football, organized a pick-up jazz band and did a lot of courting. During a summer vacation he took his band to Chicago, where the boys dated girls from a Chicago "Young Ladies' Seminary." A few nights later the Lotharios decided to find the school and serenade their former dates. By mistake they landed outside a near-by maternity hospital! It all might have seemed innocent—as it was—except for an unlucky coincidence. Jack led off the serenade (which was promptly ended) with a popular hit of the day, "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby."

That got back to St. John's. There was also plenty of foolishness by Jack on the campus, but some school executive saw the underlying fiber in the boy and stuck by him. He was graduated with honors.

Jack just fell apart at Illinois College, loafed, was asked to leave. At Carleton College, Minnesota, which he then entered on probation, Jack lasted three years. He and C. C. parted by mutual consent. Jack wasn't studying. He had played Hercules (in a lion's skin) and a half-breed Indian (in a breechclout) in college plays. No other honors!

THERE was a boy at a definite crossroads. If downgrade had been in his nature, he surely would have headed down. One thing saved him. Once given something to do, this lad could work as hard as he, or any man, ever played. That something happened when he and a friend named Dave Willock were talking one night and they sort of both said at once, "Let's form a vaudeville team." They did, secured booking and played many kinds of circuits, little towns and big, for several years. Jack laughingly admits, "We're the team that killed vaudeville!"

Decision to chuck the act came finally in Seattle, when someone offered the boys "joint managership" of a road show. Fine—they'd be managers! The troupe had twenty-two members and formerly these had been drawing $30 a week apiece. "Nobody can live on that and pay their own travel expense!" exploded Jack. "We'll give them sixty a week." Willock agreed. That expense came out of *the boys'* share.

By some miracle, at the end of an eighteen-weeks run, the "managers" had broken exactly even. (They had really been reaching for a red lantern.) Vaudeville was dead; the two men went separate ways—Jack to a period of M. C.'ing, and, at last, to an uninvited assault on Hollywood. His first day's work was a bit scene. George Stevens, the director, told him, "You have something. I'll try and find a part for you." Jack didn't know it, but Stevens was absolutely sincere.

But nothing turned up. A close friend says, "I think Jack decided people didn't like him. Maybe a hangover from the old days, when he was a too-fast-growing kid. Anyway, he began to play an imitation of those heel roles, off the screen—not deep, but just brusque—carrying a chip on his shoulder."

People didn't like him, huh?

In "The Strawberry Blonde" Jimmy Cagney, outside the camera range, was "feeding" lines to Jack, who was working under both mike and camera. Four times Cagney blew his lines! Jack rasped, "Whatsa matter?" Cagney stepped over. "You're pressing too hard, kid. Play this scene easy. It's your big chance." Jack realized then that the great Cagney had blown lines so that he, Jack Carson, could keep trying until he got the tempo of a scene right!

In "The Bride Came C. O. D." Bette Davis helped Jack so much, coaching him as the impossible heel he played in that picture, that the public became almost finally convinced he was one!

In "The Hard Way," Jack became worried and blue, remembering Cagney's earlier advice. One day he saw Ida Lupino watching him with terrific intentness. Jack blew. "I'm afraid," he confided to Ida, "I'm overdoing it." Ida gave him a grim eye: "You play it the way you're playing it now, Carson. I'll tell you when you overdo it!"

Jack can rattle off twenty examples like



Three make a nice conversation at the Fox commissary: Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin

that, where people—big people—went out of their way to help him, boosting his career. Though Jack is now playing comedy in "Shine On, Harvest Moon," Warners are planning meaty roles for him. Meanwhile, he's off the defensive, no longer a man with too much bounce.

Don't give career all the credit for the new Carson. His marriage to Kay St. Germain may have meant as much to him as Joan Leslie, on the screen in "The Hard Way," *could* have meant to Albert Runkel.

The pair met working together on a broadcast. Kay had seen Jack *once* in a movie and on that occasion had held her hands over her eyes, asking her mother, "Let me know when that awful creature goes off the screen." She confided this to Jack—a challenge no man could ignore!—and they were married within a year.

KAY is tall, with attractive hazel eyes under a crown of dark hair. The two make a stunning physical couple and their two-year-old baby started life at ten pounds, five ounces. Jack is not only proud—he's devoted. He gets up and fixes the baby's breakfast—"He might be asleep when I get home"—and manages to work a Victory garden. He, Kay, the Dennis Morgans and other San Fernando Valley friends have formed an informal troupe for near-by camp tours. The little group have fun and so do the soldiers—thousands of them.

Kay made a special request about this present article: "Please don't paint us as 'the perfect marriage.' I've read so much of that and then the couples split up. We often differ. We're both strong-minded. But early in our marriage Jack announced what at once became our home slogan: 'If we both try, we'll make it go.'" After this womanly wisdom, Mrs. C. promptly vetoed her request for soft-pedalling by adding, "You can say this, though, and quote me—we started happy and we're happier now!"

A delightful example of wifely diplomacy that failed illustrates Jack the Strong-minded. "I wanted to get around him about something," Kay relates. "I thought about it for months while I was expecting the baby. I told myself, 'I'll be wise and tactful. I'll wait until I'm lying, white and wan, with the baby by my side.'"

She did and, as she says, "I looked white and wan all right." Jack, whose full name is John Elmer Carson, had long before announced that any boy would be "Junior." Now Kay looked up pleadingly: "One thing, Jack. You don't really want to name a boy Elmer, do you? Wouldn't it be all right if I put John *Irwin* Carson?"

"It's either John Elmer Carson Jr." Papa roared, "or it's a divorce!"

Kay concludes that account with a chuckle: "One thing about Jack—you know you've got a man around the house!"

Today, "Hard Way Jack" is going places, every way.

P. S. If priorities permit, somebody ought to give John Elmer Carson Jr. a railway lantern for Christmas.

THE END

Should a Girl Propose?

Wait a minute—

don't say "yes"

until you've seen

FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

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Divorce for Deanna

(*Continued from page* 19) Some weeks after I saw Deanna, others close to her asked questions.

"I do not want to discuss it," she told them. "Vaughn and I have been drifting away from each other for the past year. Perhaps it is his long absences. Perhaps it is the misunderstandings we never have been able to adjust. I am sorry and I know Vaughn is, but there seems to be nothing either of us can do to avoid a break."

Following this was her statement to the press:

"It is with deep regret that Mr. Paul and I have found it impossible to continue our marriage. As a result I am taking legal steps to have the marriage terminated. Our marriage was embarked upon with all the sincerity and hopes that should go with marriage. But circumstances that neither of us has been able to solve now make it imperative to part to assure our individual welfare and happiness."

That was a cold statement, dictated probably under the stress of the moment. Vaughn himself went to his parents' home, the Val Pauls. He took not a stick of furniture from the beautiful home he and Deanna shared. He left the Brentwood mansion intact, just as his parents had given it to them, their marriage gift years ago. It was Val Paul, who is now ill, who was in charge of the studio when Deanna made her first big success. Later Vaughn became an assistant director there. The Pauls loved Deanna as dearly as if she were their own child, so the parting brought unhappiness to them—more unhappiness than if they hadn't been so fond of her.

THIS broken marriage will be the subject of criticism, for movie-goers have always placed Deanna on a pedestal. Yet, who is there to know what really brought about the final break.

I have always felt particularly close to Deanna. I believe I was the first newspaper woman to whom she confided her secret—that she was to marry her assistant director. I was on a personal-appearance tour at the time and I'll never forget the happiness in her voice when she told me, over the long-distance telephone, that her parents were announcing her engagement the next day. "I wanted you to know, Miss Parsons," she said, "you have always been so good to me."

I remember, too, how she looked after her engagement was announced. She came to my house to a cocktail party I was giving for Kate Smith. She was wearing a bright red dress and her first mink coat. Her engagement ring, of which she was so proud, was really her first piece of valuable jewelry. She was a plump girl—shy and sweet. My heart went out to her. I loved her, and Vaughn too. They were so young and so deeply in love, so untouched by life's realities that were later to bring them such unhappiness.

When Deanna said her marriage vows she was as unsophisticated, as pure in heart and as sweet as is the little girl who lives next door to you in your home town. She had saved herself for the man she married. No breath of scandal ever had touched her. She had never been seen going to out-of-the-way places with ardent young men. She loved only one, and to him she gave her heart and herself. Writers gushed with stories of this perfect marriage—and it seemed as if it were perfect.

IT was on April 18, 1941, the thirtieth anniversary of the Durbins, that Deanna, once described as a Jenny Lind of the movies because of her God-given singing voice, and Vaughn Paul were united at a conventional church wedding. She was a beautiful bride and those of us who watched her go to the altar in her virginal white, with flowing tulle, her orange blossoms and her bridesmaids, said a prayer in our hearts for her happiness.

Six months later she was to prove how deeply she loved her husband. When Universal did not give Vaughn the chance he felt he was entitled to—to direct—she took his dismissal as her dismissal. Although she was at the zenith of her fame, when an absence from the screen is bad for an actress, she walked out on her million-dollar contract.

"Darling," she told Vaughn, "do whatever you want; I'm with you to the end."

This, of course, was a mortal blow to Universal—whom she previously had saved from bankruptcy. Studio bosses had conference after conference. Among other things they asked Vaughn, please, would he come back. They agreed he could direct. Vaughn, however, had too much pride to take any job offered him because of his wife's fame. He didn't return and neither, at that time, did Deanna.

Joe Pasternak, long Deanna's producer, wasn't surprised by her stand. He said, "She has the strongest character I ever saw in a girl. She never will let her husband down."

Later Deanna said it wasn't only Universal's treatment of her husband that made her walk out, that it also was their refusal to let her sit in on her stories or to select her directors.

Then came the war and Vaughn went into Uncle Sam's service. Whereupon, with Universal's promise that Deanna might have a choice in her stories and her directors, she went back to work.

"I've never been happier in my life," she told me at this time. "I sit in on all the conferences. If the pictures aren't good I know it is as much my fault as Universal's. I give my approval and I can only blame myself if things go wrong."

Perhaps the words she spoke seemed true to her then but the look in her eyes didn't bear them out. It made me wonder.

HER first picture after she came back wasn't good. She had lost something with her public. The world is a fickle thing and during the six months she had been idle there were other girls and other singing stars to take her place.

I cannot help but wonder if, in her heart, Deanna didn't come to feel it had been foolish for her to remain off the screen. And it might be that her marriage would have endured if Vaughn had forbidden her to walk out of Universal when he resigned his job. A woman can make a sacrifice such as Deanna made, but nine times out of ten she lives to regret it.

Vaughn, however, is as ambitious and hard-working as Deanna herself. Unconsciously, I think, he was embittered by his failure to keep professional pace with her. Few men like to feel their wives are more successful than they are and, while they may not show it outwardly, inwardly it is a bitter pill.

Also, Vaughn is an only son, adored by his parents and in his way just as spoiled as Deanna. In marriage, either the wife or the husband has to make sacrifices and give in. Deanna told one of her friends that either she or Vaughn would have to change if they were to continue. And in this case, apparently, there was no compromise.

So Deanna is to be divorced. The studio wishes it were otherwise, but they will stand back of her. So will her friends. We all wish, of course, it might have been avoided. At the same time we hope she won't make the mistake of rushing headlong into another marriage. It would be tragedy if Deanna, the ideal of so many girls, should rush from one marriage to another, should become just another Hollywood divorcee.

THE END

WE BROKE A PROMISE!

Last month we promised to give you, in the January issue, another of those famous "Cover Girl" series by Sidney Skolsky on Deanna Durbin.

WE GAVE YOU SOMETHING HOT OFF THE PRESS INSTEAD!

With Deanna's announcement of impending divorce, we were able to bring you this exclusive story by Louella Parsons.

WE MAKE ANOTHER PROMISE!

—and we'll keep this one. Next month the "Cover Girl" series will resume, starring Greer Garson, the lady of the titian hair who decorates the issue in a special holiday pose.

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page 59*) ***I have, to get a movement started to send servicemen pictures without charge.***

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

For a long time you have been my ideal. At last I've boiled up my courage to the point where I can write to you, introduce myself and ask your help. Now don't be frightened away by that word "help"—it's nothing tangible that I need.

Ever since I can remember, I have wanted to be an actress. However, I know that practically every girl in my class in high school either admits the same ambition or cherishes it secretly. Looking them over in all fairness, I can see where some of them would never have a chance under any circumstance. I know perfectly well that most of them will marry and become happy housewives.

As for me, I think I have a certain something within me that drives and drives until I have achieved any goal I set for myself. And I think I have the qualifications to become an actress. I have taken dancing lessons since I was ten and I catch on to trick steps very quickly. I have had diction lessons this last year and I think my speaking voice is pretty good. From kodak pictures I know that I photograph well.

What would you say are the essential things for an actress to know?

And where, when I am graduated from high school next spring, would you advise me to go? My parents took out an endowment policy for me when I was born, so I will have enough money to get a good education. Should I go on to college, or should I start out at a dramatic school in New York or in Hollywood?

I shall appreciate any advice you can give me.

Valerie T.

Dear Miss T:

My theory is, and always has been, that a stage background is desirable. If you have the money and the time to attend a dramatic school in New York, I think you should do so.

However, before you take that step, why don't you try yourself out in theatrical work on a professional basis by securing work in a summer stock company as near your home as possible. I should think that your home city, which is a fairly large one, would have some sort of a repertory theatre. If not, Denver—with its Elitch's Garden Theatre—might be a possibility.

If the screen is your ultimate ambition, any stage part that you might get in a New York play, if that part gave you any chance at all, would bring talent scouts to your door in droves.

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR CLAUDETTE:

I am using your first name because you have always reminded me of my older sister who died suddenly several years ago. Many times I have gone to one of your pictures and pretended that I was watching my sister.

If my sister were still living, I could go to her with my worries. Since I don't have her any more, do you mind if I ask you a question? It's about a boy.

I am sixteen years old and a sophomore in high school. Several months ago I met a very nice boy who is a corporal in the Army. We had several dates and when he went back to camp, we corresponded. He writes the cutest letters, all about funny things that happen to him. His letters are affectionate, too.

In no time at all, we found that we were in love with each other. We want to be married right away, of course. You see, my mother has moved to California for her health and as soon as school is out I am supposed to go out West, too. That would mean that I might never see this boy again and I can't bear to think of that.

Here I am living with my uncle and aunt. What would you do? Go out West to be with Mother, or get married and remain with the boy I love?

Alice Ann M.

Dear Miss M:

At sixteen a girl is apt to think that this is the love of her life. I know that I did! But I was mistaken and I imagine that a good many girls are.

You see, even if you did marry this boy to remain with him, as you say, you might be frightfully disappointed in the results. He might be transferred to a camp to which you couldn't follow him, or he might be sent overseas—a very likely occurrence.

If, after the war is over, you and the corporal still love one another, you will have plenty of time to marry and spend a good many happy years together. Meanwhile, if I were you, I would join my mother in California.

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

You will probably be surprised to get a letter from a soldier who isn't asking for a picture. I want something more than that, to wit: a letter from you.



It's this way with me: I'm a fellow of twenty-two, but I'm still very backward when it comes to meeting and talking to girls. One night down here, for instance, a friend of mine and I met two cute girls. He made a date with them that included me, so the four of us went to a hotel dine-dance room. Very nice, with good music.

Well, my friend and his girl friend got on swell; they really went to town. As for me, I just sat there sweating and trying to think of something to say to this girl who was with me. She didn't seem to have any more conversation in her system than I did.

When we took the girls home my friend turned on me and said I had spoiled a whole evening of fun because I was such a backwoods goon. Ever since that time our friendship has been broken up because he considers me a social hindrance. Some guys would let it drop, but I figure that he is probably right about me.

In your pictures you always say such smooth things and give out with such neat actions in any situation that I thought you might be able to steer me. What can a guy talk to a girl about? And what can he do to make the average girl like him and want to have another date with him?

Thanks, lady, for the lift.

Private Marsh M.

Dear Private M:

Your trouble is probably shyness. From the way you write, you are a very different person than the one you describe in your letter.

Ordinarily a man shouldn't find it difficult to talk to a girl; there isn't, I'm afraid, a girl in the world who doesn't like to talk about herself. Ask her, if you have met her casually, what sort of work she does. Ask about her family, whether she has always lived in the city in which you have met her and whether she has a brother or other relative in the armed forces. You'll probably be surprised at the length of time her answers will take.

Professional charmers always mention flatteringly the clothes a girl is wearing. Although a girl may know perfectly well that the charmer is using a line that has been polished by constant use, she likes it. And if you really want a girl to like you and look forward to future dates with you, there are at least three "don'ts" to observe. Don't flirt too much with the girl on your very first date. Don't get fresh. And don't try to be the life of the party. As Jack Benny would say, "Don't make with the funny cracks."

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

You seem to be one of the few happy people in Hollywood, so I thought you might be able to tell me what to do about my love affair.

For six years I have been engaged to a man who is now in the Army. (I am twenty-eight.) He writes to me three or four times a week and always mentions the fact that the next time he is home on a furlough we will be married. Yet, when he arrives, he says nothing about it and is so busy that the subject never seems to arise. I don't have enough "brass" to ask him outright why he never fulfills his promise.

He comes from a very wealthy family. His mother is an invalid and I do many things for her; she is as dear as my own mother. She has told him repeatedly that if he ever marries anyone but me she will stop his allowance instantly and cut him off with a dollar in her will.

Now he has a semi-girl friend in town here who actually buys him expensive clothes and even loans him money. He tells me that this girl is just someone to fall back on in an emergency and that he couldn't ever marry her as she doesn't belong to our class.

I have a beau whom I have known four years. I don't love him as I love my fiance, but he is dependable and attentive. Do you suppose I could build a happy marriage with anyone except the man I love? Do you think I would be right to break his mother's heart? Or would you wait a few more years to see what will happen when the war is over?

Jeanette R.

Dear Miss R:

I may not be the judge of such a matter, but it doesn't sound to me as if this man is worthy of you. In the first place, despite what he says, you are living in a country where there are no class distinctions, so he has no right to describe as inferior the girl from whom he is willing to accept gifts and financial loans.

I have never heard of a marriage forced upon a man by his mother that turned out successfully. Yet, suppose this man did marry you; do you think that, if he has another sweetheart while he is an engaged man, he would be more steadfast as a husband?

If I were you I wouldn't force the issue. I'd give the situation time. As he is in the Army and apparently doesn't come home except on infrequent furloughs, this should be easy to do.

As for your other beau, you might consider his good characteristics very carefully. After all, marriage is much more than a love affair.

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

You may think it strange for me to write to you since you're French and I'm German, but I just had to get something off my mind and you seemed the right person for me to tell.

I know, if I can believe the life stories I have read about you, that you came to this country when you were a little girl and grew up here. Well, the same thing happened in my life in 1933. I had a little trouble in changing languages, but now that I am a senior in high school I speak perfect English with only now and then a slip that gives me away. My name is the thing that gets me into trouble. It is so German that no one could ever mistake it.

Since war was declared I've been miserable. I'm as loyal as anyone. If I had a brother, I'm sure he would be in the Army. But the kids at school refer to me in bad terms as "squarehead" and "Heinie."

Can you give me some suggestions as to how to cope with such things? Most of the time I feel like running somewhere to hide, but that's silly. I've got to find some way to answer the wisecracks and to keep my self-respect.

Hulda W.

Dear Miss W:

The easiest way to answer such unkind action, I should think, would be to ignore the comments and to enter war work of all kinds with zeal. Let it be known that you are putting all of your allowance money, or all of the pin money you earn, into War Stamps. Make it a point to engage in some kind of work for the Red Cross. A good many high-school girls are now doing Nurse's Aide work.

Don't let the wisecracks get you down, and don't feel that the war has everything to do with it. Anyone coming to a strange country has a great many adjustments to make—as I very well know.

I was very small when we came to America, but I remember that the teachers used to have me read to our class and that my French accent made everyone laugh. I realize now that the teachers simply thought it was amusing; no one really meant to hurt my feelings, but it was an uncomfortable experience.

Don't worry about your name. You'll probably marry in a few years and have a new one. In any case, if you will read several pages in your local telephone directory you'll find that practically every country in the world is represented. Even those children who tease you are the children, or grandchildren, or great grandchildren of strangers to this country, a fact to remember. Claudette Colbert.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1943.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,
Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 209
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 1340
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 4-M-807,
Commission expires March 30, 1944

MY DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Frankly, I never dreamed that the time would come when I would write to a famous stranger and ask her to supply me with strategic plans, yet that is exactly what I'm doing.

I'm twenty-three and I hold a fairly high rank in the Air Corps although I'm not a flying officer. I came from a very small Midwest town (population 590), attended consolidated schools, then entered a small college for men where I took my degree.

I'm an only child. My parents were foreign-born and have never entirely adapted themselves to American life.

I'm telling you these things so you will understand that I have no close female relatives to whom I can apply for a directive as to how to deal with my present dilemma. Also, I want you to know that I'm just an average guy without much experience in the feminine department.

The commanding officer at the camp where I am stationed is a superior gentleman and a swell fellow. However, he is married to a woman many years younger than he is. He is just crazy about her and so, of course, she has plenty of influence at our camp.

Now I am definitely not anyone's Robert Taylor. I'm just ordinary looking and I try to mind my own business, but for some reason the colonel's wife has taken quite a liking to me. She writes me the darndest notes you ever saw, and she telephones me at Bachelor Officers' Quarters at least three evenings a week.

I guess I don't have to tell you that this is dynamite.

As you are a woman, and a mighty clever one at that, could you give me a few pointers about handling this lady? I don't want to make her mad at me, for obvious reasons, but neither do I want to get shot.

A. J. McT.

Dear Mr. McT:

For your best interests, I think you should apply for a transfer to another Army base.

However, if there is some important reason why you wish to remain where you are, you might take advantage of the fact that every woman knows there is a code between men. Each time the Colonel's lady begins to make her conversation personal, you might diplomatically introduce the topic of her husband's ability, charm, square dealing or general fineness. If you praise him to the skies and reiterate your admiration for him, she will soon become bored with the subject and search for an officer who will flatter her.

And, incidentally, you might be out of your quarters on some legitimate errand when you feel that she is going to telephone.

Whatever you do, manage to avoid making her jealous. Don't rush another girl in the hope of discouraging Mrs. Colonel. If I know women, it would only inspire her to more strenuous efforts to interest you.

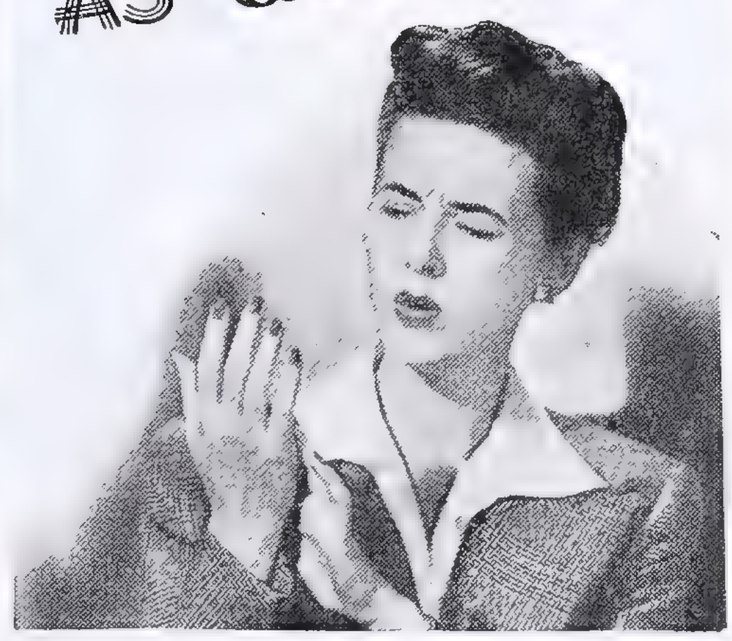
The very best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.

If you wish to present your problem to Miss Colbert, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, Cal. All names of persons are changed.

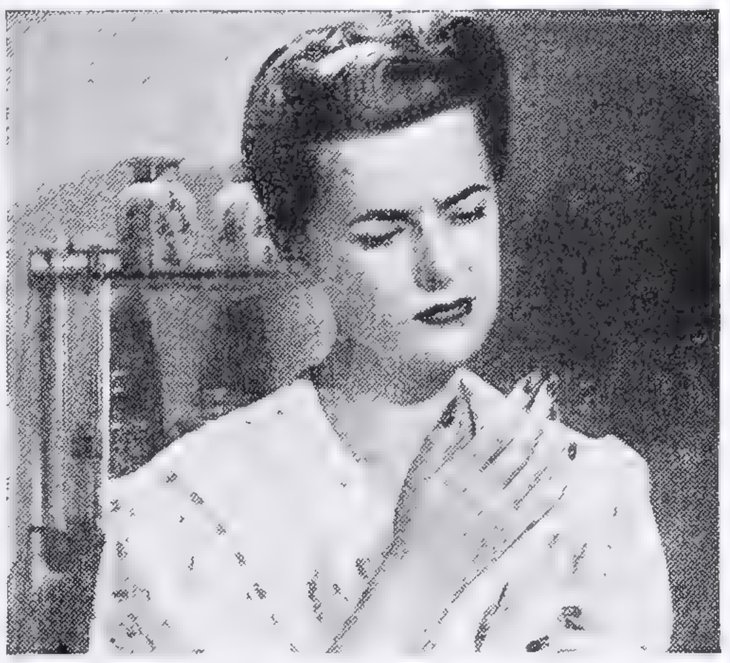
"MY HANDS MADE ME FEEL AS OLD AS GRANNY"

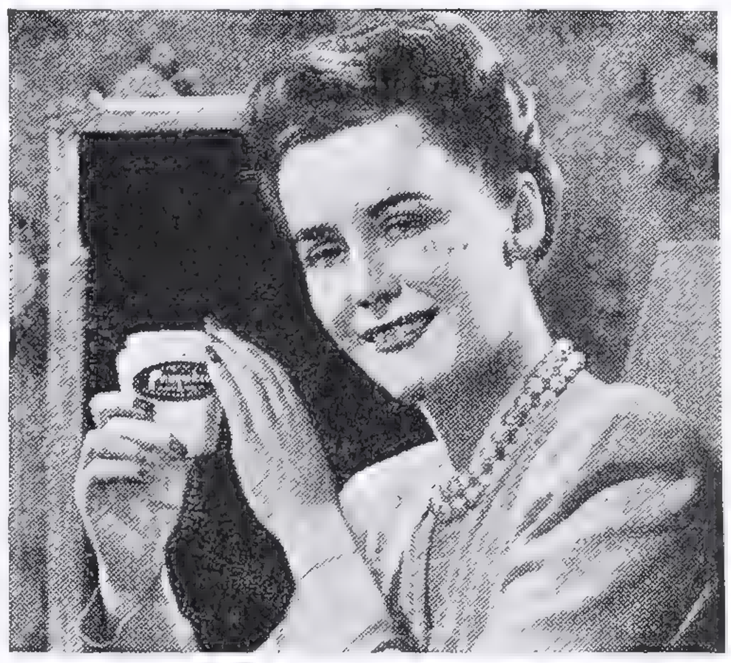




"I was making a 'howling success' of my husband's business. But I *wanted* to 'howl' over my *hands!* No longer 'pale hands I love,' but rough, red, old-looking! *They* made me feel as old as my own great-grandmother!"

"I'd heard the old saying that a woman's age shows in her hands. Well, working around the plant, I have to wash my hands a thousand times a day, seems as if. But I wanted them to stay soft, smooth, and young-looking."





"Was there any way at all, I wondered frantically, to win back the 'young look' my work-roughened hands had lost? It was surely worth a *try*. But what would work best? Here I was, in my late twenties, and still looking young—all but my *hands! What to do!"*

"My cousin's a nurse—and one day it struck me that *her* hands had even more reason than *mine* to be rough and old-looking. Yet they weren't! Her 'secret'? 'Why, *Pacquins!*' she told me. So Pacquins is *my* 'secret' now—and my hands? Smooth, young-looking!"

DO YOUR HANDS LOOK OLDER THAN YOUR TRUE AGE?



Then try Pacquins HAND CREAM

• *Of course* you don't want rough, red, old-looking hands! Try Pacquins—a non-greasy, non-messy, fragrant white cream originally designed for doctors and nurses who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. See for yourself if Pacquins doesn't make your hands smooth out *faster,* feel smoother *longer!*

Pacquins HAND CREAM

At any drug, department, or ten-cent store



Consult your hairbrush!

Are you *sure* your hair doesn't offend with scalp odor? Find out! Your hairbrush will tell you.

Your scalp perspires—just as your skin does. But there's no need to risk unpleasant scalp odor with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at hand. Use it regularly and see what a difference it makes ... particularly with oily hair, which tends to collect odors.

There's pure, medicinal pine tar in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It has a delicate pine scent that chases unpleasant odors ... then disappears.

Be sure of a clean, fresh scalp ... soft, lustrous hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



PACKERS *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO

Help yourself to
BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS



Don't be embarrassed by short, broken, thin nails. It's so easy to cover unsightly nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy, they bring you long, lovely nails that everyone admires. *Can be worn any length and polished any shade.* Set of 10 only 20c at all 5c-10c stores.

NU-NAILS
ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 16-A, Chicago

The Hollywood Men Hollywood Women Like Most

(*Continued from page* 35) unpopular with the female section of the press. A woman reporter interviewed Errol in Boston. Later she came to Hollywood. On the Warner lot she found Errol making a picture. She dashed over to say "Hello." The actor looked her over (she was on the plump, short side) and walked away! Another reporter (this one was prettier) interviewed Errol for the first time in her life at three one afternoon and to her astonishment that evening at seven there was a knock on her apartment door. And there was Mr. Flynn! "It's not that I didn't like him," this girl told Fearless, "but it was all too sudden!" Even women reporters like a little build-up with their romances.

How about the girls who act with Mr. Flynn? Opinion here is divided. Some like him and find him attractive. Some do not. Bette Davis quarreled with him all during the making of "Elizabeth And Essex." At one time Olivia de Havilland preferred suspension rather than appear in another Flynn picture. Brenda Marshall was bitter on the subject of Flynn's flirtatiousness during one of their pictures together. But Ann Sheridan, who has a sense of humor—so has Errol—liked him enough to play ball with him for a publicity romance. But she was too sensible to allow anything as serious as marriage interfere with friendship. An insight into the way Hollywood women stars feel about Errol is that all his recent female duets have been with young girls who were not known to the public at large until they became associated with him romantically.

WALTER PIDGEON has a married daughter. He will never see forty again. But the way he is chased by the women of Hollywood must be seen to be believed. Walter's charm for the fair sex is based on ultrapoliteness and extreme good looks. (He is even better looking off screen than on—and in Fearless's opinion he is the best-dressed man in Hollywood.)

Pidgeon's politeness—and quick thinking—extricated him from a difficult situation recently. Walter had grown a beard for his co-starring assignment with Greer Garson in "Madame Curie." His wife, who loathes beards, had left town for the duration of the picture. But a certain hostess in Hollywood not only liked men with beards, but she liked Pidgeon. She gave a large party. The actor was among the guests. She managed to get Walter alone, but when she attempted to rush into his arms Walter begged to be excused on the plea that he had just developed a severe charley-horse in his leg and could not move!

There is yet to be found a woman in Hollywood—or out—who would not give a great deal to spend a portion of her time with Gary Cooper. Fearless was once part of a crowd of people who accompanied Gary out of town for the world premiere of one of his pictures. There was one woman in that party who did everything except faint in the effort to let him know how much she swooned for him. Later, in New York, a mutual friend told him how much this woman adored him. "Really?" said Gary in genuine surprise. "I never would have guessed it!"

Mr. Cooper is the perpetual Boy Scout. He will never grow up. And who wants him to? Everyone in Hollywood—men, women, dogs and babies—likes Gary. Ingrid Bergman has told her boss, David Selznick, that she does not care how many pictures she makes a year if some of them are with Gary. Shortly before Laraine Day started to play *Mrs. Wassell* to Gary's *Doctor Wassell* in the C. B. DeMille picture, she was as excited as a girl going to her first grown-up party.

Contrary to general belief, Paul Henreid is not so popular with the ladies of Hollywood as outsiders believe. Bette Davis, who had Paul for her lover in "Now, Voyager," would have liked him better if he had been himself and not a less finished edition of Charles Boyer. Despite his Continental suavity, he was unsure of himself and worried about holding his own against as strong a star as Bette. And some who were with Henreid on a recent Bond tour said that they grew a little tired of Paul's continual Continental manner.

Right now there is probably no man in Hollywood more attractive than Cary Grant. In the days of his bachelorhood, Cary was on the selfish, self-centered side. Since his marriage to the former Barbara Hutton, Cary has done a complete ego about-face. He now apparently spends his waking hours seeing how nice he can be to everyone and particularly how nice he can be to his leading ladies. The more inexperienced and young the latter, the more helpful is the handsome Cary. Laraine Day, who had Grant to help her over the tough places in "Mr. Lucky," says the title should have been "Miss Lucky."

GEORGE MURPHY is the quiet type, but he is a nice guy and easy to get along with, which is perhaps why he is so popular with the women of Hollywood. George never hogs the camera, he never complains, he never says anything about a player behind his or her back. He doesn't "send" his female associates in the manner of a Cooper, Grant, Tracy or William Powell, but he's a pleasant person to have around.

George Raft is not the hot thing in masculine appeal that he was say, one, five, or ten years ago. At one time it was enough for George just to look at a woman and she was ready to follow him on a date or through life. There was Virginia Pine, now Mrs. Quentin Reynolds. And Norma Shearer, now Mrs. Marty Arrouge. And his last big romance with Betty Grable, now Mrs. Harry James. George was generous with the ladies. They could have all the jewels and furs they wanted. But the one thing he couldn't give was marriage. George is not so young now. Except for an occasional date he is a lonely figure in the Hollywood restaurants.

Paulette Goddard knows a heap about men. Her standards are as high as the mountain of jewels she owns. And when Paulette says of a man that he is attractive, that's exactly what he is. The Goddard mark of approval has been placed on Sonny Tufts—the newcomer who plays *Kansas* in "So Proudly We Hail." Which is perhaps why they did such a good job together in that picture. Sonny is a friendly soul. His grin is an open sesame to the good graces of most women. He is married, but his wife prefers the seclusion of home life. At a West Side Tennis Club shindig not so long ago, Sonny was the life of the party. Later in the evening he took over the orchestra. A lot of women like that sort of thing—that is, they like an extrovert—which exactly describes Mr. Tufts.

So there they are—the Hollywood glamour boys lined up—and checked off by the Hollywood women. And who could be better judges?

The End.

Send Hitler this Christmas message: "I'm buying more War Bonds."

Play Truth or Consequences with Red Skelton

(*Continued from page 39*) said, "I bet you a dollar" one day and the guy said, "Okay, put it up!"

25—Q. Did you ever have misplaced confidence in yourself?

A: Right now. Any minute I feel somebody's going to tap me on the back and say, "That's all, brother, get going." It makes me a little uneasy about that house I bought; you can't take a house in an upper berth!

26—Q: What compliment flattered you most?

A: The headlines that read "Doolittle Dood It!"

27—Q: What was the tightest spot you ever were in?

A: When I came home one night at 4 a.m. and Edna said, "Where have you been?" and I said, "Waiting at the corner of Sunset and Sepulveda for the light to change."

28—Q: What Christmas present meant most in your life?

A: The typewriter Edna gave me one year we were awfully broke. The best of everything we later had came out of that machine.

29—Q: What is the greatest fault of most screen lovers?

A: They're fickle! One week you see 'em making love to a beautiful dame and the next week they're telling the same story to a new one.

30—Q: Do you have a temper?

A: Yes, I blow up like a geyser and then forget about it five minutes later and expect others to do the same. Sometimes I find I'm wrong in the latter.

31—Q: Who is Hollywood's loveliest lady?

A: (Red chose the consequences: Design a Skelton coat-of-arms. His explanation of the design shown on page 39: Chef's hat for Brother Paul, a chef; lightning flash for Denny, a radio man, now deceased; iron for Chris, a tailor; and clown for Red, the comedian.)

32—Q: What in general is your philosophy of life?

A: That everything happens for the best; that what's to be will be; and that there is some good in every wrong that's done.

33—Q: How much is your weekly spending allowance?

A: Not enough! They've got me on fifty bucks a week which has to cover food, gas and all my personal entertainment.

34—Q: What criticism of you was undeserved?

A: To be honest, none. And I really have found something constructive in every instance.

35—Q: What is your most poignant childhood memory?

A: When I was a kid I wanted a balloon more than anything. My mother, who worked hard, finally spent five cents for one. A couple of hours later the kid next door stuck a pin in it. I still have nightmares in which I am killing him—which was what I tearfully swore I would do!

36—Q: What is your idea of the height of luxury?

A: To live in the United States of America.

37—Q: Are you pigheaded?

A: Only about trying to do things people tell me are impossible. That's how I got in the theater in the first place; everyone kept insisting show business was dead.

38—Q: What is your worst habit and best trait?

A: Biting my fingernails and admitting it when I am wrong.

39—Q: What makes you cry?

A: Old couples still in love with each other, kids getting scolded, a waiter in a jam, and anyone in trouble.

40—Q: How much education have you had?

A: I went through the seventh grade in the public schools in Vincennes, Indiana. Then ten years later, about 1937, I discovered you had to talk to people as well as entertain them, so I hired a private tutor and studied with him for five years.

41—Q: What do you dislike about making movies?

A: (Red chose the consequences: Create a new "horror" character.)

42—Q: Who was the greatest influence in your life?

A: Edna, without any question. When she first met me I was a Johnny Blow-hard, impractical, selfish and a lot of other things. She wasn't any of that; she was genuine, practical and generous. So instinctively I tried to imitate her and her fine qualities.

43—Q: Who is the No. 1 pest in your life?

A: The guy who says, "Long time no see!" and "Is it hot enough for you?"

44—Q: Can you fix broken gadgets?

A: Sure! Of course they never work after I fix 'em, but that's beside the point. You should see the garage I built; somehow I got my laws of gravitation all mixed up in laying the floor so now all the rain runs into the garage instead of draining out. But it's pretty!

45—Q: How do you like to be spoiled?

A: By getting what I'm not supposed to have.

46—Q: What do you find it hard to forgive in others?

A: My own faults, especially unintentional selfishness.

47—Q: How many girls did you ever propose to?

A: That's a trade secret, but I'll admit it used to be quite a racket of mine!

48—Q: Do you dislike working in night clubs?

A: (Red chose the consequences: Show us what gift from a fan intrigued you most—a "Clem" doll, "Clem" being the character Red created for his radio show.)

49—Q: When would you tell a lie?

A: When I was sure I had all the details figured out. I remember one time I outsmarted myself. I came home and told Edna I had been at a lodge meeting with Frank Borzage and Bo Roos, my business manager, only to find both of 'em sitting in the next room!

50—Q: Do you hesitate to "tell off" people?

A: I could tell people to go to "blazes" when I was broke, so why not now?

51—Q: How would you spend your last dollar?

A: On a good cigar and a movie. I know, because I've done it!

52—Q: How would you spend the day you knew was your last on earth?

A: I believe I would try to call everyone whom I'd ever hurt by anything I said or did and honestly apologize to them. Edna would be the first.



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Stronger Grip



SHORT, *but not for* LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong . . . but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

DeLong BOB PINS



His leading lady! She's first in war activities . . . she'll be first in the peace parades . . . and she's first in the heart of her serviceman! If you're the girl who leads, you want Varva's leading, lasting fragrance, "Follow Me"!

Extract, $1 to $15
Face Powder, six guest puffs, $1
Talc, 55¢; Sachet, $1 & $1.75
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1
(plus taxes)



Follow Me by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Christmas Bell-Ringers

(*Continued from page* 56)

Sparkling Bracelet: Rhinestones like amethysts, rubies, emeralds, garnets, sapphires, crystals, aquamarines, pearls, garnets, jet, coral or turquoise . . . Thirty-two of them, jewel-faceted, set in sterling silver bracelet. About $3.

Compact and Lipstick Set: Smart plastic compact and lipstick case in dusty pink with a quaint figure silhouetted in white. About $2.50.

Initial Pins: Graceful script initials—from A to Z—in clear lucite. Crystal, amethyst, amber, ruby, sapphire, pink and other colors. About $1.00.

Hat and Bag Set: Pillbox hat and large over-arm bag in matching stitched felt. Both trimmed with contrasting rayon velvet. Black, brown, dark green, wine, kelly, navy and red. Complete $5.95.

Fur Animals: A skunk, fashioned from pony skin with an ermine tail, nibbles at flowers. Other gay animals caught in amusing antics in fur novelty pins. About $1.00.

Lavender Set: A charming case holds three bars of fragrant lavender soap, a large bottle of shell-pink hand cream—for chapped or overworked hands—and a three-ounce container of Lavender Talcum Powder. About $2.35.

FOR THE BOYS—YOUNG AND OLD

Shaving Set: A wooden container of invisible talcum and a squatty wooden bowl of shaving soap. In an attractive and sturdy chest. About $2.00.

Navy Weftup: An airplane identification game complete with cards and counters to fascinate boys of every age. Girls of every age, too. About $.75.

Maps: Again we suggest Rand McNally's Cosmopolitan Map of the World. It illustrates the headlines that are so vital. Unmounted, $3.00.

FOR THE KIDS

Elephant Apron: Perfect for mother's little helper . . . An apron of checked gingham comes completely made up. With it are colorful elephants balanced on gay drums to appliqué on the apron. $.98.



Merry-Go-Round: Collapsible cardboard merry-go-round in gay colors with group of four animals to be assembled. $2.98.

Tony Sarg's Play Desk: Colorful play desk and chair made of heavy board with a pastel yellow finish of hard-baked enamel that will not chip and decorated with lively pictures. With trays for writing, drawing, blackboard writing and eating. Drawer contains paper, jigsaw puzzles, stencils and chalk. $3.98

Donald Duck Booties: Rayon brush knit cloth with cotton face. In dainty blue or pink. About $.39.

FOR THE HOUSE (FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY)

Flinch: Smart new gift edition of a game that's been popular for years. Any number from two to eight may play. $.75.

Plate Rack: It's 5" and it holds twelve plates in individual slots. Slotted rubber guides adjust to any size. Set of 3. $2.85.

Cup and Stemware Holder: Four adjustable arms—to be attached under sides of cupboard shelves—for cups and stem glasses. Set of 3. $2.85.

Once again let us remind you to remember the USO clubhouses. It may be you can seat at your table one or more of the boys who long to spend Christmas in a home.

A Pint for a Life

(*Continued from page 57*) on the release card will not be accepted.

There is no discrimination because of race. Donations may be made every ten weeks and no more than five such donations are accepted during a period of twelve months. A prospective donor is disqualified under the following conditions: Pregnancy within the past nine months, malaria during the past fifteen years; tuberculosis; diabetes; jaundice within the past six months.

When you go down to your blood-bank headquarters, regular doctors and nurses attend you. The first thing they do is take your blood pressure. Then a quick, painless prick on the ear lobe releases one tiny drop of blood which is tested. If you pass, you are qualified. If you have anything drastically wrong with your health, it is imperative to report this to the attending doctor. A more thorough examination will be given.

NEXT, you lie on a cot, while the regular nurse attends you. A rubber ball is placed in your hand. By working the ball, you help pump the pint of blood through a painless insertion made in the arm vein. Two Nurse's Aides are there if you need to be helped off the cot. They walk you to the canteen, where you sit among the donors. You are given soup, coffee, milk and juices by canteen workers. Then you go to a desk, sign a register, get a bronze button. They make a future appointment for you, to give a second pint ten weeks later, if you wish.

When donated blood is delivered to the processing laboratories, it becomes the property of the United States Army and Navy. The Red Cross is only the collecting agent and plays no part in distribution of plasma to the battlefield and on United States ships. When you walk out of the blood bank, you can rest assured you have saved a serviceman's life.

There's a crying need for this plasma at the battle front. The human body has from six to eight quarts of blood. Giving one pint is not too much of a loss.

So many want to help and don't know what to do. This is one way. This can be your way. Recently, when Ann Sheridan gave her pint, she got up off the cot, walked out and bought herself a new hat! It's as simple as that.

Your sweethearts, brothers and sons are giving *all* their blood—the Red Cross asks of you only one pint.

The End



Nice dance match at Mocambo: Mr. and Mrs. James Craig who don't look the way the rumors say they are—i.e., tiffing a bit

America's BEAUTY FAVORITE



$1.-50c-25c-10c

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than *any other* make-up foundation.

NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN

Helps hide lines, blemishes.
● *it really does!*

Makes powder cling indefinitely.
● *it really does!*

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.
● *it really does!*

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the *cream stick* that really spreads evenly and cleanly . . . is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge . . . won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD'R-BASE hampden

Buy Bonds FIRST



How To Manage A
SMALL FARM
And Make It Pay

Five Acres and Independence is a book that may change your entire life, give you that independence, that security you're working so hard to achieve. It tells what kind of farm to rent or to buy; how to choose it; how to finance it; what and how to plant; choice and care of livestock, poultry, bees, etc.; essentials of fruit and vegetable growing; fertilizers; irrigation; spraying; cultivation; harvesting; storage; sale of products and by-products. Every page is packed with proved ways to make the small farm self-supporting and profitable. 412 pages, abundantly illustrated with workable plans and diagrams. Only $2.50 postpaid. Don't miss this opportunity, send today for your copy of *Five Acres and Independence.*

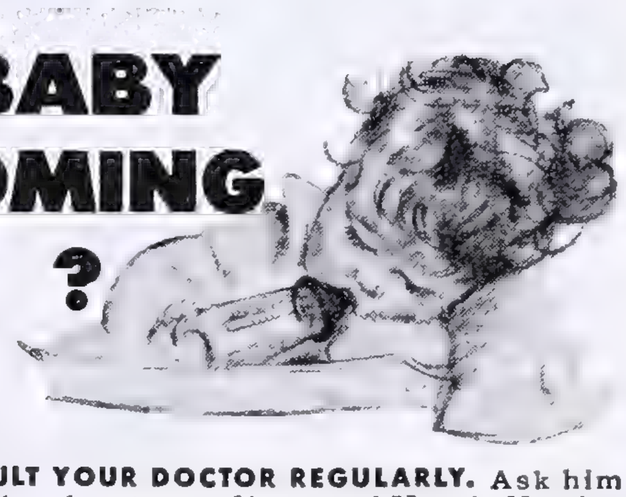
BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
Dept. MM-144
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid **Five Acres and Independence.** I am enclosing $2.50.

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Address.....

City..... State.....



CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. Ask him about the advantages of improved Hygeia Nursing Bottle with easy-to-clean wide mouth, wide base to prevent tipping, scale applied in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped Nipple has patented air-vent to reduce "wind-sucking".

HYGEIA "STERI-SEAL" CAP—Another important improvement. Prepare formula and fill bottles for day's feeding. Then attach Hygeia "Steri-Seal" Cap (see arrow in picture) and nipples and formula are kept germproof until feeding time.



Ask your druggist for Hygeia equipment today.

HELP WIN THE WAR by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES & NIPPLES

John the Duke

(*Continued from page* 47) at everything and everyone. But he hides his emotions well. When we caught up with him (at Carlsbad Inn, hard by Republic's Oceanside location camp) he was pleasantly spending a Sunday evening with some thirty off-duty Marines. Later, in the hotel's dining room, after the regular guests had gone and only a headwaiter (sleepily wringing his hands in a corner) was left, the Duke's party really got going with all newcomers welcome.

At one end of the room a bearded personality by the name of Abdullah, who acts as Wayne's rubber after a hard day, stood on a flower stand, where, wrapped in a tablecloth and with a napkin on his head, he gave an aesthetic rendition of the muezzin's call to worship; at the other end, the Duke and his chorus answered with equal feeling but slightly less aestheticism, singing verses of "Gertie From Bizerte" recently imported from North Africa.

Mr. Abdullah confided to us later that he expends most of his energy massaging away the soreness of Wayne's right shoulder, explaining that on such occasions each Marine inevitably says good night by giving the shoulder a friendly, you-don't-know-your-own-strength punch while adding, "You're a good guy after all, Duke."

His co-workers back at the studio have known that about him for years. Ask them why and they'll talk you into a coma citing incidents. The most typical concerns a day when he had some free time from his own "Mesquiteers" picture and used it to visit the "Melody Ranch" set on the same lot. While the scene, in which a trolley car was to run out of control and smash into a brick building, was being set up, the Duke got into conversation with the stuntman who was waiting at the streetcar's wheel.

"Wish I had time to run over to the commissary for some cigarettes," the stuntman said.

"Go ahead," Wayne told him. "I'll hold this thing till you get back." Three minutes later the director called for action. Crash! . . .

Afterwards, when the Duke had been pulled from the debris and dusted off, someone asked him why he hadn't yelled at the director to wait. "What," he said, "and get that guy in Dutch?"

LANCASTER is a small patch of parched dwellings on the fringe of California's Mojave desert, seventy-five miles from Los Angeles; Judy Garland spent her childhood miserably there, and so did Duke Morrison, because his father, an Iowa druggist, had been told to go West for his health. Later, having regained it, Mr. Morrison took his family to Glendale, opened another drugstore and enrolled his son in the local high school. The boy started growing out of his pants at thirteen, grew right into the football team and the Senior play, in which he played—with great verve but no talent—a duke. He jerked sodas, picked citrus fruit and was an iceman; but he wanted to go to Annapolis.

Pursuant to this end, he urged his father to contact his Congressman and secure an appointment. Mr. Morrison did his best. Young John was given a tryout and was rejected: he was no scholastic whiz. This was not a tragedy, however, since football scouts from USC had observed his brawn and tactical skill on the field and had offered him a gridiron scholarship.

He had only one year in the Varsity before he quit SC. He'd been given a job as prop-man and juicer at the old Fox studios during the summer following his sophomore year, and he never went back; the broken ankle suffered during scrimmage that spring represented a direct menace to his "scholarship"—after all, no football, no dough. . . .

For a year he lugged props in John Ford's company, wherein a friendship developed between the two. Ford nudged him into a number of extra jobs on occasion, allowed him extra concessions, saw that he earned more money than the other prop boys. As a result of this favoritism, of course, John was not kept on at Fox when Ford left the company.

Then came an interlude, an adventure so thoroughly suited to the mood and character of John Wayne, in any circumstance and at any age, that it must be included here. He had gone to San Francisco with a friend, some letters of introduction to various businessmen, and eighty dollars. They presented all the letters, saw the town for two days and nights, and thereupon awoke with dark brown tastes, no money and no jobs.

John had heard that there were opportunities for football players in Honolulu. He looked up the sailings in a newspaper, had a talk with his friend: that day, when a little old lady walked up the gangplank of the Matson liner *Malolo*, two strapping young men (obviously grandsons or nephews, come to see her off) were close at her heels.

Twenty-four hours later they were still skulking in an empty stateroom, hungry and immensely bored. They rang for a

IT'S YOUR TURN!

at the Turn of the Year
to choose which stars you'd like to see
photographed in color on Photoplay pages.
Fill in the ballot box below; then send it to the Color Portrait Editor,
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Then watch for your favorite in color

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I would like to see a color portrait of

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IN PHOTOPLAY

★ ★

bellhop, finally. "We're stowaways and we're starving," they explained simply.

In the brig, at last, they sat down to a meal. Just before the *Malolo* reached Hawaii it met a small freighter headed for the mainland, in a rough sea. An exchange was made: Two stowaways for one seaman with acute appendicitis and by the week's end the two were in San Francisco, in jail, but still eating.

Now young Mr. Wayne was in a mood to retire, to settle into something routine and predictable. Ford was once again in residence at Fox—John took his old job there and the big push was started. Raoul Walsh, it appeared, was looking for a "discovery" to play the lead in "The Big Trail" and Ford told Walsh he had just the boy for him. Walsh, meeting John on a studio street, said, "Let your hair grow—we'll make a test," and John did, and the test was right.

And after that Duke Morrison was in. There was the new Depression (it was 1930); to plug the picture Walsh dressed his find in buckskins, handed him a squirrel gun and sent him off on a personal-appearance tour as the genuine article straight from the Big Smokies. The theater audiences didn't really get hep until he hit Chicago, where the boos began. John got a haircut and came home in great relief, to make a quickie called "Girls Demand Excitement" and something pretty awful entitled "Three Girls Lost."

And after that Duke Morrison was out again.

THE really amazing thing is that he ever got another job in Hollywood. "The Big Trail," even with the P.A. tour thrown in, lost a sizable fortune—but it did prove that John Wayne looked fine when seated on a horse, and that he continued to look fine after the horse was in motion. In a town where a surprising number of Western stars have to be helped into a saddle, Wayne's ability to ride represented a saving on stuntmen's salaries.

Producer Leon Schlesinger signed him for hoss operas, in the nick of time. Eight years before, on New Year's Eve of 1926, he had gone to a party where he had met the very pretty, very social Josephine Saenz, French-Spanish daughter of the

JUST WAIT!

until you see what Paul Henreid says about

L-O-V-E

in February Photoplay

Panamanian consul in Los Angeles. He had fallen in love with her then, and he had been courting her ever since, with such fidelity that finally, in 1934, she agreed to marry him. The Schlesinger contract meant that at last he could afford her.

He was happy then, and for the next eight years, during which his two sons and two daughters were born in the rambling Italian house he had bought for them. He did not think of himself as an actor in the Hollywood sense, but as a father and husband who made a good income by riding up and down in front of cameras. In his free time he romped with the kids, took his wife dancing, went hunting and fishing, stagged it on occasion to the fights or to a Club for a poker game.

That, in all probability, would have been the sum of his story had it not been for John Ford and a picture called "Stagecoach."

It was Ford who persuaded Walter Wanger to make the big budget production with an unknown cowboy actor in the lead and who talked Republic into making the loan. With "Stagecoach" Hollywood and theater-goers all over America hailed him as a new star.

Eight months ago he said, "My wife's not in Mexico for a divorce. If she were, I'd be down there on bended knees asking her to take me back."

What you may expect of Duke Morrison during the next months is by no means clear to this particular oracle: Four children, especially when they are as appealing as Tony, Melinda, Michael and Patrick Wayne, can put awry the best laid plans for divorce.

However, it is told of John that once, during the filming of "The Spoilers," Duke Wayne staged so convincingly a rough-and-tumble that he crashed into two process screens, a bit of overacting that cost the studio in the neighborhood of $3000. He is like that in all he does.

Aside from any other faults he may have, he has constructed one great career for himself in Hollywood and by all indications he ought to make an even better showing in the Service. At any rate, he has a thousand friends and a million fans to show for his thirty-five years. No Duke born to purple was ever so rich.

THE END

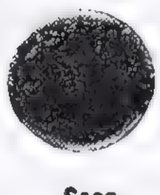
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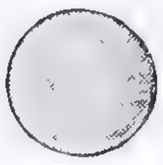
Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

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Hollywood Datebook

(*Continued from page* 23) band begins it is to Sandra he instantly turns. They have the first dance together always.

Before we met at Mocambo several of us had driven to Pomona to catch a "sneak" preview of Jack's latest picture. Jack behaved like a dithering young debutante. He was not as usual, suave and self-assured. Biting his fingernails, he kept muttering, "I shouldn't have taken that fall," or "I shouldn't have done that!" or "That should be cut!"

The first part of that evening at Mocambo, therefore, Jack was as glum as an undertaker. When he turned to me with his fears I said what I felt about the film. "It's a most delightful picture," I told him. "Amusing, charming, sure-fire." Suddenly he began to see possibilities in it. He turned gay and began dancing and the evening ended for all of us in a whirl of fun.

Ciro's, which has been closed since its fire (but is shortly to be reopened), never was so dimly lit as the newer Mocambo or Trocadero. Around the bar in Ciro's great deals were consummated, from the selection of stories for future productions down to marriages and divorces. I myself overheard Mischa Auer, seated amicably on a high stool at the bar, arranging his divorce with his wife who was seated on the adjoining stool. Both had Old Fashioneds grasped in one hand, while they displayed new fashions most realistically.

DON the Beachcomber's remains a favorite dining place. There they specialize in the wonderful rum drinks of the West Indies and the names of these are quaint indeed. One Zombie to each customer is all the house allows, because after two Zombies it would be too expensive to cart out the customer, take him home and put him to bed. A "Shark's Tooth" is a much lighter drink and you can have as many of these as you wish. If you are wise you will limit your wishes.

It was at the Beachcomber's that I had the privilege of giving the first party in honor of Ingrid Bergman, who was escorted by the David Selznicks. David is a great friend of mine and, as you know, was the producer of "Rebecca," "Suspicion" and the unforgettable "Gone With The Wind."

It was Ingrid's first night out in Hollywood. I often wonder what her feelings must have been as she entered the Beachcomber's, which is in almost complete darkness except for very low candlelight on the little tables. Now and then, as you probably know, there is the simulated sound of rain on the roof as if it were, indeed, the rainy season in the tropics. And always there is the heavy scent of gardenias.

Ingrid, accustomed to Swedish punch, was wise enough to go slowly with the strong rum drinks. I liked her from the very start for her humility and sincerity.

No Hollywood datebook would be complete without mention of the Brown Derbys. There's the Hollywood Derby on famous Vine Street, half a block from Hollywood Boulevard, with its clever caricatures of stars framed on the walls, a vivid and amusing frieze, and with tourists standing outside waiting to see celebrities. The Bamboo Room is the rendezvous here. In the Beverly Hills Derby, it is the Hunting Room Bar which collects stars at luncheon and on cook's night out, which is practically every night these days when many of the best cooks have departed to work in defense plants.

Also there is The Players, Preston Sturges's restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. The prices here are high, as high as Romanoffs, the food is excellent and the clientele select. Invitations to the parties Preston gives at The Players are much sought after.

Speaking of food, as I seem to—and always with enthusiasm—there is the Cock and Bull, on the verge of Beverly Hills, which has nothing spectacular about its narrow room except stars to be found at its crowded tables.

AMONG the outstanding hostesses in the film colony—whether they entertain at home or in cafes—are Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Mrs. Jack Warner and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, all producers' wives.

Part of Mrs. Jack Warner's success as a hostess is due to the fact that she has a beautiful home. However, she is also very warm and very hospitable—two things which above all contribute to being a good hostess. I'll never forget the party she gave for General Henry J. Arnold, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, and his staff. It was the most beautiful dinner, although she didn't know until ten o'clock that morning, when Mr. Warner telephoned her to say the General was in town and he would like to entertain him, that she was giving a party. How she managed I will never know for, to complicate matters, her very excellent cook was away that day.

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck's beach house at Santa Monica is smaller than the Jack Warner house in Beverly Hills and less formal, but it has great charm. As soon as you step inside you feel perfectly at home. Wendell Willkie recently was a Zanuck house-guest. During his visit Mrs. Zanuck telephoned me one afternoon to exclaim, "Quite unexpectedly I've just had thirty men for lunch!" Yet I'll guarantee that the luncheon, even though hastily planned, was an all-around success.

The Samuel Goldwyns entertain at smaller parties than the Warners or the Zanucks. They do not give buffet parties but seat everyone. Frances Goldwyn manages somehow to keep an excellent cook and always to have the very people you want most to see.

Kay Francis, on the other hand, is the best Hollywood bachelor-girl hostess I know. Kay, who worked hard for fifteen years and was always clever about her investments is, first of all, very rich. Her house in Beverly Hills, shaped like a circle, surrounds a beautiful swimming pool bordered with a terrace and flowers. Usually Kay's grand parties begin with cocktails, then bathing in the pool followed by dinner. Recently, however, when she gave the first dinner dance Hollywood has seen since the war, there was no bathing. The pool flowered with pond lilies. Lanterns shed soft light. And a wonderful band supplied the dance music.

This party marked the first appearance socially of Errol Flynn since his trial. He was very stately, very aloof. He talked to few people. Most of the time he sat apart in dignity with a few cronies.

HOLLYWOOD opened its arms to Evalyn Walsh McLean because she is a real person with the sweetness and hard-boiled philosophy of the West inherited from her miner father who discovered the Walsh gold vein. She and I gave a party every Saturday night during our stay in Hollywood. One evening we entertained that wonderful mental telepathist and hypnotist, John Calvert.

John, who is very handsome, takes his

This Christmas remember him with WAR BONDS.

remarkable gifts lightly. Primarily he is interested in an acting career, for which he is being tested by David Selznick. He would be a splendid heavy and, I think, might very well replace George Raft.

After dinner he was kind enough to make a few tests for us in thought transference and mind reading. Gary Cooper and I taped his eyes completely over with adhesive. We made very sure he could see nothing. Time after time, however, he was able to determine the object one of us held in our hands and telegraph his knowledge of this object to Cary Grant whom he had stationed two rooms away—whereupon Cary would call out the object's name. The most spectacular moment of all came when Gary concentrated upon the serial numbers of the watch he held in his hand and Calvert, still blindfolded, divined what these numbers were and telegraphed them to Cary who called them off, from his post down the hall, with one hundred per cent accuracy.

This amazed Gary. A man of few words, he insisted upon going into the room where Cary was and examining Cary's pockets, his hair and his ears, for clues as to how this baffling trick had been accomplished. Quite solemnly he said:

"Cary, what have you got that I haven't? I'm sure I couldn't do what you've done."

"Don't worry, Mr. Cooper," interrupted John Calvert, "you'll be pleased to know that the brighter a man is the better subject he is. So, if you want to submit yourself to a test—let's go!"

Gary, looking down from his great height, shook his head dubiously. "I don't think I'll risk it," he said, "this time."

AT ANOTHER of our supper dances we put on an old-fashioned Virginia reel. Why they don't have more of them in Hollywood I don't know, because the various gyrations of this quaint square dance are an excellent way to show off the grace of the stars.

Interestingly enough, Virginia Bruce came out a little more glamorously than the others in the Virginia reel. She was chosen as a partner by Reginald Gardiner. They made a stunning couple, he with his dark hair, she with her blonde beauty. It was a dream to watch her go through the dance. As you know, when one couple has done its bowing and scraping another couple steps forward. But to my amazement every time I looked up there were Virginia and her partner back in the middle of the floor.

Cutest of all was little Janet Gaynor, who held her head high like a thoroughbred colt and pranced prettily—a delight for the eye to see. Virginia was all in white, with a red rose in her hair. Janet's red hair was unadorned but was set off by a dress of gold lace—a short dinner outfit created by Adrian, her husband.

Rosalind Russell, who called the turns at the top of her lungs, was dressed in stately white. Her husband, Freddie Brisson, couldn't make out what it was all about. Born in Denmark, Freddie had never heard of a Virginia reel but freely conceded Copenhagen had missed a good bet.

Though the Hollywood social world is no longer a bouncing baby it has grown up only halfway. Underneath their cool sophistication the stars at play are really children after all. That to me is one of their greatest charms. People who enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of play radiate fun and life. And how the world loves them for it!

They'd brighten anyone's datebook—let alone Hollywood's.

THE END

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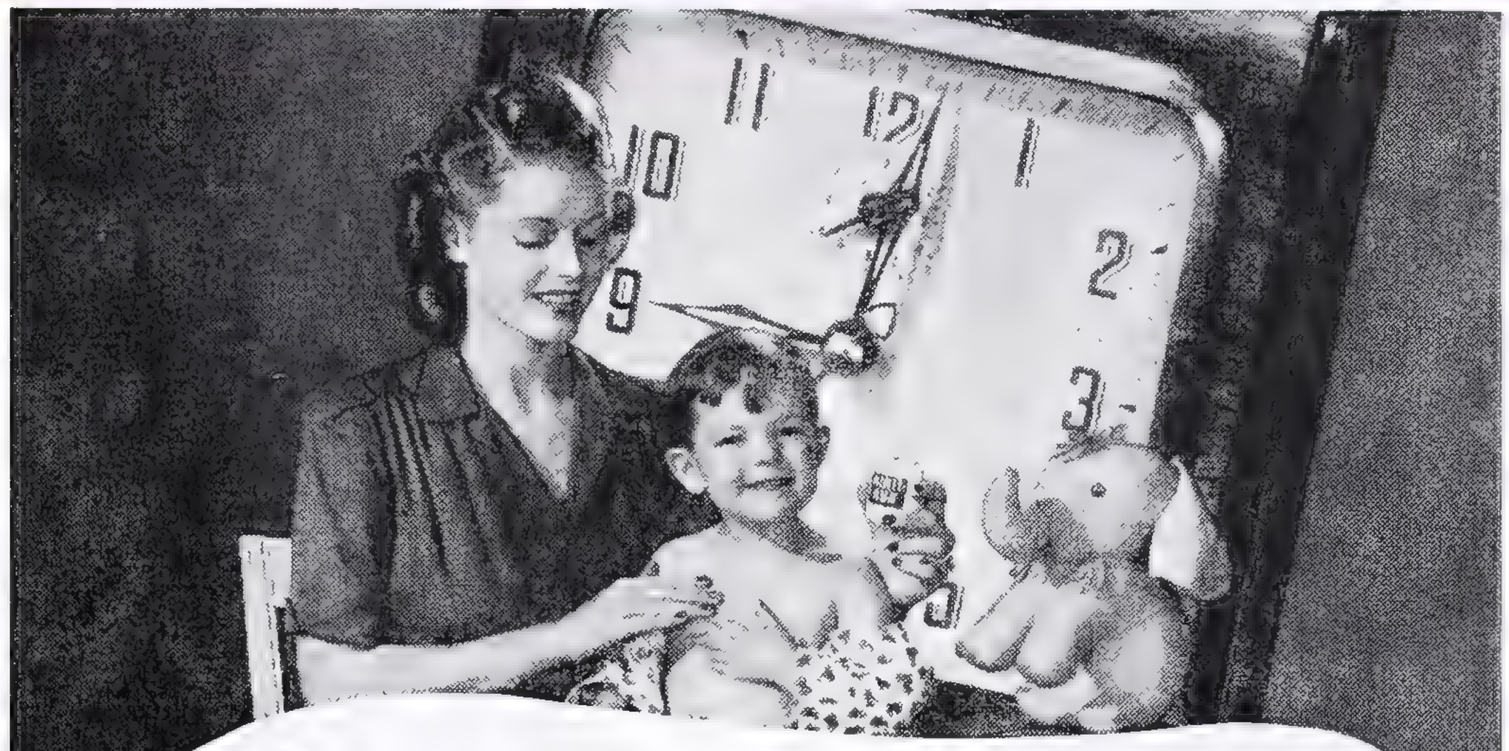
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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 60*)

✓*I DOOD IT*—M-G-M: Good fun about a valet in a swanky hotel who adores stage-queen Eleanor Powell marries her when she becomes jealous of her stage partner, Richard Ainley, and travels from despair to happiness. Red Skelton gives the role of the valet all the business that riots the customers and Jimmy Dorsey, Hazel Scott and Lena Horne all add to the entertainment. (Oct.)

✓✓*JANE EYRE*—20th Century-Fox: The best "Love Affair" has Orson Welles as the headstrong, impetuous *Rochester.* Welles is wonderful. Joan Fontaine as the timid, retiring governess to his child, Margaret O'Brien, is the perfect foil for him. Peggy Ann Garner as the child *Jane,* Edith Barrett as the housekeeper and Henry Daniell as head of the school are all excellent. (Dec.)

✓✓*JOHNNY COME LATELY*—U. A.: James Cagney is a tramp newspaper man charged with vagrancy in a small Midwestern town. Grace George, who runs a local paper, bails him out and gives him a job, and in gratitude Jimmy helps in her campaign to run the local grafting politician out of town. It's a quaint and entertaining story with Hattie McDaniel, Marjorie Main, William Henry and Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

JUNIOR ARMY—Columbia: Billy Halop befriends English Freddie Bartholomew, so Freddie's uncle sends him to military school as a reward. Hoodlum Billy almost wrecks the school before he finally melts under the good sportsmanship of Freddie. (Oct.)

✓✓*LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A*—RKO: That champion comedienne, Jean Arthur, outdoes herself in the matter of grabbing the laughs as a New York working girl who takes a bus trip out West. At a rodeo she meets cowboy John Wayne and becomes so entranced she misses her bus. What goes on while she's waiting for the vehicle to gather her up on its return trip is the basis for some very funny business. (Nov.)

LARCENY WITH MUSIC—Universal: Allan Jones is a supposed heir to a fortune who is grabbed up on a fifty-fifty basis by Leo Carrillo, owner of a night club. Kitty Carlisle, as the singer who was let out when Jones came in, sings delightfully, the King Sisters are vocal honeys and the Alvino Rey orchestra provides swell music. (Dec.)

✓✓*LASSIE COME HOME*—M-G-M: When Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester sell the dog Lassie to Nigel Bruce it almost breaks the heart of their son Roddy McDowall, but Lassie refuses the separation and begins the perilous trek from Scotland back to England and Roddy. The tale of Lassie is a story to fill the heart with warmth and courage. (Nov.)

✓✓*LET'S FACE IT*—Paramount: Bob Hope is an Army private in love with physical-culture teacher Betty Hutton who runs a near-by milk farm. When Bob and two buddies spend a week end with three old girls who want to make their husbands jealous and the husbands turn up with three young girls and Betty arrives with the buddies' fiancees, the picture skyrockets. It's all for laughs. (Oct.)

✓*MAN FROM DOWN UNDER, THE*—M-G-M: Australian soldier Charles Laughton adopts two orphans at the end of World War I and takes them home with him. One grows up to be Richard Carlson, a prize fighter, and the other is Donna Reed. The two fall in love though they've always believed they were brother and sister. Binnie Barnes is the girl Laughton jilted. (Nov.)

NOBODY'S DARLING—Republic: Mary Lee is the unpretty daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George, who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help their offspring bring about a new understanding between them. Mary sings well. (Nov.)

✓*PARIS AFTER DARK*—20th Century-Fox: Stirring drama, sincere and believable, about the French resistance to the Nazis. George Sanders plays a doctor who is head of the Paris Underground and Brenda Marshall is his assistant. Then Brenda's husband, Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and returns home, his spirit broken. Madeleine LeBeau, Raymond Roe and Marcel Dalio round out the cast. (Dec.)

PETTICOAT LARCENY—RKO-Radio: Joan Carroll is a child radio star who tires of her trite material and sets out to find more realistic stuff in the course of which she meets up with three burglars whom she convinces she herself is a miniature robber. Ruth Warrick, Walter Reed, Wally Brown and Tom Kennedy have quite a time for themselves. (Oct.)

✓✓*PRINCESS O'ROURKE*—Warners: A gay, charming comedy about an American pilot, Robert Cummings, who, unaware of her identity, falls in love with a royal princess, Olivia de Havilland. Much of the action takes place in the White House after Olivia's uncle, Charles Coburn, has given his approval to the match. Jack Carson and Jane Wyman are so good, and you'll enjoy the sparkling gags. (Dec.)

✓✓*SAHARA*—Columbia: Humphrey Bogart does a terrific job as the Sergeant of an American tank crew, whittled through conflict to three men, who in their retreat across the Sahara gather up a contingent of British soldiers, an Italian prisoner and a German flier and eventually stave off a Nazi attack. Rex Ingram, Kurt Krueger and Bruce Bennett are also very good. (Dec.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH—Universal: *Sherlock* (Basil Rathbone) is right in his element of castles on the moor where murder stalks. The castle has been turned into a nursing home with *Dr. Watson* (Nigel Bruce) at the helm, and when his assistant is murdered, *Sherlock* unravels the mystery, but only after murder strikes again. (Dec.)

✓*SILVER SPURS*—Republic: Cowboy Roy Rogers puts an ad in a Lonely Hearts column; his boss, Jerome Cowan, wants a wife, Phyllis Brooks, reporter on the paper, answers the ad herself and is forced into marriage with Cowan, only to have him killed immediately after the wedding. Rogers is blamed and it all becomes quite exciting. (Oct.)

✓*SKY'S THE LIMIT, THE*—RKO-Radio: Fred Astaire is a Flying Tiger, tired of being lionized, so he escapes from his buddies and goes to the big city in search of love and adventure. He finds it in the person of photographer Joan Leslie, who dances with him beautifully. Robert Benchley's after-dinner speech as Joan's boss is a classic. (Oct.)

✓*SO THIS IS WASHINGTON*—RKO: Chester Lauck and Norris Goff are in top form as the country storekeepers, *Lum* and *Abner,* who invent what they think is synthetic rubber and go to Washington to submit it to Alan Mowbray. The gags involving their finding a room and trying to cut the red tape around Mowbray are timely and hilarious. (Dec.)

✓*SOMEONE TO REMEMBER*—Republic: This story of an old lady, Mabel Paige, who refuses to move from a residential hotel that has been sold as a boys' college dormitory, has originality and quaint charm. She takes an interest in John Craven, helps him make his grades, and also promotes his marriage to cute Dorothy Morris. (Nov.)

SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS—Monogram; Billy Gilbert, a barber, teams up with actor Frank Fay to become a riotous success as a vaudeville team. But then Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie Baker and when he becomes involved in the death of a chorus girl Gilbert gallumphs back into the picture. With the Radio Rogues and Harry Langdon. (Oct.)

STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE—Universal: A fantastic tale of a man who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband has been shot by the Nazis, so she vows vengeance and is finally brought before the man she believes is Hitler. Unfortunately she unknowingly murders her husband instead of the real Hitler. (Nov.)

SUBMARINE BASE—PRC: John Litel, former detective and only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship, is dragged from tropical waters by gangster Alan Baxter and taken to an Island base where he discovers that Baxter is aiding the Axis. Eric Blore, Lewis Alberni, George Metaxa and Fifi D'Orsay make up a pretty good cast. (Oct.)

Big Wish Grant-ed!

Here's the exclusive you've been hoping to see for a long time—a confidential account of that famous couple—

Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton

revealed by the noted Louella O. Parsons in the February issue

✓✓*SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY*—20th Century-Fox: A typical 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical with several good songs and a fine cast. Robert Young is a reporter who exposes Betty Grable as a former Brooklyn burlesque queen so she gets back at him by giving out gooey but untrue stories of their engagement. Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Gardiner and Virginia Grey trim up the story. (Dec.)

✓✓*THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS*—Warners: The slim story thread in this giant revue has S. Z. Sakall and Edward Everett Horton attempting to put on a benefit which is taken over by bossy Eddie Cantor. Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie attempt to crash the benefit, in which such stars as Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson and Olivia de Havilland shine brightly. (Nov.)

✓✓✓*THIS IS THE ARMY*—Warners: A magnificent job is this tremendous musical film turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. George Murphy plays the instigator of the 1918 soldier show "Yip, Yip Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan his son who puts on the 1938 show. You'll see Irving Berlin, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, Sgt. Joe Lewis and Uncle Sam's soldiers. (Oct.)

✓✓*THOUSANDS CHEER*—M-G-M: A tiptop musical, with Kathryn Grayson, daughter of Colonel John Boles, falling in love with Private Gene Kelly. Then guest stars, including Jose Iturbi, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell, are brought to the camp to put on a show —and what a show! You'll cheer it all, too. (Dec.)

THUMBS UP—Republic: Brenda Joyce, an American singer in London, goes into a British defense plant when she learns that a producer is going to recruit talent from such plants. She meets heartaches when her true motives are revealed, but is regenerated through patriotism and flyer Richard Fraser. Gertrude Niesen sings a number and Elsa Lanchester is Brenda's pal. (Oct.)

✓*TOP MAN*—Universal: A light comedy with a message, this tells of Donald O'Connor's infatuation for Susanna Foster, a newcomer to the town, and how he eventually leads the town's hep cats away from their frivolity into a defense plant. Susanna sings divinely and Donald and his pal Peggy Ryan clown and caper all over the place. It's good fun.

TORNADO—Paramount: All about the unhappiness caused a man by his socially ambitious wife, with Chester Morris as the coal miner who marries showgirl Nancy Kelly, who goads him on to success only to prove unfaithful. Nancy does a swell job and Morris has never been more likable. Gwen Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support. (Nov.)

✓*TRUE TO LIFE*—Paramount: Dick Powell and Franchot Tone are a team of radio writers who are slipping fast. When Dick discovers Mary Martin singing in a little cafe and she takes him home to her erratic family, he decides to put their antics on the air. His radio serial is a success until the family catches on, and then the trouble really starts. Vic Moore, the father, is a scream. (Nov.)

✓✓*VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER*—Disney-U.A.: The most unusual film of the year, and one which every American should see, is this history of aviation, past, present and future. It's a plea by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force; and with the aid of Disney's men of genius, the type of bomber needed to smash at the heart of Tokio itself is pictured. (Oct.)

✓✓*WATCH ON THE RHINE*—Warners: Paul Lukas is the active German anti-Nazi who returns with his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her home in Virginia, and the soul-searing events following their arrival are almost unbelievable. Lucille Watson as Bette's mother is superb, George Coulouris is splendid as the would-be Nazi, and Lukas gives a wonderful performance. It's a must-see. (Nov.)

✓*WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED*—Universal: This is all about the training and the social and romantic life of the students of famous Texas A and M college and is an interesting, informative and exciting picture. Richard Quine is a student who becomes a target of suspicion through his friendship with two Japs and how he turns traitor to his country is thrilling. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery Jr. are very good. (Oct.)

✓✓*WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN*—M-G-M: Red Skelton, amateur radio detective, is accused by the police of being a notorious murderer, all of which he thinks very funny until he finds himself trapped in a warehouse with Ann Rutherford, Rags Ragland and Jean Rogers. The fracas finally ends on the ball field of the Brooklyn Dodgers with "dem bums" all mixed up in it. There's a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

✓*WINTERTIME*—20th Century-Fox: The ice routines are the best thing in this weak little story, with Jack Oakie and Cornel Wilde owners of a defunct resort hotel whence come S. Z. Sakall and Sonja Henie, thinking it's a swanky resort. Carole Landis chases Cesar Romero who chases Helene Reynolds, but outside of Sonja's routines nothing matters much. (Dec.)

War Bonds now mean merrier Christmases to come.

Farewell to Happiness!



You may be startled by this frankly-written story . . . But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that Jim had begun to change. That might tell her what was wrong.

It wasn't as if they really quarreled. If they did . . . she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who just stayed aloof and silent —and drifted farther and farther away, taking your happiness with him.

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (*See free book offer below.*)

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has . . .* one which you may not suspect. And what to use, as a precaution, is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection) Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes not by just masking, but by actually *destroying* odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

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GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 34-K, Jefferson, Iowa



Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 4) in person. There were no Klieg lights, studio trademarks, director build-ups or Technicolor magic, but I realized that these United Artists are playing the greatest role of their careers.

Touring far-flung battlefronts, putting on canteen shows, praying and breaking bread with the servicemen and traveling thousands of miles to sell millions of dollars worth of War Bonds, this heroic band could not be associated with anything but healthy, morale-packed entertainment.

The entire motion-picture industry is backing the attack with spiritual and temporal ammunition and after the boys come home producers will never again find it necessary to offer a free set of dishes or a jackpot award to keep a long box-office line waiting to say: "Four adults and six children please."

Mrs. L. K. Strader,
Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
Glamour and Garson

WE WERE on our way back to our barracks from the Post theater when the subject of movie actresses was brought up.

"Lana Turner is my idea of what a girl should be like," said one.

"I'll take Betty Grable as my pin-up girl," another soldier added.

"Rita Hayworth is the one who starts me to dreaming," replied the third.

Then it was time for the last G.I. to express his opinion. "Well," he said, "I have my favorite. She is by far the most charming and lovable lady on the screen today. She seems to be everything good, honest and desirable. If you will stop to think, you too will choose Greer Garson."

A short silence was broken by three equally excited voices all shouting the praises of "our" favorite, Miss Garson. And I might add—the kind of praises that any star would be proud to hear from even their closest friends.

Pvt. William B. Haynes,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE
Listen, Mr. Benny . . .

I'VE BEEN hearing quite a bit about Jack Benny's idea to award medals to Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair for their work entertaining the boys overseas. That is a very noble gesture on Mr. Benny's part, I'm sure, but I'm afraid I don't agree with him. The four stars did a splendid job entertaining our boys and I think they should be commended for it, but I think this medal business is silly. They did risk their lives over there, but so do all our servicemen and women who are over there right now.

This is the point: If those four stars are given medals, I think that every serviceman and woman who goes overseas should be given a medal also. Surely they are giving as much as Kay, Carole, Martha and Mitzi gave.

Jeanne Bourne,
Santa Rosa, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
It's Killing!

I PROTEST! I demand a retake!

What's all the fuss about? Just this: It all started with Jimmy Cagney, George Raft, Eddie G. Robinson and the Dead-enders. They went soft.

So they started a fad. Humphrey Bogart changed from crook to cop in "Maltese Falcon." Ray Massey went straight in "Invaders." Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre didn't kill anyone in "Casablanca." Bette Davis went romantic in "Now, Voyager," and is no longer the gal you love to hate.

Joseph Cotten is no longer a psychopathic killer. Alan Ladd has changed from Lug to Lover. Even that bea-utiful bad man, Helmut Dantine, has gone good.

And now, the last straw! The handsomest heel in Hollywood, George Sanders, turns hero.

Give us back our heels. Stop killing off our killers!

Beatrice Boulware,
Denver, Colorado.

$1.00 PRIZE
Oklahoma Speaking

I'M AN "Oakie" and I am far from being ashamed of it. The "Grapes Of Wrath" has dubbed all Oklahomans as "Oakies." Most Californians speak of our state as though it were an ugly, uncolorful and rather uncivilized place.

Why can't a movie be made to boost Oklahoma? Perhaps one of the stage play, "Oklahoma," which has gone over with such a bang.

"We "Oakies" have the same feelings, see the same shows, like the same music and live our lives very little differently from people in other states. Believe it or not—we do wear shoes.

Juanita Jones,
Erick, Oklahoma.

HONORABLE MENTION

RECENTLY attending the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, I had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Oleg Cassini (Gene Tierney). I can truthfully say that Gene Tierney was as sincere, congenial and hospitable a lady as any soldier would ever want to know.

Many a time she would sit at the P.X. with Ollie and some of my other classmates and be as sweet and friendly as our favorite girl friends.

Good luck to Gene and Ollie from all the troopers.

Staff Sgt. Daniel L. Lieberfarb,
Camp Wolters, Texas.

OUTSIDE of Walt Disney's "Saludos Amigos" and some superficial pictures about travel in Latin America such as "Down Argentine Way" Hollywood is doing little to strengthen the solidarity between the United States and the Latin American countries. What the producers have failed to realize is that Latin America has developed a valuable resource of literature of her own, many works of which have been translated into English and which would make excellent material for films.

Frederick McCulloch,
Evanston, Ill.

ON the recent visit of the Hollywood Victory Caravan to Philadelphia the star who really made a surprise impression on the city of "Brotherly Love" was Dick Powell.

We liked the vitality and appreciation that Dick Powell radiated. The other stars were super and did a swell job, but they lacked the "so glad to be with you" feeling of which Dick Powell had plenty to splash around.

Clare T. Dailey,
Philadelphia, Penn.

Order of the Wedding Day

(*Continued from page* 24) miles from Beverly Hills, Glenn had found himself able to visit his girl every week end.

"I kept thinking how wonderful it would be if she were already my wife," he said. "I'd expected to be shipped across long before, but as time went by and I wasn't, I wanted so to hurry up and marry her before it was too late, that I even planned the date! If I didn't go overseas before October rolled around, I'd ask her to forget our previous ideas about waiting until after the war and marry me then."

Whereupon Glenn became the best-natured, most obliging and most well-behaved Marine in Camp Pendleton. He saw to it that there was no cause for his C.O. not to grant him his heart's desire—a beautiful furlough for purposes of marriage and honeymooning.

October came, and Glenn, now a sergeant, was still stationed at Pendleton. "O. K. . . . I'm going to pop the question!" he determined—and Eleanor left town! With her long stint at the Metro studios over, she had gone to San Francisco for two weeks of personal appearances. So for two whole week ends he couldn't see her. But when she got back, she found a young man bubbling with plans.

"Ellie," he began elaborately, with a sidelong glance at the girl sitting beside him in the comfortable Powell library, "I have an idea." Suddenly the tactical approach vanished in thin air and he blurted, "Will you marry me Saturday the twenty-third? Don't you see, darling," he charged on before she could interrupt, "we'll have ten whole days for a honeymoon!"

Ellie couldn't resist such a wonderful idea. "You know," she said excitedly, "they tell me San Francisco is a fascinating place. I've never had time to find out. Wouldn't it be grand for a honeymoon?"

GLENN will never forget how his bride looked. With all of ten frantic days to make wedding preparations, she marched to the altar in the most beautiful bridal gown, veil and flowers he'd ever seen. Practical Mrs. Ford-to-be had planned a simple, not-too-bridey affair which could be worn later at suitable occasions. But practical Mrs. Ford-to-be, or "Sentimental Susie" as she calls herself, went all out for the bride stuff!

Something old? "My shoes," smiled Eleanor. "I bought them long ago for a very special routine." Inside one of her slippers was a sixpence. "For more luck," she laughed happily, "but I'm *not* superstitious!"

Something new? The beautiful satin dress, of course, with its row of tiny buttons marching down the back.

Something borrowed? The lovely handkerchief which her secretary and only bridal attendant had loaned her. "She carried it at her own wedding," Eleanor said.

Something blue? The tiny four-leaf clover with one infinitesimal pink rosebud that the dressmaker had sewn inside the neckline of her dress.

The bridal bouquet was a surprise, planned and designed by Eleanor's mother—a frothy dream of large, satin-bound white orchids, from which tumbled a snowy waterfall of baby orchids and tulle.

THOSE last few minutes before the ceremony, while the guests were assembling in the white fairyland of the living room below, Glenn spent in the front bedroom upstairs with his "best man and best friend" Ned Crawford. The bride sat in her own bedroom and chatted with her secretary-matron of honor. Both Ellie and Glenn, according to best man and matron of honor, talked sensibly, quietly and well. But neither Ellie nor Glenn, for all that, have the faintest idea of what they talked about.

The reception was very gay and very lively, and Sergeant and Mrs. Glenn Ford had a lovely time. There were the kisses and congratulations in the living room and then Glenn and Ellie, trailed by photographers, went to the dining room to cut the great white wedding cake, made for them by the chef of the Brown Derby and standing now on the lace-covered table surrounded by creamy gardenias.

"Put your hand over hers!" called Glenn's mother as Eleanor and Glenn grasped the silver cutter.

"Yes'm," said the groom dutifully—though he probably doesn't remember ever saying it!

It was too happy a reception for Glenn and Ellie to remember anything special—except that they had a wonderful time. They had a wonderful time in San Francisco, too—making the rounds of the restaurants, storing up the memories that will mean so much to them when this war is over and they can settle down to that good, solid-oak domesticity they both want.

Until that time, however, there will be enough to keep them busy and passably happy. Ellie, who is already slated to make a big picture for another studio, will be occupied with her work. Glenn, waiting and hoping for his turn to be shipped across, will continue to do his best to honor the Marine uniform he wears so proudly.

And their week ends, when they are together, will be for them to spend planning and dreaming of their life together.

THE END

LUCKY 7 for A LUCKY LADY

who's going to make her soldier proud of her at Christmastime!

So your son, your husband, your brother, your beau, is coming home for the holidays . . . Don't Betray Him!

1. Don't talk about anything you have not seen in print or heard on the radio, even if it seems to be something about which everybody knows.
2. Avoid telling even your good friends what Johnny says about his unit.
3. Don't discuss troop movements.
4. If somebody else talks, don't pass on the information.
5. Don't talk about your work in a war plant.
6. Avoid causing hysteria by inferring there are spies everywhere.
7. Remember that the enemy is depending on you to pass on the various secrets he wants. Forestall this by silence on any subject about which you have doubts.



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Skilled hands on the assembly line . . . efficient hands for added daily responsibilities . . . determined hands, rolling bandages, tending canteens. To do their best, these busy hands must be at their best. Chamberlain's Lotion aids in protecting them from painful cracking, chapping, ugly redness . . . helps to keep them soft, smooth, beautifully conditioned. Chamberlain's is the clear, golden Lotion that dries with convenient quickness . . . the Lotion that leaves the delightfully fresh fragrance of orange blossoms on the skin. Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly: before you start your work, again when it is done.

Your toilet goods counter may be out of Chamberlain's Lotion at times. Call again in a few days . . . this condition is only temporary.



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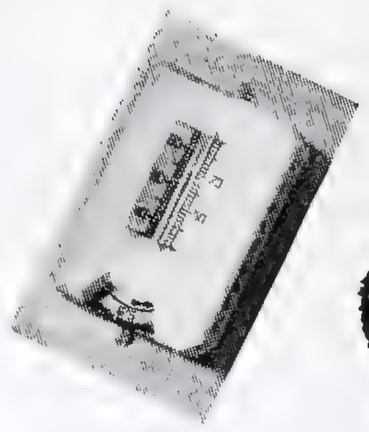


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CHILL-CHASERS

"B-r-r-r-r," says the weather man, "it's going to be a cold winter!" So if you're smart—and aren't we all!—you'll follow the "save heat" lead of the Kellys: Gene, Betsy and Baby Kerry, who are cheerily going about the snug-as-a-bug business. And all according to the rules laid down by experts!

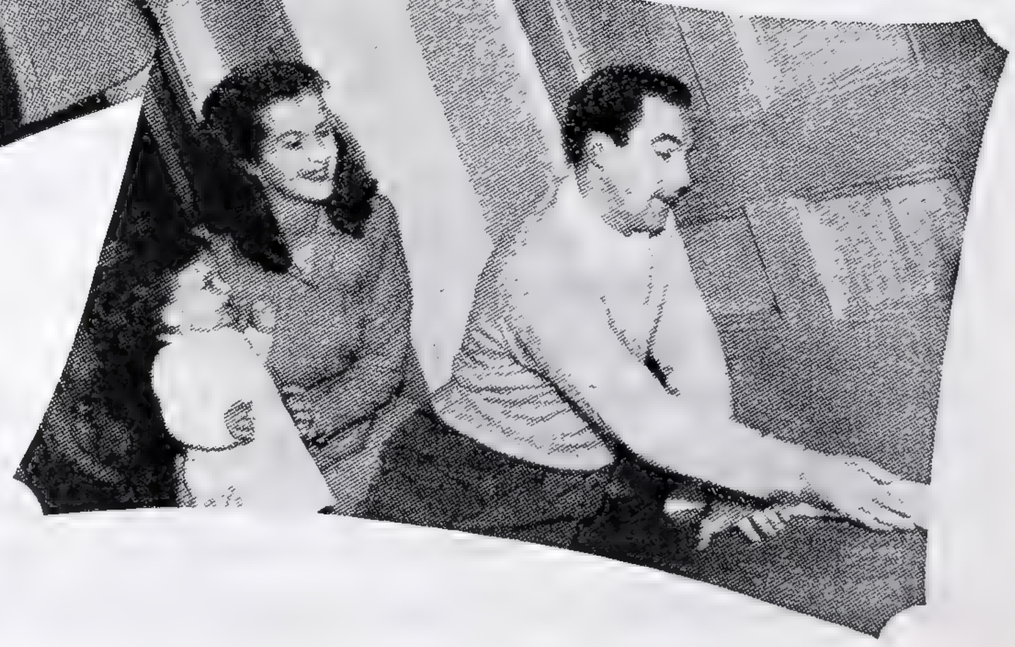


Ever hear of caulking cracks around the windows and doors? It's done with a compound and spray gun—and good-by Jack Frost!

Handy man—or woman—around the house can weather-strip his home in nothing flat



Listen at this kind of keyhole and you hear no cold wind! Stop up the keyholes of all unused doors this winter



Keep the temperature at 65; wear warm clothes à la Kelly; block cracks of unused doors and you'll almost have June in January

Cal York's Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 15) a career first, last and always, and therefore men and love and home and marriage are subconsciously relegated to the ash heap. Or, maybe it's the question of having to leave Hollywood to follow him. Or, maybe it's just that they haven't met the right man and Hollywood, believe it or not, is not the place to meet him unless they want an actor for a beau—and they seldom do!

Cal's Letter to Servicemen: Thanks for the letters, fellows. I enjoyed every one of them. Yours, Sergeant Ken Jones of Cal's own home town, but now in North Africa; yours, Marine Pfc. Skip Blauvelt, somewhere in Italy; yours, Ensign Ed Frank, down in New Caledonia; yours, Sailor Bill Appleton of New Jersey, out somewhere on the Atlantic; yours, Ensign Bob Sears, in the Aleutians; and the dozens of others. The thing that amazes Cal is where you got hold of all those Photoplays!

True, some of the issues you wrote about were a few months old, but the fact you cherished them and enjoyed them enough to write us about them is a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. In reply let me give you the Hollywood picture as it is this month.

Errol Flynn, whom you seemed to enjoy in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" (those of you lucky enough to see new pictures), is back in the papers again. Shirley Evans Hassau has filed suit against the actor, charging him with being the father of her daughter, Marilyn Evans, born November 13, 1940.

Flynn himself almost did a bit of suing on his own. He was furious at a New York publishing firm which published asserted reflections on Flynn's courage while visiting the Spanish Civil War front in 1937.

After a conference with his attorney, Flynn decided the cost of prosecuting "wouldn't be worth the time and effort involved."

How would you like to have printed statements go out about you, fellows? Wow!

Bets are on that that wedding never comes off between Betty Hutton and radio-writer Charles Martin. So in case any of you fellows were torching for Betty, cheer up.

Wish we could tell you the name of that famous couple who were warned by the police to stop parking in that certain dark spot. Whewie!

Charles Chaplin Jr., eighteen-year-old son of the famous comic, was sworn into the Army and hoped to be allowed to join the cavalry.

His younger brother, Sidney, now seventeen, expects to go in when he comes of age.

Joan Barry, who some time ago accused Chaplin Sr. of being the father of her unborn child, had her baby. It's a girl, Carol Ann.

A blood test to determine the fatherhood of the child will be given shortly.

Chaplin's former wife, Paulette Goddard, gets Cal's vote as the gal who grows prettier by the minute. Every time we see Paulette we think she's lovelier than the last time.

Speaking of pretty girls, that little Marjorie Riordan, who played in "Stage Door Canteen," has been taken over by Warner Brothers. But speaking of simply gorgeous "critters" have you seen pictures of Warners' blue-eyed, golden-haired, dimpled-cheeked Dolores Moran? What a dish! Write for a picture of Dolores to Warner Brothers Studios, in Burbank, California, and be the envy of every fellow in camp.

Not a one of you who has seen action has ever witnessed a man as fighting mad as Gene Kelly when that misinformed (as usual) radio columnist had him and Mrs. Kelly separating. Was that Irishman Kelly boiling!

Ann Sheridan is sweet on a fellow called Oscar Brooke, who works for Warner Brothers down in Mexico, which is one of the reasons Annie favors hot tamaleland. Anyway, Ann took off for New York expecting to meet Oscar there only he couldn't make it.

Some meanies suggest Warners wouldn't let him. Ann didn't let it spoil her fun. Steve Hannigan, who seems to meet all visiting movie stars at the station, showed her a whale of a time.

Hear you servicemen resent Bette Davis' song, "They're Either Too Young or Too Old" in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." We can see your point.

The songs that have everyone humming now are "Wait For Me, Mary," "People Will Say We're In Love," and "Pistol Packin' Mama." (What a title!)

Someone asked Orson Welles, who wed Rita Hayworth whom he sawed in half during the run of his famous magic show, when he first fell in love with Rita. He replied, "When I first sawed her." Ouch!

In a scene for Eddie Cantor's new picture, a cutie suggests she and Eddie marry and maybe have a little baby boy.

Eddie then turns to the audience and says, "Somebody please tell her about me."

So long, fellows, keep writing. It means a lot to old Cal to hear from you.



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Just send your name, address and **ring size** (paste coupon on a postcard or put it in an envelope). We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total $4. We trust you. No red tape, as you make first payment and a few cents for tax and mailing costs to postman on arrival, then balance any time within 30 days. **Money back guaranteed.**
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Deal Yourself in on Life

(*Continued from page* 41) just that. When I was a child star I had my mother to supervise my home life. And if I so much as said, 'Shall I lunch at the Brown Derby today?' I had a crowd around advising me. Johnny, whom I married when I was eighteen, also looked after me.

"It was quite an experience for me to discover I must see that the gas bill was paid, that the milkman brought the milk, or life would not go on—would not go on smoothly, at any rate.

"That was only the beginning. Soon I had to stand on my own feet in other ways, decide exactly what I wanted to do and frequently find the courage to do it. I had to decide, for instance, to return—with Julie—to the Brentwood house we left when Johnny and I parted. To leave the house you and your husband have shared is somehow the conventional thing to do when there is a divorce. However, Johnny and I had not been happy in that house, had lived there only a short time and had shared very little in it. It was, however, important to Julie. She had played with Deanna Durbin's small nephew and the other children who lived along our road ever since she could remember. The postman and the milkman were her friends. There was the neighborhood drugstore where she bought ice-cream cones. It was her world. So, facing this truth, I moved back.

"There's no end to the trails you blaze when you begin to stand on your own feet. Your entire existence changes into a far better thing than it ever was before. You change into a far, far more interesting and colorful human being than you were before—automatically.

"Little by little you gain initiative and confidence and release the individual you are potentially; an individual, incidentally, which far too many people keep forever trapped within themselves because of a combination of fears and inhibitions.

"I have found this business of standing on my own feet to be comprised of little things. Also that it takes a surprisingly long time, that it is as gradual a process as a baby's learning to walk—taking one step, sitting down; then moving cautiously and not too surely from one object to another—while you measure your strength.

"It's such a little thing as meeting people more bravely. So you don't shrink down into your shoulders and talk too fast or else mumble so no one knows or cares what you say. So, instead, you speak up and, with your hand outstretched, say 'How do you do. How are you?' And, consequently, become more important in others' eyes.

"It is such a little thing as when someone says: 'Would you like a cocktail?' You do not answer: 'If you want one I'll take one,' but say, 'Yes, thank you. I would like a Scotch Old-Fashioned!'

"AT first you may be a little aggressive. But I don't think this is too important when it means you are on the way to conquering yourself. I had many discouragements and setbacks when I began the long and still unfinished business of conquering myself—the only person or thing in the world I have any wish to conquer, by the way. However, I realized if I didn't do this I would pay endlessly—in fears and trembling and tears in bed. In such recriminations as, 'I'm nobody! I have no strength of character. I don't know where I'm going. I don't know what I'm doing.'

"Besides, there are good rewards along the way, even the first rockiest part of the way . . . There are all those times when you can stand before your mirror and say, 'I did all right tonight,' or 'Once I wouldn't have had the courage to speak up.'

"Best of all," Anne went on with frank triumph, "I no longer treat men any differently than I treat women. Because I no longer tremble in my boots for fear I won't appear popular with men or for fear men themselves will think I'm running after them, I behave neither with exaggerated gaiety nor in a stiff, unfriendly manner. When I think of the men in the past I surely must have rebuffed by these poses—men who might have been good friends—I have a real sense of loss.

"Of course I have flirted. It's such fun. But I'm twenty-four now, not sixteen. I'm twenty-four mentally and emotionally as well as in the family Bible. So I've known that flirting was a game, not anything to be taken seriously; and those I've flirted with have known this, too.

"Another thing: When you begin possessing yourself, even a little, you have more courage in your selection of clothes.



Lo! "The Sultan's Daughter": Meaning brown-eyed, brown-haired Ann Corio all dressed up to intrigue you. She's a little gal with a bright past, being one of thirteen children in a Hartford, Connecticut, family and having come to Hollywood via church-play, chorus-girl, burlesque route

If you long for a fuchsia dress you buy a fuchsia dress, irrespective of how startling it may be with your coloring. If anyone suggests your fuchsia dress is a little on the loud side you say, 'I know. But it does something for me. I'm happy wearing it!' And you do not give it away or hang it in the back of your closet.

"You don't buy things you don't want, either. If you go into a shop for a red blouse you don't come out with a yellow blouse simply because you feel you must buy something after taking the salesgirl's time. She probably is a nice person and your feeling that she thinks you ought to buy something is the product of your timid and uncertain mind.

"YOU also have your own opinions and you stand up to them. Even when everyone else at a party thinks So and So was magnificent in a certain picture you say, 'I'm sorry, I thought she gave a dreadful performance,' if that's what you sincerely do think.

"Once," she says, "if any critic said, 'Anne Shirley gives a very bad performance,' I would have had but one alternative—to kill myself!

"Now I would decide what that particular critic's opinion was worth. Or if I should receive unanimously bad reviews—while I would be far from happy—I wouldn't quit pictures. I would try to decide why my performance was as bad as it must have been . . . whether I hadn't worked hard enough, hadn't understood the character, or never should have been cast in that role in the first place.

"I keep thinking of a friend who did something I didn't like recently. I went to her and said, 'You did so and so. I don't think it's any good!'

"I couldn't believe I was hearing my own voice. . . .

"My friend was pleased I had gone to her and given her a chance to explain. Which she did, very simply. So that our relationship now is better than ever before. Once it wouldn't have been. Once I would have buried my head in the sand like an ostrich, said nothing, built up reservations and our relationship would have been ruined, of course.

"DON'T let me give the impression that I have conquered myself completely. Far from it. I'm still shy, among other things, about facing a crowd and being of any entertainment value. I can sit in a corner with a single person and tell the story about the Marine and the General and, like a good ham, enjoy doing this, hold interest and get a laugh. But should I be asked to repeat that story for a crowd I couldn't do it to save my life. Proving, of course, I don't possess myself too well at all.

"But I never stop giving thanks that I am, at least, on my way.

"For obviously it is only by standing on your own feet, by asserting yourself, that you can hope to win the favors life has to dispense. Obviously it's stupid to sit back and expect individuality, popularity, success or love—or anything else—to drop into your lap."

She smiled, a new and provocative smile. "I've found it an exciting business, too—discovering what I really think, what I really want, what I really feel—really meeting Anne Shirley. For twenty-two years I didn't know myself at all; I lived with a stranger.

"That's no fun. And it gets you nowhere—that is, nowhere you want to go."

THE END

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How to Reduce

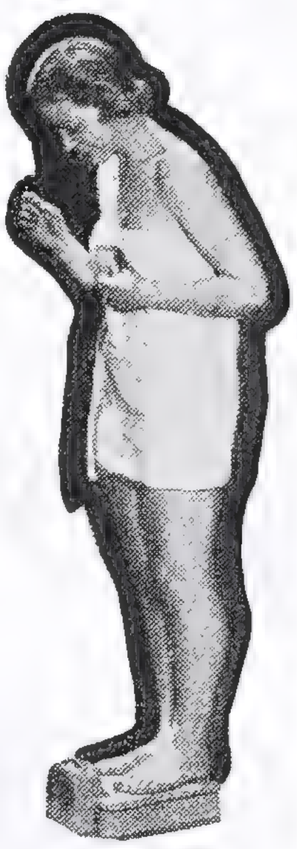
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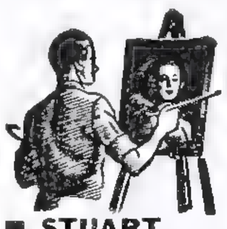
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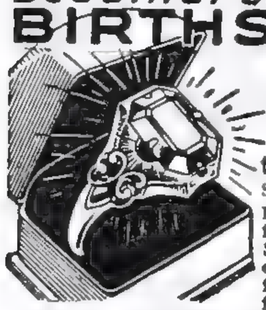
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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 6*)

✓✓ Crazy House (Universal)

It's About: *"Are you kidding?"*

THEY'RE back! That mad-as-a-hatter team of loco weed comics, Olsen and Johnson, for a repeat of their hilarious nightmare "Hellzapoppin." I'm warning you, friends, if you cherish your tottering sanity don't go within ten blocks of "Crazy House" or you'll be a candidate for a permanent guest.

To begin with, the premise is a riot. The boys arrive in Los Angeles with parades and banners flying to make another picture for Universal only to find the studio will have none of them. In fact, the only way they can get within the gates is to be shot over the wall from a cannon.

Once inside they decide to make their own picture, hire an assistant director to take over and accept the backing of a fever-brained millionaire who hasn't a dime outside of his imagination. Now you can take it from there. We're busy looking for someplace quiet to cool off.

Martha O'Driscoll, who sings (we wonder why), and Patric Knowles furnish a bit of romance; Cass Daley, who is twice as confusing in a double role, Billy Gilbert, Edgar Kennedy, Franklin Pangborn and literally dozens of people get all mixed up in the thing.

The DeMarcos are wonderful as a dance team and Chandra Kaley and his dancers most impressive.

Ramsay Ames, Count Basie and orchestra, Leighton Noble and orchestra, Percy Kilbride, Fred Sanborn, Marion Hutton and the Glenn Miller singers are just a few of those present and accounted for. Olsen and Johnson themselves are in top form in a purely escapist mumble jumble of monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Nuts!

✓✓ The Iron Major (RKO)

It's About: *The life story of a football coach and soldier.*

A TYPICAL Pat O'Brien role just about sums up this life story of Major Frank Cavanaugh, football coach and later war hero of World War I. In fact, we can't think of anyone better fitted to portray this man, this husband, father and typical American.

His capacity to instill spirit and strength into his teams while coaching at Cincinnati University, Holy Cross, Dartmouth, Boston College and Fordham is well defined. And to prove he practices his preachings, Cavanaugh joins up as a private when World War I explodes. From the ranks he is gradually promoted to the rank of Major and returns home broken in health but not in spirit.

Audiences, unfamiliar with Cavanaugh, may find the biographical tale a bit jumpy in spots. The love story between O'Brien and Ruth Warrick is tenderly moving. Robert Ryan, as Father Donovan, and Russell Wade, as the boy who loses his nerve under fire, are outstanding, but it's O'Brien's picture and he deserves it.

Your Reviewer Says: Faith translated into action.

✓ You're A Lucky Fellow, Mr. Smith (Universal)

It's About: *A marriage of inconvenience.*

YOU'VE gone through it before—this story of a girl who must marry by midnight in order to inherit money under terms of a will. But you've never been caught in a troop train quarantined with measles, which is the newest angle under the sun.

Anyway, it's all gay and funny in its little B way, with soldier Allan Jones a partner to the marriage scheme and Evelyn Ankers the schemer.

Patsy O'Connor, who pretends to have the measles, is a pert little cutie who puts over songs as they should be put over.

Billie Burke flutters around in the background. David Bruce, the waiting bridegroom robbed of his bride, deserved to win her in the first place, if you ask us, but of course you didn't.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the same old South, yuk, yuk, yuk!

Best Pictures of the Month

Guadalcanal Diary

The North Star

Lost Angel

Best Performances

Margaret O'Brien in "Lost Angel"

Anne Baxter in "The North Star"

Dana Andrews in "The North Star"

Walter Huston in "The North Star"

Jane Withers in "The North Star"

Farley Granger in "The North Star"

Gildersleeve On Broadway (RKO)

It's About: *Uncle hits Broadway and Broadway hits back.*

ONE of our favorite radio characters is the man with the laugh—the *Great Gildersleeve* in person. But on the screen he loses something—mainly the audience, this time, who aren't amused at *Gildy's* heading for New York to straighten out his niece's romance. Of course, you just know *Gildy* gets involved with too many women and the results are as corny as an Iowa farm.

Billie Burke has no business fluttering around in this opus. She hasn't enough to do.

The funniest scene takes place between *Gildy*, a boy and a bag of candy. The bag wins.

Your Reviewer Says: "Tain't funny, McGee!"

✓ Good Luck, Mr. Yates (Columbia)

It's About: *An instructor who enlists in the Army and the ensuing unpleasantness.*

JESS BARKER is a young instructor in a military school who sets off to enlist. A slight ear ailment defers his enlistment and while recovering he goes to work in a shipyard, without telling friends. Word is brought back to the school that Barker is a slacker and all sorts of unpleasantness ensue until matters are straightened out.

Your Reviewer Says: An appealing story.

Mystery Broadcast (Republic)

It's About: *A radio sleuth who attempts to solve an unsolved crime.*

RUTH TERRY has a "This Crime Was Never Solved" radio show that is slipping. Sponsor says more excitement or no show. So Miss Terry, goaded by radio rival Frank Albertson, attempts actually to solve an old murder and does she wish she hadn't before she's through!

Your Reviewer Says: You're on the air, kids.

Harvest Melody (P.R.C.)

It's About: *A movie star who volunteers to work on a farm.*

MOVIE star Rosemary Lane is slipping badly in pictures so her smooth press agent, Sheldon Leonard, sells her on the idea of helping out in the harvest emergency by becoming a worker on Johnny Downs' farm and thus getting herself a lot of publicity.

Rosemary sings several songs, and the Radio Rogues and Eddie Le Baron's orchestra add to the entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to the farm.

Hi'Ya Sailor (Universal)

It's About: *A sailor who tries to get a song published.*

DONALD WOODS is a sailor in the Merchant Marine who comes to New York with several pals in order to get one of his songs published. After being gypped by a phony publisher he meets a girl cab driver, Elyse Knox, and she tries to help him get his song introduced by an entertainer. The main purpose of this little picture is to present a lot of specialty acts and the orchestras of Ray Eberle and Wingy Minone, so Elyse takes Woods and his pals to a servicemen's canteen and night club, where most of the numbers are presented.

It's packed with songs and dances, the Delta Rhythm Boys and the Hacker Duo being especially good.

Your Reviewer Says: Almost a vaudeville show.

Mystery Of The Thirteenth Guest (Monogram)

It's About: *A murderer who seeks to inherit a fortune.*

HELEN PARRISH, and various relations, return to the mansion of her departed grandfather, closed for thirteen long years (the mansion, not the grandfather), to hear the reading of a will. Someone among those assembled almost succeeds in annihilating Miss Parrish, the heiress, in the first reel and finally does succeed in bumping off several others before being spotted by a clever sleuth, played by Dick Purcell.

Tim Ryan, of the homicide squad, is an amusing dumb bunny who keeps things lively even when the corpses grow thickest.

Your Reviewer Says: A brain-relaxer.

Here Comes Elmer (Republic)

It's About: *A small-time radio gang that lands in New York.*

IF you enjoy Al Pearce and his radio gang, including Arlene Harris and Elmer Blurt (played by Pearce), you'll probably enjoy this thin-as-sliced-baloney story of a small-time radio group lured to New York by a fake telegram.

Dale Evans, formerly of the Edgar Bergen air show, sings "Baby, You're So Good to Me" most entertainingly. Pearce goes into his "Blurt" character, Arlene Harris gabbles, gabbles, Jan Garber and his orchestra please the ear, Pinky Tomlin sings an oldie while Gloria Stuart and Frank Albertson contribute the hearts-in-tune department.

It grows wearisome in spots.

Your Reviewer Says: Radio comes to the movies.

✓ Man From Music Mountain (Republic)

It's About: *A radio star who gets caught in a feud.*

ROY ROGERS has the darnedest time trying to prove to Ruth Terry that he's on her side and is not the villain that is responsible for the havoc that befalls her sheep. Personally, had we been Roy, we'd have let the stubborn young lady fight it out for herself.

It all happens when Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers arrive in Duane County to put on a radio show. There he learns of a fracas between the sheep and cattle men with Miss Terry's sheep the victims.

Riding to her ranch to help, Rogers discovers the ranch foreman is the real culprit but before he can prove this to Miss Terry's satisfaction he almost loses his own life.

By the time Roy proves his innocence everyone's patience is almost exhausted. But the ridin' and shootin' and feudin' are sure fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of goings-on out there on the ranch.

✓✓ Guadalcanal Diary (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *A picturized account of our capture of the South Pacific base.*

ACCURATE enough to carry weight, interesting enough to hold attention, "Guadalcanal Diary" becomes an important document of this war and should be seen by every American.

Taken from the story "Guadalcanal Diary" by Richard Tregaskis, the picture reveals how our Marines landed on the Jap-infested Island, their long heartbreaking wait, during nerve-shattering bombings, for reinforcements from the air, their losses due to Jap deception and their eventual routing of the little brown bedbugs.

The cast measures up to the best with every member giving an impressive performance. Preston Foster, as the Chaplain, Lloyd Nolan, as the sergeant, William Bendix and Anthony Quinn, as privates, are particularly outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: History comes to life.



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✓ The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek (Paramount)

It's About: *The astounding consequences of a sudden elopement.*

BEWILDERING in its theme, "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" confounds, astounds, amuses, amazes, perplexes and borders cagily on the edge of bad taste.

Briefly the story has Betty Hutton and Diana Lynn, daughters of a needlessly violent father William Demarest, who forbids Betty to attend a farewell dance for soldiers. Using her faithful old beau, Eddie Bracken, as a foil, Betty goes to the dance, gets intoxicated and remembers vaguely getting married under an assumed name.

When Betty discovers a baby is on the way, she confesses her plight to Bracken who attempts to help her through another marriage. This ends in such a holocaust of confusion as you never sat through.

Your Reviewer Says: We'd like to know what *you* think.

The Mad Ghoul (Universal)

It's About: *That mad scientist is here again!*

GEORGE ZUCCO is the mad scientist who has discovered a lethal gas that turns people into Zombies. So what does Zucco do but try it on his young assistant, David Bruce. The gas may prove fatal unless the fluid from the heart of a newly deceased corpse is injected into the Zombie so what do these two weirdies do but stalk Bruce's fiance, Evelyn Ankers, who is on a concert tour.

The new sensation, Turhan Bey, has a nice bit as Miss Ankers' accompanist.

Your Reviewer Says: Look out! He's right behind you!

✓ Son Of Dracula (Universal)

It's About: *Dracula's offspring who proves a chip off the old block.*

IT is unthinkable that anything so unhealthy in habit should become father to a child. But he does, alas, alas, to the regret of Louise Allbritton, who marries him.

Robert Paige, her former suitor, is all mixed up in the fracas.

Evelyn Ankers, as Louise's sister, is very good. Lon Chaney, as *Dracula Jr.*, is most believable.

Your Reviewer Says: Hold on to your toupee.

Find The Blackmailer (Warner Brothers)

It's About: *An incriminating crow.*

OH, for the love of Pete! Of all the silly, asinine time-wasters, this is it. Can you imagine, for instance, a political candidate for mayor hiring a detective to steal a crow that utters a phrase that might incriminate the politician in a scandal?

Anyway, Gene Lockhart, Jerome Cowan and Faye Emerson have our sympathy.

Your Reviewer Says: Give it the bird!

Never A Dull Moment (Universal)

It's About: *Three vaudevillians who are mistaken for crooks.*

IT'S comic, we guess. Yes, thinking it over, it is kinda cute.

This time the three Ritzes, Harry, Al and Jimmy, are a trio of half-baked vaudevillians who invade the office of a booking agent who is an undercover man for crooks, racketeers and what have you. In the agent's absence the boys answer the phone and accept a job in a New York night club, believing themselves hired as entertainers whereas the job was meant for three crooks.

The realization, once they're in the club, of their real purpose there, brings on some unusual consequences.

Your Reviewer Says: Never a dull moment.

✓ Riding High (Paramount)

It's About: *The love story of an ex-burlesque queen and a mining engineer.*

DOROTHY LAMOUR trades in her sarong for an abbreviated Indian costume, a scanty mounty outfit and a harum-scarum contraption to sing and dance her way through a fairly amusing musical.

The film, definitely escapist, is laid against the colorful background of an Arizona dude ranch and deals with the on-again, off-again love affair of Dottie and Dick Powell under the guiding counterfeiting hands of that lovable scoundrel Victor Moore. Halfway through we began wishing they'd make up their minds, which gives you some idea.

Cass Daley comes into her singing own in this film.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical mix-up.

The Dancing Masters (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *Name something it isn't about.*

LAUREL and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of "The Arthur Hurry School of Dancing" and then as cupid to Trudy Marshall and Robert Bailey; next as demonstrators of Bailey's new flame thrower, which the hero has invented (and needless to say, they gum up the proceedings), and somewhere along the line they fall for an insurance policy with Laurel attempting to break his leg on a roller coaster to reap the benefits.

Oh! It is awful, we do declare, and sometimes very funny. We got a couple of good healthy guffaws out of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Be still, my fluttering nerves.

✓ Northern Pursuit (Warner Brothers)

It's About: *The Northwest Mounties who clash wits with Nazi invaders.*

THE story starts out with a promise of excitement to come but somewhere along the line the bottom drops out.

Helmut Dantine, intense as ever, is a regular little beehive of commotion. As the Nazi colonel secretly landed in Canada by a German sub, Helmut is handsome, believable, and packs a lot of authority behind his acting. Errol Flynn, just as brave and handsome as ever, is the Northwest Mountie pitted against Dantine in a game of wits and subterfuge.

Julie Bishop is Flynn's sweetheart who is taken along by Dantine on a hazardous journey to a secret Nazi fortification. Flynn, pretending to be pro-Nazi, is the guide

The tag line as delivered by Flynn sent the preview audience rolling on the floor

Your Reviewer Says: Incredible, but we bet it makes money.

Casts of Current Pictures

CRAZY HOUSE—Universal: *Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson,* Themselves; *Margie,* Martha O'Driscoll; *Eddie MacLean,* Patric Knowles; *Sadie Silverfish and Cass Daley,* Cass Daley; *Col. Merriweather,* Percy Kilbride; *Leighton Noble,* Himself; *Col. Wagstaff,* Thomas Gomez; *Judge,* Edgar Kennedy; *Announcer,* Ray Walker; *Lawyer,* Robert Emmet Keane; *Hotel Manager,* Franklin Pangborn; *Fud,* Chester Clute; and Billy Gilbert, Richard Lane, Hans Conried, Shemp Howard, Fred Sanborn, Leo Carrillo, Grace McDonald, Lon Chaney, Andy Devine, The DeMarcos, Glen Miller Singers, Shandra Kaley Dancers, Laison Bros., The Five Hertzogs, Bobby Brooks, Ward and Van, Terry Sheldon, Harry Powers, Billy Reed, Count Basie and his Band.

DANCING MASTERS, THE—Twentieth Century-Fox: *Laurel & Hardy,* Themselves; *Mary Harlan,* Trudy Marshall; *Grant Lawrence,* Robert Bailey; *Wentworth Harlan,* Matt Briggs; *Mrs. Harlan,* Margaret Dumont; *George Worthing,* Allan Lane; *Silvio,* Nestor Paiva; *Jasper,* George Lloyd; *Mickey,* Bob Mitchum; *Clerk,* Edward Earle; *Butler,* Charles Rogers; *Dentist,* Sherry Hall; *Pianist,* Sam Ash; *Truck Driver,* William Haade; *Director,* Arthur Space; *Mother,* Daphne Pollard.

FIND THE BLACKMAILER—Warners: *D. L. Trees,* Jerome Cowan; *Mona Vance,* Faye Emerson; *John M. Rhodes,* Gene Lockhart; *Pandora Pines,* Marjorie Hoshelle; *Harper,* Robert Kent; *Detective Cramer,* Wade Boteler; *Ray Hicky,* John Harmon; *Farrell,* Bradley Page; *Olen,* Lou Lubin; Coleman, Ralph Peters.

GILDERSLEEVE ON BROADWAY—RKO: *Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve,* Harold Peary; *Laura Chandler,* Billie Burke; *Francine,* Claire Carleton; *Marjorie,* Margaret Landry; *Leroy,* Freddie Mercer; *Peavey,* Richard Legrand; *Matilda,* Ann Doran; *Homer,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Jimmy,* Michael Road; *Stanley,* Teddy Infuhr; *Birdie,* Lillian Randolph.

GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES—Columbia: *Ruth Jones,* Claire Trevor; *Oliver Yates,* Jess Barker; *Jonesy Jones,* Edgar Buchanan; *Charlie Edmonds,* Tom Neal; *Dr. Carl Hesser,* Albert Basserman; *Johnny Zaloris,* Tommy Cook; *Joe Briggs,* Frank Sully; *Monty King,* Douglas Leavitt; *Mike Zaloris,* Henry Armetta; *Katy Zaloris,* Rosina Galli; *Plunkett,* Billy Roy; *Bob Coles,* Conrad Binyon; *Ross,* Bobby Larson; *Wilson,* Rudy Wissler; *Jimmy Dixon,* Scotty Beckett; *Peter,* Shimen Ruskin; The Bob Mitchell Boy Choir and The Sheriff's Boys Band.

GUADALCANAL DIARY—Twentieth Century-Fox: *Father Donnelly,* Preston Foster; *Hook Malone,* Lloyd Nolan; *Taxi Potts,* William Bendix; *Captain Davis,* Richard Conte; *Soose,* Anthony Quinn; *Private Johnny Anderson,* Richard Jaeckel; *Captain Cross,* Roy Roberts; *Colonel Grayson,* Minor Watson; *Ned Bowman,* Ralph Byrd; *Butch,* Lionel Stander; *Correspondent,* Reed Hadley; *Lieutenant Thurmond,* John Archer; *Tex,* Eddie Acuff; *Dispatch Officer,* Harry Carter; *Sammy,* Robert Rose; *Major,* Jack Luden; *Lieutenant,* Louis Hart; *Captain,* Tom Dawson; *Weatherby,* Miles Mander; *Colonel Thompson,* Selmer Jackson.

HARVEST MELODY—P. R. C.: *Gilda Parker,* Rosemary Lane; *Tommy,* Johnny Downs; *Chuck,* Sheldon Leonard; *Nancy,* Charlotte Wynters; *Cafe Manager,* Luis Alberni; *Daisy,* Claire Rochelle; *Spot,* Syd Saylor; *Jane,* Marjorie Manners; *Pa Nelson,* Henry Hall; *Canvas,* Billy Nelson; *Cigarette Girl,* Frances Gladwin; *Ma Nelson,* Marin Sais; *Burton,* Herbert Hays.

HERE COMES ELMER—Republic: *Al Pearce and Elmer Blurt,* Al Pearce; *Jean Foster,* Dale Evans; *Joe Maxwell,* Frank Albertson; *Glenda Forbes,* Gloria Stuart; *Wally Vernon,* Wally Vernon; *Nick Cochrane,* Nick Cochrane; *Horace Parrot,* Will Wright; *P. J. Ellis,* Thurston Hall; *Louie Burch,* Ben Welden; *Postelwaite,* Chester Clute; *Dr. Zichy,* Luis Alberni; *Johnson,* Tom Kennedy; and Artie Auerbach, Arlene Harris, William Comstock, "Pinkie" Tomlin, Wendell Niles, The Sportsmen, The King Cole Trio, and Jan Garber and His Band.

HI'YA SAILOR—Universal: *Bob,* Donald Woods; *Pat,* Elyse Knox; *Asher,* Jerome Cowan; *Deadpan,* Frank Jenks; *Bull,* Matt Willis; *Corky,* Eddie Quillan; *Annabelle,* Phyllis Brooks; and Chaney Trio, George Beatty, Hacker Duo, Delta Rhythm Boys, Neillson Sisters, Wingy Minone.

IN OLD OKLAHOMA—Republic: *Dan Somers,* John Wayne; *Catherine Allen,* Martha Scott; *Hunk Gardner,* Albert Dekker; *Desprit Dean,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Bessie Bexar,* Marjorie Rambeau; *"Cuddles" Walker,* Dale Evans; *Richardson,* Grant Withers; *Teddy Roosevelt,* Sidney Blackmer; *The Cherokee Kid,* Paul Fix; *Mrs. Ames,* Cecil Cunningham; *Ben (Telegraph Operator),* Irving Bacon; *Wilkins,* Byron Foulger; *Mrs. Peabody,* Anne O'Neal; *Walter,* Richard Graham.

IRON MAJOR, THE—RKO: *Major Frank Cavanaugh,* Pat O'Brien; *Florence Cavanaugh,* Ruth Warrick; *Robert Stewart,* Leon Ames; *Father Donovan,* Robert Ryan; *Private Manning,* Russell Wade; *Frank Cavanaugh,* Robert Winkler; *Robert Stewart,* Billy Roy; *Ma Cavanaugh,* Dorothy Vaughn; *Pa Cavanaugh,* Frank Shannon; *Helen Cavanaugh,* Margaret Landry; *Major White,* Pierre Watkin; *Lieut. Stone,* Robert Anderson; *Prof. Runnymeade,* Ian Wolfe; *Pete,* Sam McDaniel; *Hiker Joy,* Himself; *David Cavanaugh,* Richard Martin; *Phil Cavanaugh,* James Jordan; *Bill Cavanaugh,* Dean Bewton; *John Cavanaugh,* Kirk Alyn; *Francis Cavanaugh,* Victor Killian Jr.; *Paul Cavanaugh,* Myron Healy; *Sara Cavanaugh,* Barbara Hale.

LOST ANGEL — M-G-M: *Alpha,* Margaret O'Brien; *Mike Regan,* James Craig; *Katie Mallory,* Marsha Hunt; *Professor Peter Vincent,* Philip Mervale; *Professor Pringle,* Henry O'Neill; *Professor Catty,* Donald Meek; *Packy,* Keenan Wynn; *Dr. Woodring,* Alan Napier; *Rhoda Kitterick,* Sara Haden; *Mrs. Catty,* Kathleen Lockhart; *Professor Endicott,* Walter Fenner; *Professor Richards,* Howard Freeman; *Mrs. Pringle,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Jerry,* Bobby Blake.

MAD GHOUL, THE—Universal: *Ted Allison,* David Bruce; *Isabel Lewis,* Evelyn Ankers; *Dr. Alfred Morris,* George Zucco; *Eric Iverson,* Turhan Bey; *Detective Garrity,* Charles McGraw; *Ken McClure,* Robert Armstrong; *Sgt. Macklin,* Milburn Stone; *Gavigan and Della,* Rose Hobart.

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic: *Roy Rogers,* Roy Rogers; *Pat Brady,* Pat Brady; *Laramie Winters,* Ruth Terry; *Victor Marsh,* Paul Kelly; *Penny Winters,* Ann Gillis; *Christina Kellogg,* Renie Riano; *Adobe Joe,* Arthur Aylsworth; *Sheriff Joe Darcey,* Geo. Cleveland; *Arthur Davis,* Paul Harvey; *Bob Nolan & The Sons of the Pioneers,* Themselves; *Slade,* Hal Taliaferro; *Barker,* Jay Novello.

MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK, THE—Paramount: *Norval Jones,* Eddie Bracken; *Trudy Kockenlocker,* Betty Hutton; *Emmy Kockenlocker,* Diana Lynn; *Officer Kockenlocker,* William Demarest; *Justice of the Peace,* Porter Hall; *Mr. Tuerck,* Emory Parnell; *Mr. Johnson,* Alan Bridge; *Mr. Rafferty,* Julius Tannen; *Newspaper Editor,* Victor Potel; *McGinty and The Boss.*

MYSTERY BROADCAST — Republic: *Mike Jerome,* Frank Albertson; *Jan Cornell,* Ruth Terry; *Mida Kent,* Alice Fleming; *Smitty,* Mary Treen; *Don Fletcher,* Emmet Vogan; *A. J. Sterling,* Paul Harvey; *Eve Sterling,* Wynne Gibson; *Ricky Moreno,* Nils Asher; *Bill Burton,* Addison Richards; *Chief Daniels,* Joseph Crehan; *Crunch,* Francis Pierlot; *Astor,* George Byron; *Actress,* Maxine Doyle; *Carrie "organist",* Cecil Weston; *Dugan,* Charles Hayes; *Asst. Producer,* Larry Stewart.

MYSTERY OF THE THIRTEENTH GUEST—Monogram: *Johnny,* Dick Purcell; *Marie,* Helen Parrish; *Burke,* Tim Ryan; *Speed,* Frank Faylen; *Harold,* John Duncan; *Jackson,* Jon Dawson; *Morgan,* Paul McVey; *Marjory,* Jacqueline Dalya; *Barksdale,* Cyril Ring; *Dist. Atty.,* Addison Richards.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT—Universal: *Three Funny Bunnies,* Harry Ritz, Al Ritz, Jimmy Ritz; *Julie Russell,* Frances Langford; *Dick Manning,* Stuart Crawford; *Mrs. Scyler Manning,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Flo,* Mary Beth Hughes; *Tony Rocco,* George Zucco; *Joey,* Jack Larue; *Romeo,* Sammy Stein; *Mrs. Vandrake,* Barbara Brown; *Commodore Barclay,* Douglas Wood; *Murphy,* Charles Jordan; *Dance Team,* Igor & Pogi.

NORTHERN PURSUIT—Warners: *Steve Wagner,* Errol Flynn; *Laura McBain,* Julie Bishop; *Hugo von Keller,* Helmut Dantine; *Jim Austen,* John Ridgely; *Ernst,* Gene Lockhart; *Inspector Barnett,* Tom Tully; *Dagor,* Bernard Nedell; *Sergeant,* Warren Douglas; *Jean,* Monte Blue; *Angus McBain,* Alec Craig; *Hobby,* Tom Fadden; *Alice,* Rose Higgins; *Heinzmann,* Richard Alden; *German Aviator,* John Royce; *Indian Guide,* Joe Herrera; *Radio Operator,* Carl Harbaugh.

NORTH STAR, THE—RKO-Radio: *Marina,* Anne Baxter; *Kolya,* Dana Andrews; *Dr. Kurin,* Walter Huston; *Karp,* Walter Brennan; *Sophia,* Ann Harding; *Clavdia,* Jane Withers; *Damian,* Farley Granger; *Dr. von Harden,* Erich von Stroheim; *Rodion,* Dean Jagger; *Grisha,* Eric Roberts; *Boris,* Carl Benton Reid; *Olga,* Ann Carter; *Anna,* Esther Dale; *Nadya,* Ruth Nelson; *Iakin,* Paul Guilfoyle; *Dr. Richter,* Martin Kosleck; *German captain,* Tonio Selwart; *German lieutenant,* Peter Pohlenz; *Russian pilot,* Robert Lowery; *Russian gunner,* Gene O'Donnell; *Petrov,* Frank Wilcox; *Woman on hospital cot,* Loudie Claar; *Guerrilla girl,* Lynn Winthrop; *Petya,* Charles Bates.

RIDING HIGH—Paramount: *Ann Castle,* Dorothy Lamour; *Steve Baird,* Dick Powell; *Mortimer J. Slocum,* Victor Moore; *Bob "Foggy" Day,* Gil Lamb; *Tess Connors,* Cass Daley; *Chuck Stuart,* Bill Goodwin; *Sam Welch,* Rod Cameron; *Jack Holbrook,* Glen Langan; Milt Britton and band.

SON OF DRACULA—Universal: *Count Dracula,* Lon Chaney; *Frank Stanley,* Robert Paige; *Katherine Caldwell,* Louise Allbritton; *Claire Caldwell,* Evelyn Ankers; *Doctor Brewster,* Frank Craven; *Professor Lazlo,* J. Edward Bromberg; *Judge Simmons,* Samul S. Hinds; *Madame Zimba,* Adeline DeWalt Reynolds; *Sheriff Dawes,* Patrick Moriarity; *Sarah,* Etta McDaniel; *Colonel Caldwell,* George Irving.

YOU'RE A LUCKY FELLOW, MR. SMITH—Universal: *Tony,* Allan Jones; *Lynn,* Evelyn Ankers; *Peggy,* Patsy O'Connor; *Aunt Harriet,* Billie Burke; *Harvey,* David Bruce; *Squirt,* Stanley Clements.



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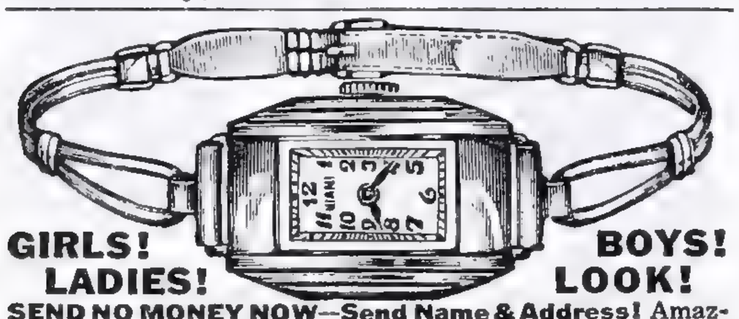
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Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel Brothers
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr

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It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

The Date Dress (With Long Skirt and Bodice)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Company
Baton Rouge, La.—Ellzey Shop
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito
Cleveland, Ohio—The Lindner Corporation
Columbia, S. C.—Allens
Chicago, Ill.—Mandell Brothers
Denver, Colo.—Daniels & Fisher
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson & Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer Company
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Mo.—Adler's
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Company
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Portland, Ore.—Lyman Wolfe
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Richmond, Va.—Miller Rhoads
San Francisco, Cal.—City of Paris
Spokane, Wash.—Weinstock Luben
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Company
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Youngstown, Ohio—Charles Livingston & Sons

Sparkle Dress With Nailheads

Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson Paxon
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Company
Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch Brothers & Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Del Monte
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery & Company
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jonassons
San Antonio, Texas—Jaske Brothers
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Worcester, Mass.—The Shepard Company
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RKO RADIO PICTURES
Hear Frankie Sing His Own Hit Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," "The Music Stopped," "You Belong in a Love Song," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."

(*Continued from page* 21) with Mayo, Bogie loves Mayo. They were married on August 20, 1938. Bogie likes being married. He's essentially a lone wolf type of person who doesn't like to be alone. "The very thought of you" always reminds him of Mayo and he doesn't need a reminder. She understands him, appreciates him and indulges him.

"Our house bends but it never breaks," grins Bogie. "We live in every part of it. No decorator has managed to rope off a room. Our friends are always welcome. Sometimes a friend brings a friend. Gradually it earned the name—'Liberty Hall'."

AS a husband, Bogie is generous and inconsistent. They live on a budget. Each has an allowance. Bogie looks ahead and is the first one to tell you, "It can't go on forever." When they staged a show to raise money for the penniless widow of a comedian, he cryptically remarked, "There will *never* be benefits for Bogart."

The first of the month finds Bogie checking over house bills. A two-hundred-dollar coat for Mayo? Okay. But wait—who's Joe Bush? Why is he dunning them for $2.98. What *for?*

Mayo carefully explains. Joe Bush fixes frigidaires. The frigidaire needed fixing. The services for Joe Bush amount to $2.98. Bogie says it's ridiculous. The studio could do it for half the price.

Mayo usually smiles to herself and remains silent. Then there are times when she doesn't feel like smiling to herself. So she doesn't remain silent. For reasons less and more important, they're known as the "Battling Bogarts." It's not to be taken seriously. Certainly *not* by them.

BECAUSE the face doesn't go with his kidding, Bogie sometimes gives the wrong impression. It doesn't upset him. In "Passage To Marseille," his latest picture, Claude Rains was before the camera. Bogie walked on the set just as Claude had to turn his head. raise one eyebrow. That was all. No dialogue. In a voice that caused a tumult, Bogie cracked, "And he gets paid five thousand dollars a week for doing *that.*"

To Bogie, everyone is a "Kreep"—a word he picked up from his good friend Peter Lorre. (If you want proof of that camaraderie, see the story on page 48.) You can be a good "Kreep"—one he likes. Or, you can be a "Kreep" that gives him a pain in all the wrong places. It all depends on the way he says it. If he wants to remember your name and can't, he calls you "kiddie."

One morning, being late on the set, he dashed out of "Boystown"—his name for the make-up department. In the doorway he ran smack into Madame Ouspenskaya. Without stopping, Bogie glanced back over his shoulder. In the friendliest of fashion he shouted: "Good morning. How are ya—*kiddie?*"

Because he thinks the movie star thing is a racket, the Bogart humor will not allow him to take it seriously. As a result, his personal publicists have mental orgies. Among the finer things attributed to Bogie are a worm farm especially cultivated for fishermen; a pet gopher that surreptitiously moves his golf ball closer to the cup at Lakeside; a pet pigeon that alights on his window sill and throatily coos, "Good morning to you."

WHILE Bogie is essentially honest, he harbors a certain distrust for his fellow men. Not all, but some. It probably harkens back to those early days he served as company manager for the William Brady players. Theater managers, hotel clerks, booking agents who took advantage of his youth and inexperience, did little to inspire his enthusiasm for human behaviorism. He burns at people who take advantage — especially of the so-called "little" people.

Like the time they soaked his colored laundress double price for a female dog license. He called them on the phone. It was one of the rare occasions when he took advantage of his name. "*This* is Humphrey Bogart," he said. He knew they'd listen and they did. The laundress received a refund.

Despite such things, there is no hate in Bogie. He is much too intelligent to hate. With one possible exception. In his first stage role he played a Japanese butler who served tea. Today the very smell of tea nauseates him. He hates it. Hates Japs because of that role. Also, because they are Japs.

In the movies Bogie doesn't go for love scenes. Perhaps he remembers too vividly his first one in the theater. He was playing in "Drifting," opposite the late Alice Brady. They didn't actually kiss until the final dress rehearsal. When he released Miss Brady, she slowly backed away and screamed. The mortified young thespian had merely tried to do his job—well.

Bogie likes working opposite such girls

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as Ann Sheridan, Barbara Stanwyck and Mary Astor. Ingrid Bergman goes without saying. He explains it, "*They* aren't dames. Those dames who wet their lips and wiggle give me a pain."

BOGIE has complete intolerance for boredom and stupidity. He likes newspapermen who usually have good yarns to spin. Bogie sits and listens. People who talk and say nothing, he refers to as "Barbers." Think back on your own personal experiences in a barber chair and you'll get what he means.

Among his close friends are Louis Bromfield, Peter Lorre, John Huston. They have wonderful arguments, usually political. Bromfield has a casual way of "starting something" between Mayo and Bogie. It's easily accomplished by merely broaching the subject of Roosevelt vs. Willkie!

Bogie prides himself on having never been invited to the Rathbones' pre-war parties. He says he will never make the "blue book." He makes with one of those rare grins when he says it. He likes to kid himself for not being "as beautiful as Errol Flynn." If he ever gets around to it, he wants to author a best seller entitled, "How to make enemies and irritate people."

Bogie is a careful driver. Not too good a horseman He's a light sleeper. He likes to stay up late. He never watches his health. In fact, he abuses it and can take it beautifully. Not only can he be ribbed himself, but he'll tell you about it later. He has a bad temper. Once it's out of his system he forgets it. He has no memory for big things. Little things never escape him.

For over three years Mayo has been trying to get him to a tailor. He owns exactly two suits. When Mayo held up a pair of pants and said, "Look, Bogie, your seat is out," he agreed to go shopping. Mayo buys his shoes herself. Bogie, who loves moccasins and sneakers, warns her, "You'll have to tie 'em on me." She has to urge him to get a haircut. He's never had a manicure but his hands are always neat. He saves old razor blades. He can't listen to a dripping faucet.

HIS thirty-six-foot cruiser the "Sluggy" plays an important part in his life. Bogie who has never learned to relax, finds the boat his one release from exhaustion. Now that the "Sluggy" is in the Coast Guard Auxiliary, there aren't so many week ends. If he wished, Bogie could paper his house with Victory Bonds. Unless something unforeseen happens, the Bogarts will be entertaining our boys in the Far East come Christmas.

He sees few movies. He especially remembers Robert Donat in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." The death of Leslie Howard affected him visibly. It was Leslie who got him the first big break in "Petrified Forest." Several times during a night, Bogie gets up and looks out the window. He imagines someone is trying to steal his car. The car is insured. He can't understand this phobia. Bogie's favorite composer is Debussy. He insists he's not a sentimentalist. He loathes snoods on women. The hardware stores in Balboa where the "Sluggy" is anchored are his grand passion. All his allowance money goes for inexpensive gadgets.

Bogie is contrary and doesn't like to do what everyone else is doing. He has never read "Gone With The Wind." He never will. He boils when quoted as strictly "dese," "dem" and "dose." He has excellent usage of words and is a well-informed talker. He sleeps in the raw and feels foolish with a moustache. He likes to wear his shirt out. He enjoys a peculiar kind of comfort. He thinks the movie villains should form a union and demand a more active sex life—in pictures, of course, for screen "heavies."

Michael Curtiz, his inimitable director, refers to him as "the snake in the bushes," or the "flea in the ointment." Bogie, who has shot it out with the best of 'em, categorizes his calling: "It's good money for pulling wings off poor defenseless houseflies."

Bogart is definitely and individually a legend. That legend he will always remain. Pigeonhole that personality if you will. Pin him down to a philosophy. His own simple design for living. With *that* sense of humor—just *try* and do it. We know. We tried. Perhaps the following best explains it. To us Bogie said:

"Life is short. It can be pretty exciting. There can't be anything important enough to warrant carrying a grudge. That's why *we* sleep in a double bed. You *can't* wake up in the morning next to someone and *not* talk. When you aren't mad, the world can be a pretty good place to live in."

If *you* are mad—it should be over Bogie!

THE END



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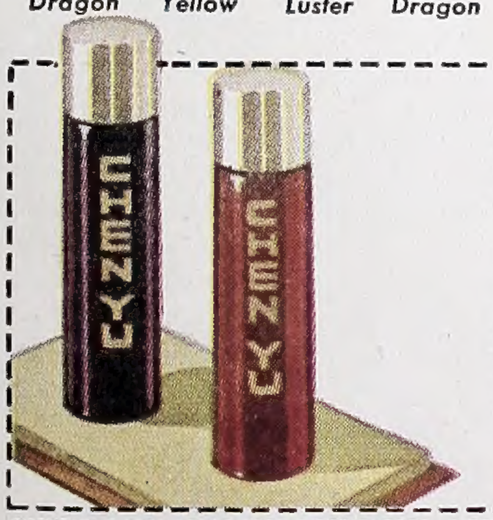
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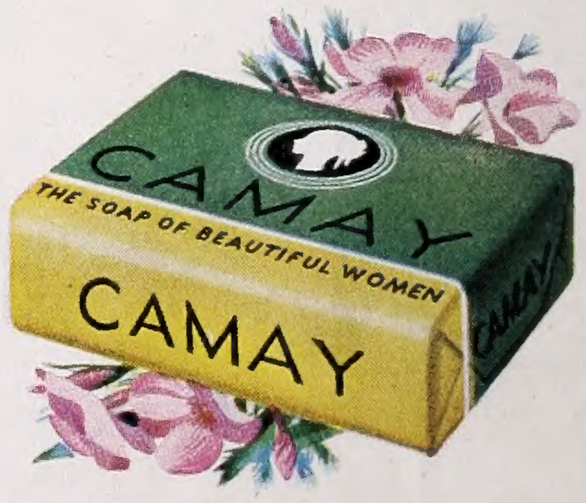
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